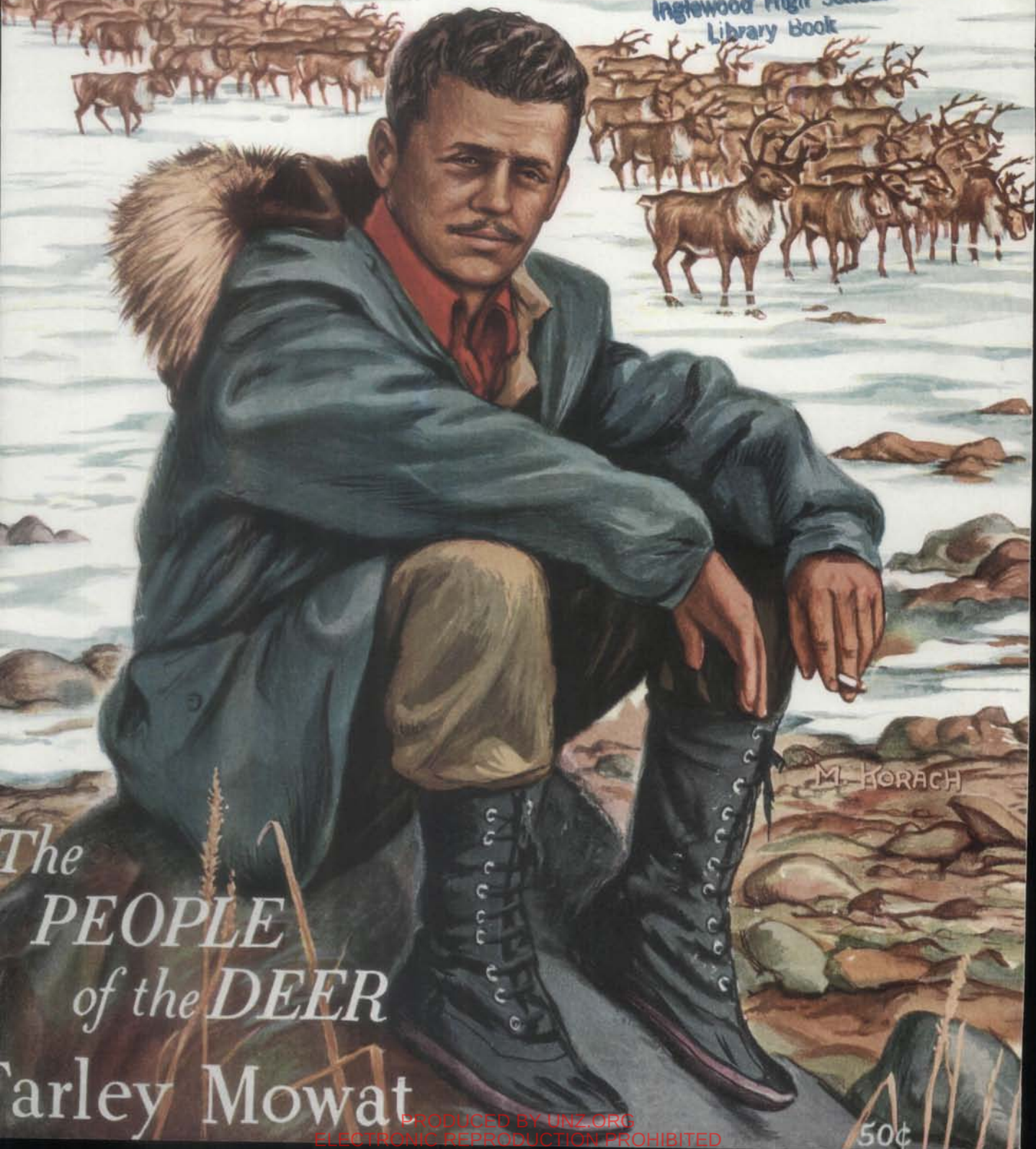


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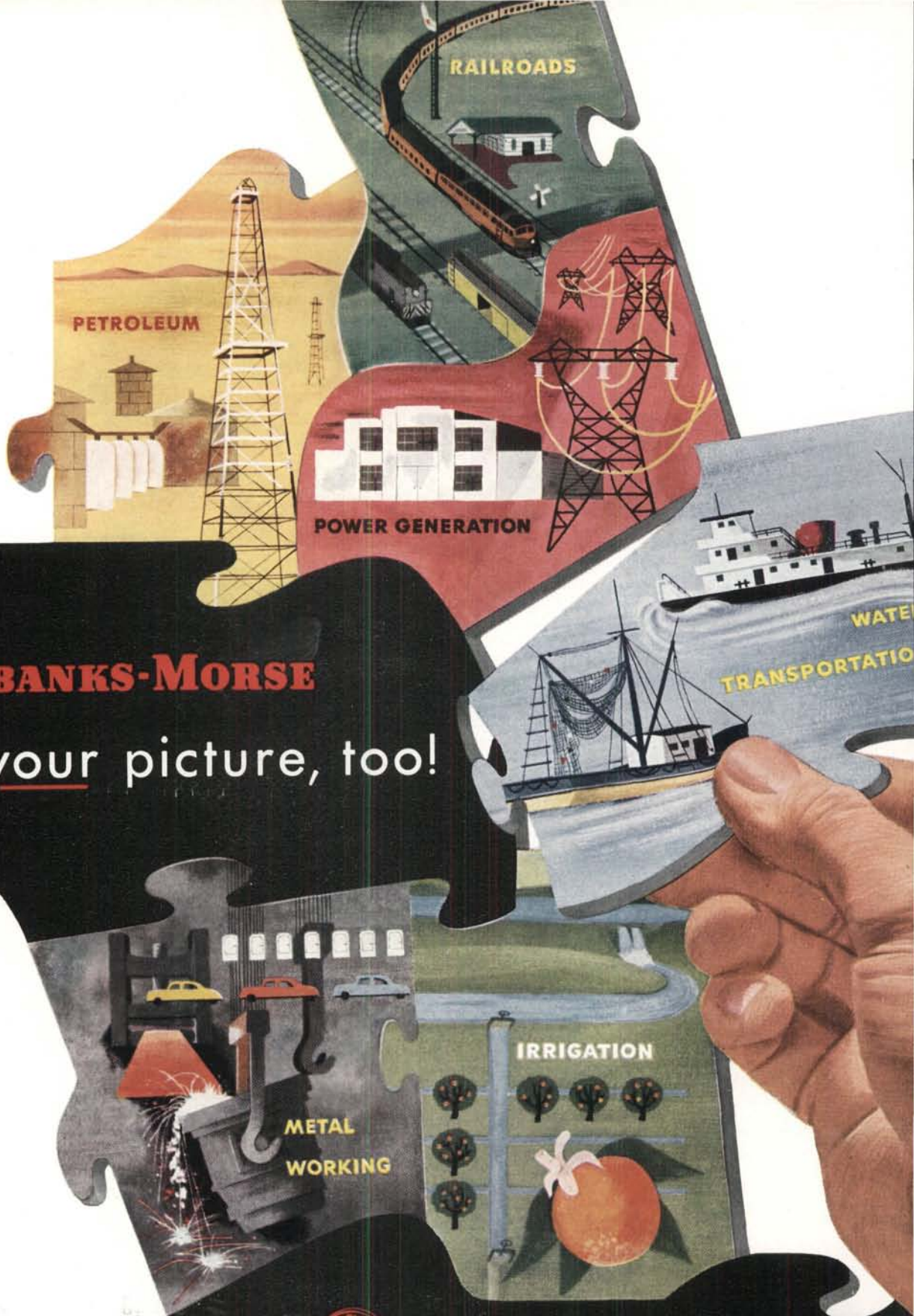
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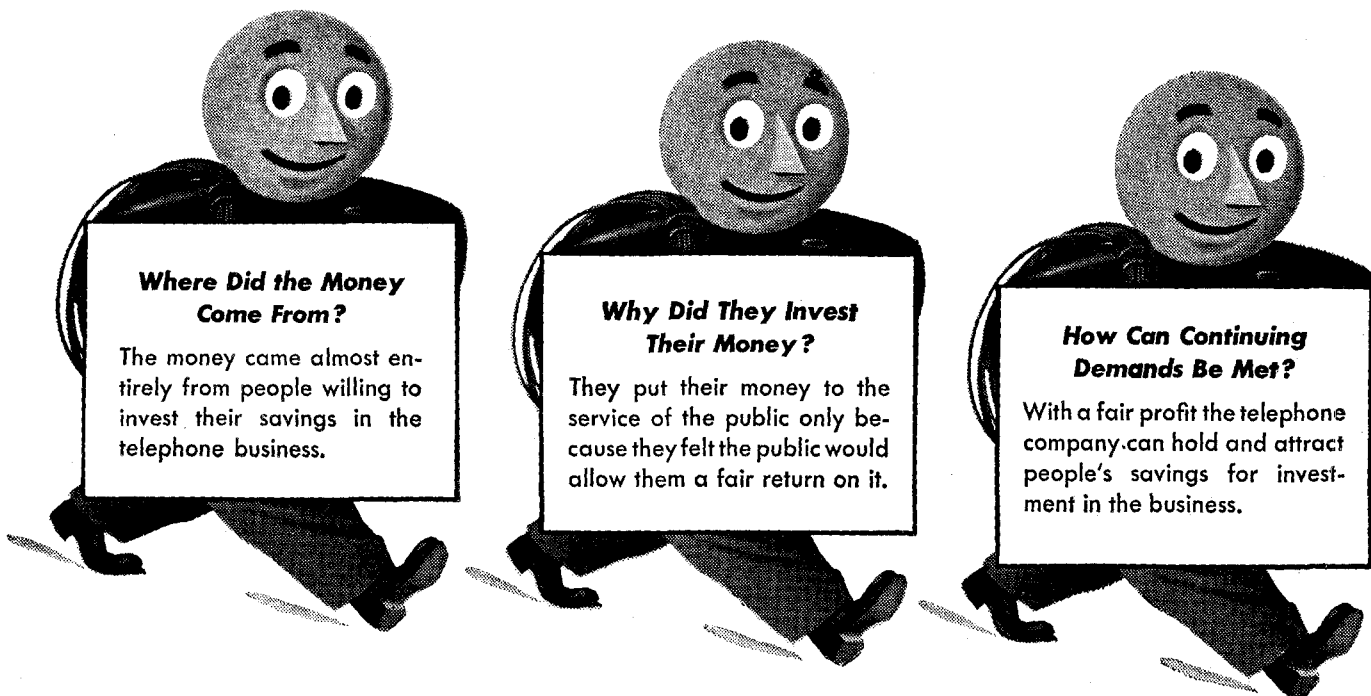
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Cover portrait of Farley Mowat by Mimi Korach

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Israel



ISRAEL, a sovereign state conceived in adversity and born under fire, is faced, in this its fourth year, with problems of overwhelming magnitude. Dream of the homeless, haven of the unwanted, refuge of the persecuted, the young state is waging an uphill, day-to-day battle, fighting as much for its very survival as for its place in the commonwealth of nations.

No young nation has approached the task against heavier odds. Israel's problems are ubiquitous — social, economic, political, military, psychological. Viewed objectively, dispassionately, they appear to be insurmountable. Yet the state exists, expands, grows every day in stature as living proof of the founders' unquenchable fire and the relentless determination of its people.

Israel is a pin point on the world map. It runs along the Mediterranean coast for a little over 100 miles and extends south into the Sinai desert for another 100 in the shape of a long, inverted triangle whose apex is crowned by the new deep-water port of Elath, at the northern end of the Gulf of Aqaba on the Red Sea. The country is less than 70 miles wide at its broadest point, and only 10 at its narrowest. It is encircled by its Arab enemies — Lebanon and Syria on the north, Jordan in the center and south, Saudi Arabia and Egypt to the south and west. It contains 1½ million people, 10 per cent being non-Jews, largely Arabs of Mohammedan or of Christian faith.

Since 1948, and until recently, it has received Jewish immigrants at the rate of some 16,000 per month, and it is the stated purpose of the government to maintain this ratio of "ingathering of the exiles" until over 600,000 Jews have been absorbed.

Economically, the pendulum is swinging from agriculture to industrialization. New industries are sprouting wherever capital can be found. Haifa and Tel Aviv have in the past two years witnessed the opening of American automotive and refrigerator assembly plants (Kaiser-Frazer and Philco), a tire factory, and large construction enterprises to satisfy the need for new housing. The ancient holy city of Jerusalem boasts a modern American shoe factory.

Haifa, site of the largest petroleum refinery on the Mediterranean (today virtually useless because of the pipeline stoppages enforced by the Syrians and Jordanians), is being developed as the Eastern Mediterranean's major port. Lydda Airport, adjacent to Tel Aviv and equidistant from Haifa and Jerusalem, is serviced by virtually all of the Western world's major airlines and is an important operational stop on the Europe-Orient air routes.

Some years ago, Palestine was roughly one-half desert, one-quarter eroded mountainside, and one-quarter swampland. Today irrigation projects are gradually inducing reclamation of the great southern desert, the Negev; evergreens and vineyards are forcing their way up through the newly terraced rock formations of the Judean hills; and lush truck farms dot the lowlands, yielding tropical produce in the place of lethal malaria.

Time, peace, and credit

In many ways, what *can* be done through idealism, perseverance, and courage has been done. But this will not be enough. Apart from faith, Israel has three desperate needs — time, peace, and credit. These are interlocking elements in the vital equation. Premier Ben-Gurion's visionary scheme for agricultural reclamation and industrial expansion is



A self-check on your recent reading habits

HOW OFTEN DO YOU HEAR YOURSELF SAYING:
"I'm sorry, I never got around to reading that?"

CHECK THE BOOKS YOU HAVE FULLY INTENDED TO READ—and have failed to read:

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| THE CAINE MUTINY by Herman Wouk... ☐ | A SOLDIER'S STORY by Omar N. Bradley ☐ | THE CATCHER IN THE RYE by J. D. Salinger ☐ |
| KON-TIKI by Thor Heyerdahl..... ☐ | A KING'S STORY by the Duke of Windsor ☐ | THIS IS THE HOUR by Lion Feuchtwanger ☐ |
| THE SEA AROUND US by Rachel L. Carson ☐ | THE MAGNIFICENT CENTURY by Thomas B. Costain ☐ | COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER ☐ |
| FROM HERE TO ETERNITY by James Jones ☐ | THE BLESSING by Nancy Mitford..... ☐ | HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW by Ethel Waters ☐ |
| THE CRUEL SEA by Nicholas Monsarrat ☐ | THE UTMOST ISLAND by Henry Myers.... ☐ | BOSWELL'S LONDON JOURNAL Ed. by F. A. Pottle ☐ |
| THE HOLY SINNER by Thomas Mann..... ☐ | THE TROUBLED AIR by Irwin Shaw..... ☐ | THE MAUGHAM READER ☐ |
| RETURN TO PARADISE by James A. Michener ☐ | MY SIX CONVICTS by Donald Powell Wilson ☐ | THE MATURE MIND by H. A. Overstreet ☐ |

The self-check you have made above may reveal a sobering fact: the extreme degree to which you have allowed the irritating busyness of your life to keep you from the books you promise yourself to read.

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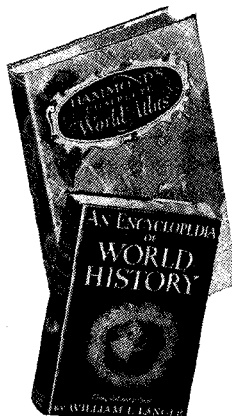
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The Atlantic Report *on Israel*



being pressed along with, and in spite of, a theoretically unlimited immigration commitment. Economically the two goals appear to be irreconcilable, for the responsibility of transporting, feeding, housing, and settling the immigrants — most of whom arrive in a condition approaching destitution — has already sapped the country's meager resources and is draining away its reserves with alarming acceleration.

Food and clothing are drastically rationed in Israel today; the necessity to import virtually all commodities, and to purchase them in hard currency, has subjected the economy to the inexorable regimentation of controls, priorities, allocations, and red tape.

Only time plus peace plus credit can alleviate the situation. Israel needs time to integrate the new arrivals and make them productive members of a progressive society; to exploit the vast resources said to be latent in the desert — minerals, clays, possibly even oil.

It needs peace with its neighbors to avoid the paralyzing burden of defense and to reopen its most important markets. The Arab countries represent Israel's natural trading area; they are adjacent, and they possess raw materials vital to Israeli manufacture and the markets for her finished goods.

It needs credit, generous and long-term, with which to complete the task of immigration; to set the wheels in motion; to purchase the implements and machinery for growth, development, and stabilization.

The daily grind

The obstacles to constructive work are appalling; the dislocation of personnel and facilities is chaotic. It takes about four hours, under normal conditions, to complete a telephone call from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem or Haifa, each about 40 miles distant. The government is in a transitory phase, with offices divided between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, so that ministers and their staffs shuttle back and forth almost daily.

There is a railroad line connecting Tel Aviv with Haifa and Jerusalem, but the rolling stock is antiquated, the scheduled runs infrequent (about once a day in each direction) as well as unconscionably slow. Thus public transportation is entirely by interurban bus and taxi. The ordinary traveler must reserve his seat in a taxi three or four days ahead, and the more rugged bus rider will inevitably

have to stand all the way in a sardine-box type of conveyance. Eight months out of twelve this trip is undertaken in blistering, enervating heat.

Food shortages are so drastic that a housewife habitually queues up for half the day in order to obtain a few potatoes, one or two tomatoes, some bread and margarine, occasionally some frozen fish. The egg ration is three per week, the meat ration one quarter pound per week, but in many recent weeks there has been no meat whatever.

A factory employing several hundred workers had to suspend operations for six months while awaiting the arrival from the United States of a spare part valued at \$35. And so on.

Yet for all this frustration and acute privation, the Israelis seem relatively healthy and productive. It has been said that the wholesale "ingathering" could not possibly have been undertaken were the climate more rigorous, with the consequent need for heated, well-constructed dwellings, heavier clothing, a more substantial diet. In this respect the sun has been a blessing; it permits thousands of immigrants to live in tents and provides a healthy, outdoor existence for their young. That the North Europeans who comprise the most vigorous, most skilled elements in Israel should be able to carry out Western working habits in so taxing a climate is a tribute to their steadfastness of purpose.

Moreover, a conscientious effort is being made to promote a well-rounded society and an indigenous culture in the very midst of the fight for survival. The appetite for literature, music, art, and the theater is insatiable. There are probably more book stores in Tel Aviv, per capita, than in any other city in the world. There is no other musical organization like the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, which is obliged to repeat every concert nine or ten times to enable but a fraction of its potential audience to participate. Tickets for the National Opera and Theatre Company — the Habima — are always at a premium.

Israel's leaders

The emergence of the state and its rapid expansion have dramatized the need for leadership in government, industry, science, and the professions. Israel has had to train and place without delay her government officials, her diplomatic representatives, her military leaders, and her captains of industry.

Men like Ben-Gurion, Foreign Minister Sharett, and Finance Minister Kaplan are old and tried

Do You Remember These?



1901: Ethel Barrymore in "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines."



1924: Gertrude Lawrence in "Charlot's Revue."



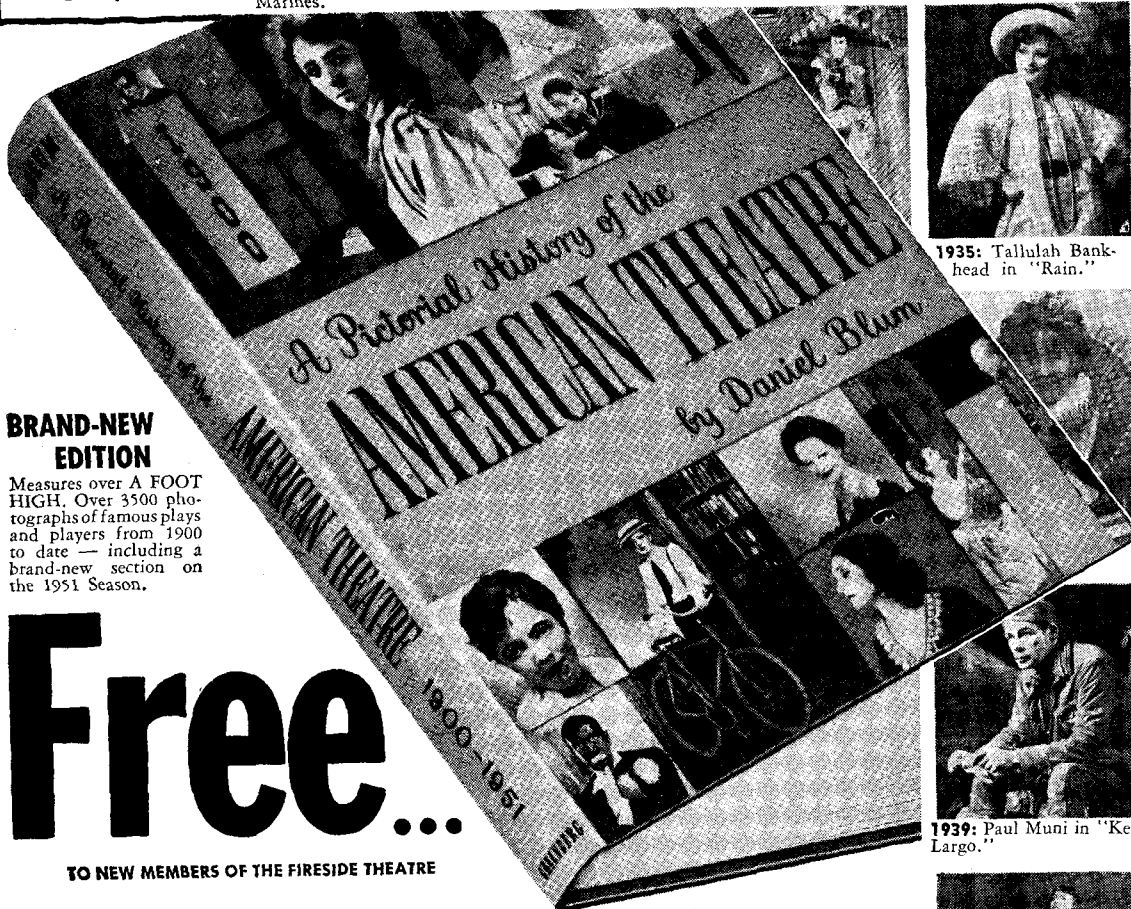
1930: The Lunts in "Elizabeth the Queen."



1933: Bob Hope in "Roberta."



1934: Imogene Coca in "New Faces."



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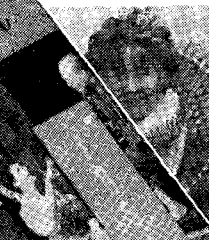
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1935: Tallulah Bankhead in "Rain."



1935: Montgomery Clift, child player in "Jubilee."



1939: Paul Muni in "Key Largo."



1936: Nazimova in "Hedda Gabler."



1939: Paul Muni in "Key Largo."



1944: Frank Fay in "Harvey."



1946: Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Lorraine."



1951: Charles Nolte as "Billy Budd."

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hands, able to represent Israel with distinction at home and abroad. But many of the country's heaviest responsibilities rest on youthful shoulders. Aubrey Eban, Ambassador to the United States and Israel's Permanent Representative in the United Nations, and General Yagil Yadin, Commander in Chief of the Army, are in their mid-thirties. At this level, Israel's leaders have performed brilliantly and with an instinct for opportunity. But there has been no time to develop strength down the line, and the lack of experience, as well as the frequent mediocrity, of the rank and file has been damaging to the cause.

By and large, the Israeli is hardly a born diplomat. One of the West's most seasoned observers recently said, "You can't help but marvel at the courage and perseverance of the people, and the remarkable things they have accomplished in Palestine against great odds. But they have been their own worst enemies in organizing world opinion in their favor. They just don't seem to know how to win friends abroad, and they are forever embarrassing and antagonizing the very people who could and want to be most helpful to them."

Much of this may be ascribed to inexperience and self-consciousness. The great majority of Israelis have suffered persecution and discrimination, personal and collective. They are a minority become a majority; they are a polyglot, heterogeneous society, drawn literally from the four corners of the earth, with different backgrounds, customs, and languages.

For years most of them lived and fought underground, sustained by idealism and the excitement of nocturnal raids, sabotage, arms smuggling, and illegal immigration. Now violence has been superseded by order, and the Israeli is asked to take his place as a normal individual in a normal society. It is a novel experience for an Israeli to be treated as a free and equal member of world society, and it will doubtless be a long time before the new nation overcomes an ancient pattern of behavior deeply rooted in anxiety and suspicion.

Patriots in uniform

The exhilaration of military victories over the Arabs, coupled with a growing national emphasis on defense,

has produced a proud, tough, aggressive, chauvinistic youth. Israel today retains at least the superficial attributes of an armed camp. The army is everywhere; military vehicles clog the roads, uniforms dot the streets, the entire population participates in maneuvers.

The sentiment for territorial expansion via military adventure, despite sincere official disavowal, is strong and widespread, and the fire is being fanned by immigration, spelling as it does both new manpower and an ever closer containment of the growing population. Should the Ben-Gurion government succeed in contriving a peaceful settlement with the Arabs, this emotion would subside quickly, for the Israelis are law-abiding and respect the decisions of their duly elected representatives.

The religious bloc

Israel was conceived not only as the Jewish national homeland but as a democratic state. In theory, it will receive and embrace persons of any race or belief. That a state of war with the Arabs has invoked extraordinary measures involving the temporary suppression of individual freedoms — strict military censorship and economic controls are outstanding cases in point — does not mean that democracy will not ultimately be practiced as it is preached. But an influential and highly vociferous minority, steeped in Jewish ritualistic traditions, would impose on the nation the strictest observance of Jewish religious practice, compulsory religious education, and the full paraphernalia of the theocratic state.

Official and popular sentiment are dead set against such distortion of the founders' principles, but to date ample concessions have had to be made to the "religious bloc" for political reasons. Ben-Gurion dissolved his government early in 1951 and called for a general election, hoping thereby to destroy permanently an unsatisfactory coalition with the religious bloc — and, incidentally, to strengthen the hold of his party, the Mapai.

He has finally succeeded, months after the election, in forming a new government, the composition of which hardly differs from that of its predecessor. And the net effect is that concessions to the religious group will undoubtedly continue.

London

THE non-English-speaking visitor in London the week after the election would have got from the pictures in the papers a very confused impression of the outcome, for Churchill, the winner, never faced cameramen with a more dour scowl and Attlee never greeted them with so broad and contented a grin.

That idealized image of Conservatism, the armed crusader that appears on the masthead of Lord Beaverbrook's Tory *Daily Express*, was depicted with inked-in chains on his limbs in the last weeks of the Labor administration as a means of dramatizing to voters what Lord Beaverbrook held to be the issue of the coming vote. Though election day is long past and the rascals have long since been ousted, the *Daily Express* still hasn't erased the chains trammeling its symbolic knight.

Churchill himself betrayed a subconscious confusion about the results the day his new Parliament assembled the week after the elections. On entering the House of Commons he marched straight to his old seat on the Opposition front bench — the loser's seat — only to gaze in embarrassment at finding Attlee there. A wave of cheers and hoots reminded him that his status had been lately changed and he crossed the floor to take the seat traditionally reserved to the Prime Minister.

These confused reactions were fully justified by the election results. Though Labor fought with all its might and main to win, there is no doubt that its partisans knew that defeat would be good for it. Its Cabinet ministers were tired men; their reactions were slow; their tendency always to be a couple of steps behind the events was pronounced. For example, the Iranian crisis might have been avoided had the Labor Government offered at Teheran six months earlier those concessions it readily offered after the crisis broke out.

In domestic affairs Labor had fulfilled all of its 1945 legislative promises and had no further blueprints for government. It was involved in a true crisis of philosophy as to how or whether socialism could be made relevant to the changed world's problems. In this crisis the party had begun to split

at the seams with Bevan leading the left and Morrison the right.

The internecine struggle for the party's soul which has become inevitable might have been disastrous for its future had it occurred while the party was in power. In defeat and in opposition Labor has at least the possibility of settling the issue without unsettling the nation, and of returning to the arena in the next election both physically refreshed and spiritually at one with itself.

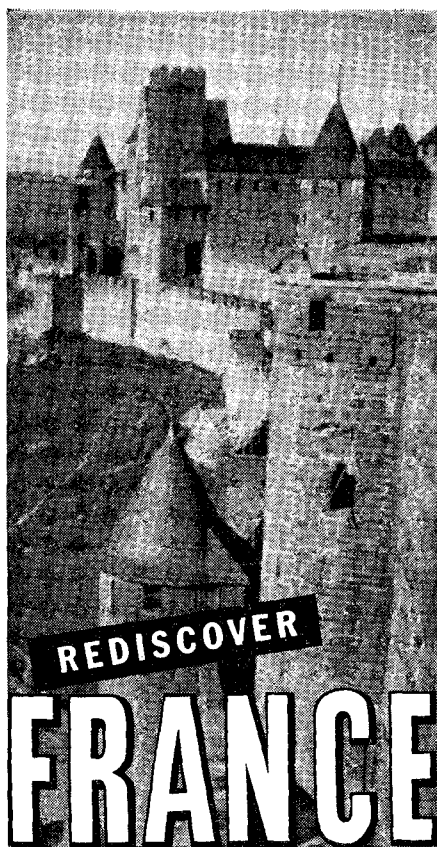
The numerical results made it a comforting kind of defeat. To call the results a swing to the right, as some American papers did, is very wrong; it was an almost infinitesimal budge rather than a swing. Of 625 Commons seats contested, only 25 changed hands. They were seats which Labor previously held by a few hundred votes and which the Conservatives now won by a few hundred votes. In other words, the election was decided by a group of voters insufficient to fill half of one of London's football stadiums.

Moreover, in terms of the popular vote, the budge was not rightward but leftward. Though Labor lost seats in Commons, it won a bigger popular vote than the Conservatives did. Indeed Labor won its biggest popular vote ever — over a million more votes than it received when it swept the country in the landslide of 1945.

Churchill's promises

The defeat took place in such a manner that it virtually ensured that Labor's six-year legislative program would not be undone by the Conservatives. For, in so close a race, Churchill was provoked repeatedly to commit himself to policies he would have preferred to have a free hand on. In response to Laborite charges, he promised freely that he would introduce no legislation limiting the great power of the trade unions and that he would not curtail expensive food subsidies. It would be impossible for him to break his word now without courting defeat in the next election.

Moreover, intangible moral factors count more with the British electorate than with any other.



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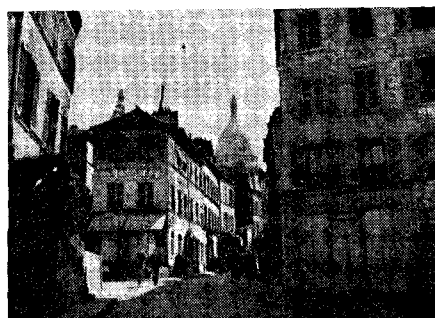
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Labor's popular vote gave it a kind of moral victory amid defeat and virtually forbids Churchill to introduce "controversial" legislation. Accordingly, some Tory papers are suggesting that their party should not denationalize the steel industry, which Labor handed over to public ownership, and Churchill's first post-election utterances show his hesitation about fulfilling that one distinctive plank in the Tory election platform.

In addition to these spiritual limitations on Conservative legislation, Labor has a powerful physical rein to prevent any serious dismantling of the Welfare State. The final majority of the Tories in Commons was seventeen seats. This majority was reduced to fifteen because the winning party must fill the posts of Speaker and Deputy Speaker, who become voteless. Against so small a majority Labor can adopt the practice of calling surprise snap votes and forcing all-night sessions, as the Conservatives did in the Labor Government. That would put a tremendous physical strain on about fifty of those members of Parliament who must fill full-time executive posts in addition to being always within running distance of Commons. The threat of such a campaign of harassment will doubtless be a powerful inducement to Churchill to avoid contentious measures.

How little can John Bull eat?

Churchill and his colleagues were never under any illusion about what power would mean. The fruit of victory, one of them said, will be a crown of thorns. Even in that mood, however, they were shocked when they took over the accounts of state and saw the quantity of red ink therein.

While Britain's attention had been occupied for six weeks by King George's health, the hectic disputes with Iran and Egypt, and then the election campaign, the nation's financial reserves on which it depends to fill the gap between the low income from exports and the high cost of essential imports were steadily declining.

In his first address to the House of Commons, the new Premier said that at the present rate of flow all Britain's gold dollar reserves would be exhausted in twelve months, the national economy would be bankrupt, and the defense program would collapse.

The first quick emergency measure announced by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Richard A. Butler, was to slash drastically all imports and other expenditures of foreign currency.

Most of the import cuts fall on food: canned bacon, ham, cocoa, chocolate, sugar mixtures, sugar fat mixtures, fruit juices, cooked meat, canned meat, sausages, canned vegetables, and fruit except oranges and bananas.

In the House of Lords the new Lord President of the Council, Lord Woolton, said, "We are now living on a diet which, while it is sufficient for our sustenance, is almost devoid of joy." And he asked the British "kinsmen in the Empire to secure for us extra meats, fats, and sugar."

And Major Gwilym Lloyd George, the new Minister of Food, told the Commons that "our stocks of wheat and flour, margarine and cooking fats, sugar and butter, to take a few examples, are well below the level of 1941." It was his unpleasant duty to announce that, beginning November 11, the infinitesimal meat ration would be cut to 20 cents a week for each person.

This and other reductions in the food rations which are bound to follow the cut in imports will bring home to the British worker the very real connection between production for export and his daily bread.

The slash in imports, however, was strictly an emergency measure. As the *London Times* said, it is like the Irish drayman who attempted to reduce expenses by gradually conditioning his horse not to eat — theoretically a logical policy, which was frustrated when it was on the verge of success by the death of the horse.

The problem is of course not how to cut imports, which in the long run would deepen the crisis by depriving industry of essential raw materials and the people of the incentive for goods; it is how to increase exports. That involves inducing the workers to work harder and management to rationalize production more.

The most articulate version of what should be done has been stated by the *Economist*: Britain's almost penal

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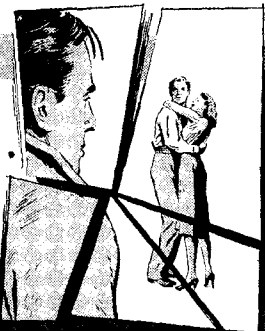
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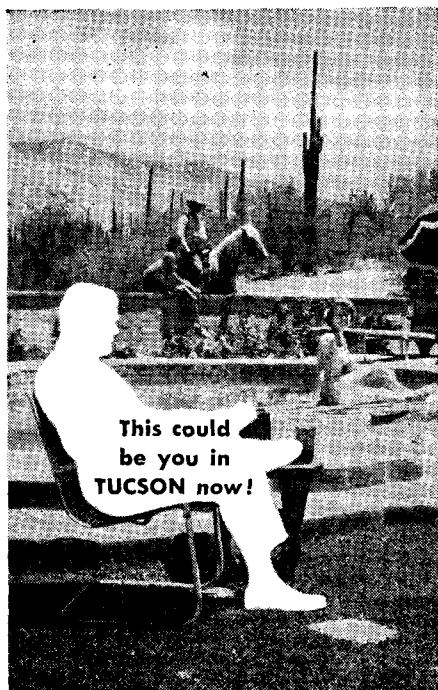
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tax rates — the highest in the world — must be reduced in order to provide management with the incentive of gain from increased production. Some degree of rationing by purse must be introduced in order to make Britain's workers work longer and harder than they do now amid the featherbedding of the Welfare State.

Cut taxes and subsidies

The *Economist* suggests one step that will do both these things: the tremendous subsidies which the Government now pays in order to keep staple food prices low must be slashed in order to permit a cut in taxes and make the workers work more to earn their pay. The matter of subsidies, says the *Economist*, "will be the acid test" of Churchill's ability to save the nation.

There is no doubt that in their heart of hearts this is the solution the Conservatives would like to apply. But it is easier to state than to do. If the Tories should cut subsidies they would not only be breaking their word but would be inviting the first serious wave of strikes since the war, as unions demand further raises to catch up with rising living costs. Yet if they don't do this, the exhaustion of reserves and national bankruptcy seem inevitable.

The Churchill Cabinet would thus seem to be badly boxed in. As one Tory member of Parliament said, Churchill is not in power, he is in a firetrap. His home situation induces many in London to expect that Churchill will seek some dramatic egress via foreign policy. The reasoning is that if a new economic crisis is brought on by rearmament, then the cause of rearmament, which is East-West tension, must be attacked in order to ease the strain.

A time for initiative

There is wide expectation in London that Churchill may make a personal visit to Moscow after his visit to Truman in January; during the election campaign Churchill repeatedly said he would do that.

It is not hard, however, to imagine him boxed in equally in this realm. High American spokesmen have shown themselves cold to the belief that a personal meeting with Stalin could accomplish anything, and the recent Russian attitude at the United Na-

tions and at other conferences indicates no chinks through which relations might successfully be restored.

A few editorial writers in London have warned the new Prime Minister not to expect results to equal those that his personal contacts won during the war. While Britain's self-confidence and influence have fallen considerably in six post-war years, America on the one hand and Russia and China on the other have had intensive practice as self-reliant great powers and it will be hard to sway them from their present attitudes.

The popular aphorism about Churchill to the effect that Britain is too narrow a stage for his talents may require amendment. In the present condition, Britain's problems are likely to need all the statesmanship he can summon; some of his less faithful admirers fear they may need more.

Shakespeare and South Pacific

There is something vaguely appropriate in this nation of apparently chronic political and economic deadlock in the fact that this season's chief theatrical event in London is likewise a deadlock of sorts. With thirty-seven of Shakespeare's works to choose from, Orson Welles in his first London appearance in the autumn decided to produce the same play — *Othello* — which the Old Vic was at that moment rehearsing.

The Old Vic company protested, but since the only possible copyright owner was not available, nothing could be done about it. The Wellesian touch, however, proved so unique (he produced, directed, planned designs for, and starred in it — and many suspect he wrote some of it) that it might almost be two different plays, and the urge to see the contrasts has filled both houses nightly.

Another event of note was the London opening of Rodgers and Hammerstein's Broadway gold mine, *South Pacific*, with Mary Martin in it. It is said to clear her name of a fiasco she suffered in another show in London some years ago. As an inevitable reaction to an overbig previous build-up, critics were for the most part unkind — "South Soporific" one called it. The public took little notice of them, however, and your reporter's ticket, applied for a month before the opening, is dated next April.



Turkey

FOR six centuries the Turks have had many experiences as an ally of various European countries. Since Peter the Great, two hundred years ago, every alliance has been made as a defense against Russian aggression. In 1939 the British-French-Turkish alliance was signed immediately after the Hitler-Stalin treaty was announced.

When Russia became an ally of Britain, Turkey became uneasy, recalling that in the First World War Britain had agreed that Russia should possess the Turkish Straits. Russia was now in a position to renew the demand.

When Mr. Churchill began criticizing Turkey sharply for not engaging in hostilities, under conditions which not only had not been provided for in the treaty of alliance but would have been disastrous for Turkey and probably for the Allied cause, the Turks became alarmed. Their alarm increased when the Russian influence in Washington and London became apparent, when the American President and British Prime Minister ceded Eastern Europe and Manchuria to Stalin on a pretext which the Turks believed, and still believe, was unjustified, and when Mr. Churchill threatened to support Stalin's demands on Turkey.

Stalin had informed the Turks that his nonaggression pact with them, due for renewal in 1945, would not be renewed unless they ceded the Eastern Provinces and a partnership in the Straits. But Ankara reacted differently from Washington and London. The answer was no.

Actually the British-French-Turkish alliance of 1939 is still in effect, and theoretically should serve as Turkey's link with the West, but the Turkish desire to join the Atlantic Pact reflects a lack of confidence in the old alliance. One of the provisions of that treaty was that Britain and France would furnish Turkey certain military equipment without which she would be unable to fight a modern army, and would not be expected to unless attacked. Then the war started, France was quickly knocked out, the British were hard pressed at home and in North Africa, and there was no equipment for Turkey.

Later the United States sent equipment to Turkey under a Lend-Lease agreement, but it passed through British hands, and a large part was kept by them for their own use. As a military emergency this could be understood, but when the British, at Stalin's instigation, tried to use this control over equipment coming from the United States as a lever to force Turkey into the shooting war, the Turks took a different view of the matter.

The Turks believe the British would try to use the same or any other tool that might become available to them to force Turkish support of British projects in the Middle East. For this reason British insistence on setting up an Eastern Mediterranean Defense Organization, independent of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, has little appeal for the Turks. In it they see a Britain interested in extending her influence in the Middle East rather than in supporting the spirit of the Atlantic Pact.

The Turks may be expected to lean over backwards to avoid being used by the British, and they will insist on eliminating Britain as the middleman in handling American supplies for Turkey.

The Turks recognize that their mechanized army has its roots in the United States and that it must be nourished from there if it is to be effective. This is the kernel of their desire to be a member of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

They also realize that the problem of getting essential munitions to them would be difficult, but they recall that the Chinese received supplies "over the hump" under more difficult circumstances, and that a supply route was opened from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea to supply Russia. They believe their strength and their will to oppose the common enemy justify making the effort to supply them.

The Arab-Israeli war

As a result of past associations and common religion it was generally expected in foreign circles that the Turks would show strong sympathy for the Arabs when the State of Israel was set up in

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their midst and hundreds of thousands of Arabs were driven from their homes into the desert. But this sympathy did not develop to any marked degree.

Turkish reaction to this event can be summed up as follows: disillusionment that the long-publicized American ideals, which Asiatics had come to believe in largely as a result of the American record in the Philippines, had turned out to be a myth; bewilderment that any responsible government, in the present world situation, should deliberately destroy the high prestige of itself and its people among Asiatics generally, and Moslems in particular, to satisfy the political ambitions of a few Zionists; fear that the State of Israel is a political cancer that will further weaken an already sick world.

The inability of the Arabs to unite to oppose the Jews in Palestine confirmed the Turkish opinion that the Arabs are inherently incapable of united action in any common cause and that a united Arabia to oppose Soviet aggression must not be expected, no matter who assumes the leadership. This does not mean that they cannot unite their hate against a people which, they believe, has deliberately wronged them. That they can do this is seen in their attitude towards Americans today.

Thoughtful Turks fear that Arab antipathy towards the West may cause the mob, supported by Soviet agents, to overthrow any government that may try to come to a peaceful settlement on current issues. They also fear that chaos, with social revolution, may result and that the Israelis will contribute to the disorder to insure themselves against any possible united Arab action and to facilitate extending their borders further into Arab territory.

This Turkish view of the situation is not only without any noticeable pro-Arab sentiment, but also without any anti-Semitism. In the Middle Ages, when the Spanish Inquisition was in full cry, the Turks not only welcomed the persecuted but sent ships to Spain to bring out some 150,000 Jews who were given homes in Turkey. These Jews are the only minority group in Turkey that has never conspired against the Turks, so that one finds no anti-Semitism there.

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The Atlantic Report on Turkey



The suggestion that Turkey should interest herself in Arab affairs, with a view to becoming a stabilizing influence in the Middle East, has been recurring from time to time since the war. In this the Turks see the hand of foreign interests endeavoring to enlist them as a police force to safeguard interests that are neither Arab nor Turkish nor United Nations.

With the British trying to hold on to their old privileges in that area, with the American government building up Israel through power politics in the United Nations and by means of substantial financial support, with Arab hostility spreading throughout Asia, and with Soviet agents everywhere present to pour oil on the fire, Turkey is unlikely to commit suicide by jumping into the developing chaos.

Turkey as a partner

The readiness with which the Turks joined the American-British-French proposal to Egypt for a Middle East Defense Command to replace the British-Egyptian treaty should not be interpreted as an assumption of leadership in that area. They gave their support to that proposal as a measure for checking Soviet aggression there, in the same spirit in which they sent troops to support United Nations forces in Korea.

Until 1923 the Turks were as completely dominated by the West as were the Egyptians, Iranians, Chinese, and all other Asiatics, except Japan. At the Lausanne Conference they threw off the Western yoke, and during the intervening twenty-eight years of freedom they have made phenomenal strides in political, cultural, and economic fields.

During these few years they have overcome the feeling of inferiority that comes naturally from centuries of domination by others. Recognizing that the freer peoples of the West had made greater progress towards civilization, they turned unhesitatingly in that direction.

Now, with a vitality that comes from their newly won freedom, with an appreciation of what the West has to offer, and with sincere sympathy for the Asiatic peoples, the Turks occupy a unique position in a troubled world. Their advice should be as valuable to the dominating West as to rebellious Asia.

Democracy in Turkey

In Turkey democracy is new, the people are undisciplined in its use, and their reactions are un-

predictable. The newly organized Democratic Party that came to office in May, 1950, had no serious expectation of winning the election, and therefore felt free to follow the old American custom of promising the electorate more than it could possibly deliver.

Although the country has been straining every sinew for years, standing by to defend themselves against an enemy whose population and resources are many times greater than theirs, the party platform provided for lowering the cost of living. The chief measure to be used in accomplishing this was to change the economic system from statism to private enterprise.

Under the Sultans and the Capitulations practically all business and industry had been in the hands of foreigners. When this system was abolished by the Republican Government the country was without adequate private capital or trained personnel to take over the economic development. This forced the government into business, thereby producing a formidable bureaucracy which, in time, came to be recognized as a serious obstacle to further progress.

Like government enterprises everywhere, most of those in Turkey operate in the red. Although the weakness of the system has become obvious to nearly everybody outside the bureaucracy itself, the magnitude of the task of changing it has proved colossal. The government would sell their textile, paper, cement, sugar, and other industries to private groups, but what little private capital there is does not dare to take the risk as long as the present laws and the well-entrenched bureaucracy are in existence.

The government has discovered that it cannot revolutionize the economic system by the mere passage of a sweeping law, but that there must be a gradual change, with the government making separate agreements with any private groups, either Turkish or combined Turkish and foreign, that may wish to purchase existing industries or to start new ones.

Rarely does one find a Turk who says the Democratic Party has improved living conditions. The man in the street is no better off than he was before the election. In view of the effort being made in the field of national defense he could hardly expect to be, but it was promised, and he voted for it, and the question now arises, how much patience will he have?

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tion of a sound adult body—must be built from the food that goes into it. The true effect of a mother's care during childhood has only begun to be understood. And, since eating habits are formed in childhood, the conscientious parent can do much to insure the child against later penalties of wrong eating.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"The Attack on Yale"

SIR:

McGeorge Bundy's "The Attack on Yale" (November *Atlantic*) should be sent to the alumni of all American universities and colleges, for it turns a revealing light upon the false charges made by one college graduate against his alma mater. Too frequently similar charges are brought forth to condemn the faculties and purposes of our most outstanding institutions of learning, and too seldom are these charges shown as outgrowths of ignorance and prejudice.

The American college professor is seldom paid in either respect or dollars for his effort to maintain objectivity, truth, and healthy intellectual curiosity among his students. It would be well for the unthinking among the university alumni of America to realize that the teacher recognizes the high value of his real pay, academic freedom.

I am a college traveler for Henry Holt and Company, and an alumnus of the University of North Carolina.

RAYMOND F. STAPLES
Chapel Hill, N.C.

SIR:

With reference to Mr. Bundy's article, I should like to take issue with some of the charges he makes against the book *God and Man at Yale* by William F. Buckley, Jr.

Having attended Yale when Mr. Buckley did, and having taken a course from "the saintly man who is Yale's chaplain," I can say that the latter's basic religion course was ineffectual. It was considered "it" by at least 50 per cent of the students enrolled in it, and was cut

with a frequency that was ridiculous in the light of the high marks donated.

I hold no special brief for religion, and I am not alarmed at the book's allegations; nevertheless, from the Christian viewpoint which Mr. Bundy professes to possess, Buckley's assertions are not such that they should be shrugged off with a simple statement that "there is no need to grant Mr. Buckley's claims," followed by a few rambling remarks which have little relevancy to the charges presented.

Mr. Buckley's position on "academic freedom" is well taken, and in particular do I deplore Yale's refusal to permit him to speak before an alumni gathering. Mr. Bundy says Mr. Buckley "was once discouraged from making a speech to a large alumni audience." "Discouraged" is not the right or the honest word.

It was only when the university authorities had read Buckley's speech, and realized that he wasn't tossing out the usual pap to the milk-fed Yale alumni, that they turned him down. Buckley's views, antiliberal though they may be, have not passed beyond the area of tolerable opinion, and therefore should have been aired.

In my opinion, President Seymour on behalf of the university acted inadvisedly, hastily, and with a complete lack of that "academic freedom" which he has espoused so vehemently, when he "discouraged" Buckley from speaking.

W. E. CHILTON, III
The Charleston Gazette
Charleston, W.Va.

SIR:

I very much appreciate your allocation of space to McGeorge Bundy's

refutation of William Buckley's preposterous book, *God and Man at Yale*.

In my opinion no large independent university is doing a better job than is Yale in making as forthright a place for religion as can properly be done in a free university.

Mr. Buckley's damnation with faint praise of Yale's chaplain, Sidney Lovett, will, I hope, bring down on the author's head a veritable avalanche of protest from the thousands who know Sid Lovett to be the best and finest in his profession.

WALTER D. WAGONER
Federated Theological Faculty
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

SIR:

I have read William Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* indignant at the excerpts from lectures of professors quoted in the chapter on "Religion at Yale." It is hard to admit that such expressions as those cited can have been used at Yale, founded to train men for service in the church and the civil state; and not only used but repeated without condign rebuke.

I have also read McGeorge Bundy's "The Attack on Yale" in your November issue. Buckley is not attacking Yale. He attacks the attacks on Christianity at Yale. Bundy reproaches Buckley for not bringing into his thesis an acknowledgment that he is a Roman Catholic. Buckley is not attacking attacks on Roman Catholicism at Yale. He is attacking attacks on Christianity at Yale. Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, are concerned to defend Christianity.

Buckley does not define "religion." He uses Webster's definition. Nor

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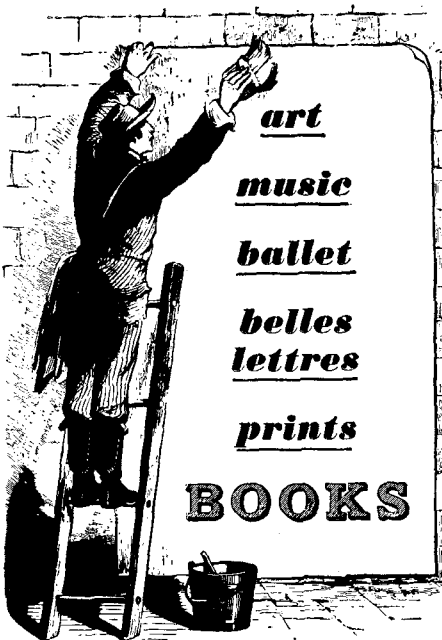
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does Buckley define Christianity. He uses the definitions of the Protestant Federal Council of Churches and of the Protestant World Council of Churches. If, as Bundy "well notes," Jefferson, Emerson, Lincoln, and Taft would fail to qualify as Christians under these definitions, this notation of Bundy's is outside the argument.

With the economic argument pro and con I am not so concerned. I believe Buckley performs a good service in showing the kind of texts and the kind of teachings in economics which prevail at Yale. Economic "systems" grow, change, and decay amid much talk and much killing.

My hope for Yale is that it will succeed in instilling in its members a love of God's truth, will nourish them with all goodness, and will be a Christian tower of strength. For this it was founded; as such it will help assure the transmission of the Christian faith through a destructive age.

W. SARGENT LEWIS
New Haven, Conn.

SIR:

CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION TO THAT MAGAZINE OF YOURS — *The Atlantic*. I'm finished with it!

After reading two stilted articles against the Roman Catholics in recent months, I started heading for the typewriter; but after that last one, "The Attack on Yale," I had enough and ran to the typewriter.

It's more than just chance that your editors seem to find such articles attractive to print on your nice white pages.

Thank goodness that, as a teacher of high school English, I can alert young, eager learning minds against a magazine such as yours.

MRS. ROGER GANSKE
New Hampton, Iowa

SIR:

Congratulations to McGeorge Bundy. I found his criticism of *God and Man at Yale* highly informative and a warning to keep an eye open for false theorists hounding educational institutions. As a Catholic college student I think it proper that lauds should be given to Mr. Bundy for ex-

posing the falsity of theories such as those presented in the book by William F. Buckley, Jr.

I find the *Atlantic* a great help in my school work. I sincerely hope you will continue to have articles written by such a fine cast of writers each month.

JACK EVANS
Dayton, Ohio

SIR:

Professor Bundy's sharp rebuttal to *God and Man at Yale* stresses the distaste of the academic group for any alumni criticism of "academic freedom." As a faithful reader of the *Yale Alumni Magazine*, I too have been lulled, as Mr. Buckley points out, into a false sense of security concerning the "freedom of one of America's greatest and most conservative universities." As students we were considered to be adults capable of discerning that Professor Jones is a brilliant authority on anthropology and a crackpot on religion. As alumni we are treated as immature children to be protected from all controversial issues. Professor Bundy does admit that the lines of communication between the administration and the alumni are weak, but he goes on to threaten any group of alumni which might differ with the faculty's line of teaching.

I believe that when the university administration feels the situation calls for recognition of the increasing return to religion on the part of the students, it points with pride to the department of religion. Having relegated God to a department, they then dash out to work on Yale's function, as described by President Griswold: "the discovery and fulfillment of man's ultimate purpose in the universe."

Lord Halifax said in his address at Yale's 250th anniversary that if the social order so long upheld by these centers of learning is disintegrating, it is largely due to "the slow attrition of religious and cultural foundations and through the impact of intellectual forces, which have created a vacuum without themselves having the capacity to fill it."

JOSEPH T. RYERSON, JR.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

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Mature Minds Can Bridge This Gulf

In December the *Atlantic* introduced a new form of business communication, giving it the descriptive name *Advertorial*. The *Advertorial* is intended as a bridge between the mature minds of business and the mature minds of the arts, sciences, education, labor, and government.

There *is* a gulf between these two kinds of minds. They have matured under different conditions. The business leader, from the day he left school, has been obliged to adjust his business thinking to the practical requirements of profit-and-loss.

On the other hand, the leaders of arts, sciences, and government have developed in a different environment. The mature minds among them know the mechanics of business, but the very quality that makes them good theoretical thinkers also creates a gulf between their mental attitude and that of the businessman.

Events are forcing men in all fields of activity to seek a common ground of understanding and coöperation. Clear-thinking people all through American life know that our vigorous production is the chief hope of those who hold freedom dear. But how can we best adjust to the impact of our global effort?

For example, how far should we go in diverting manpower and essential raw materials such as steel, aluminum, fibers, fuels, and food to the Rearmament Program both at home and abroad; and how should we allocate

what is left between Consumer Goods which provide today's standard of living, sufficient Plant Expansion to meet tomorrow's needs, and a continuing program of Industrial Research, on which the miracle of American production depends?

How can we best stimulate the production of strategic raw materials like copper, lead, alloying metals, rubber, and so forth, to ensure an adequate stockpile for Western defense? Or, how high should corporate profits, corporate wages, corporate taxes be in the best interests of all?

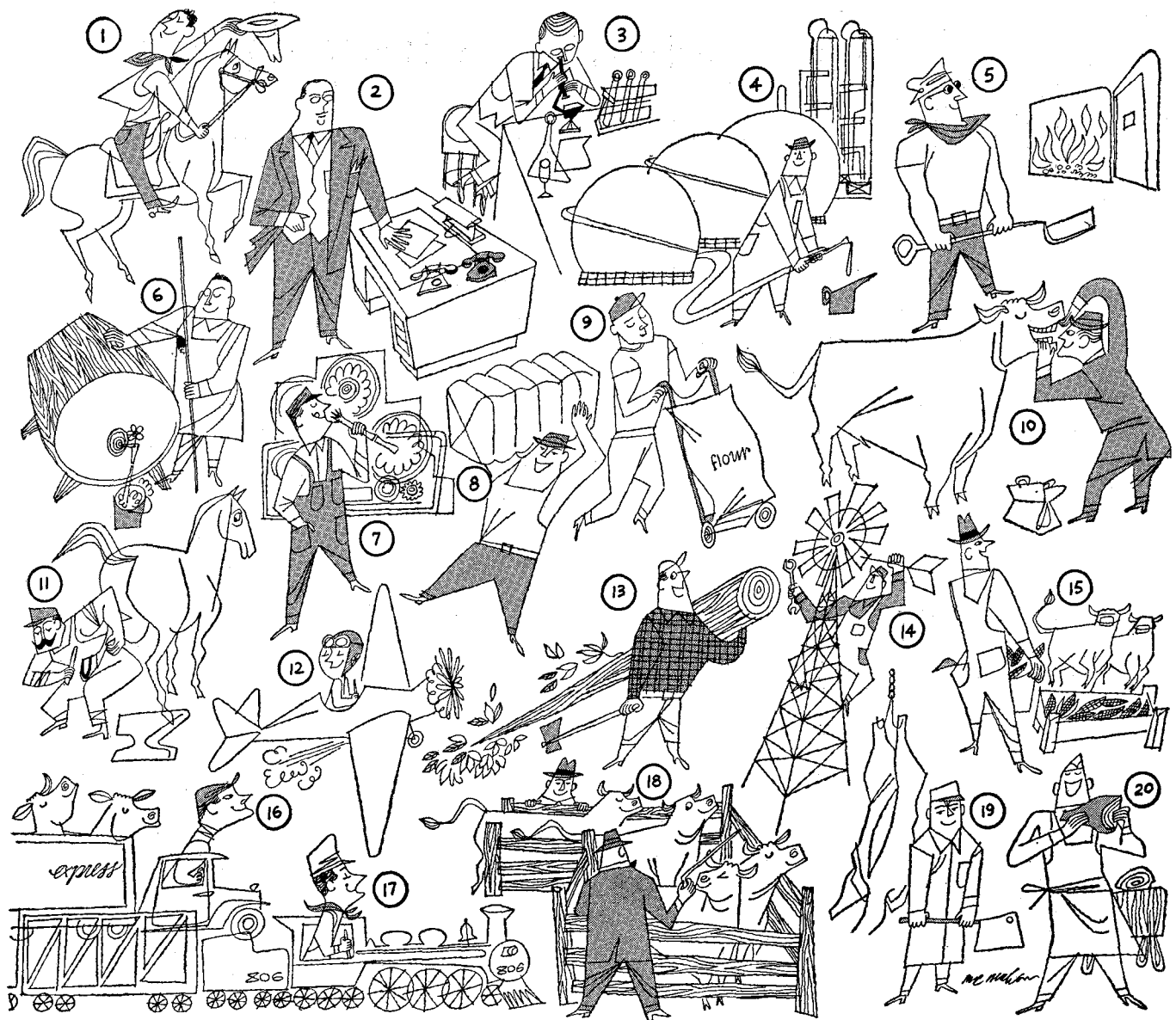
There are scores of other problems which are troubling thinking people everywhere.

To meet this need, the *Atlantic* has suggested to businessmen a combination of display advertising with the new *Advertorial* form. The *Advertorials* will be paid advertisements, of course, and we are confident that our readers will respond to them as they do to any section of the magazine. *They involve the thoughtful participation of the reader; they are intended to give compelling facts about the way American business works.*

The publisher will ensure the integrity in the presentation of the *Advertorial* which the magazine has ensured editorially for many years. We expect the *Atlantic* audience to take a lively interest in the evolution of this new technique for building new confidence between business leaders and leaders in other fields.

Ronald W. Snyder

Publisher
The Atlantic Monthly



How many people does it take to produce a steak?

When you plank the cash on the counter for a slice of sirloin, some of it may represent *your own pay* for the part you played in getting that steak to your table.

We'll make ourselves clear.

It takes a lot of people to help produce that steak in this mid-20th-century economy of ours.

The people we've put in the picture above, for instance. And many, many others. Though you may not realize it, some product you, yourself, help make or sell or service may play a part in producing steaks.

1. The cowboy or range hand who looks after the cattle.
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6. The brewer
7. The sugar refiner
8. The cotton ginner
9. The flour miller
10. The veterinarian who looks after the health of the cattle.
11. The blacksmith who shoes the horses and repairs ranch machinery.
12. The airplane pilot who sprays ranges and fields, destroying pests.
13. The lumberman who provides the wood for corrals and barns and pens.
14. The windmill who makes the machinery that keeps man-made ranch water holes working.
15. The feeder who takes lean range cattle and puts about 25% more beef on them by intensive feeding.
16. The truck driver
17. The railroader
18. The stockyard man who provides "room and board" for the livestock, and the commission man who is sales agent for the producer.
19. The meat packer who processes and distributes the beef.
20. The retailer who is the final link between all these people . . . and you.

who furnish some of the by-products used to make the livestock feeds with which ranchers and feeders supplement grass.

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This is the first of a series of articles by distinguished doctors who have learned to live with incurable disease. HENRY E. SIGERIST, M.D., one of the great medical historians of our time, was director of the Institute of the History of Medicine at Leipzig from 1925 to 1932, whence he was called to Johns Hopkins. There he remained until his retirement because of hypertension. At present Dr. Sigerist lives in Switzerland, where he is completing his eight-volume History of Medicine, of which the first volume was published in 1951 by the Oxford University Press. The article which follows is from the book When Doctors Are Patients. In subsequent issues we shall hear from Dr. Fredric Wertham, the late Dr. Abraham Myerson, and others.

LIVING UNDER THE SHADOW

by HENRY E. SIGERIST, M.D.

PHYSICIANS, as a rule, are poor patients; they know too much, and therefore never fully accept the guidance of a doctor as other sick people do. They are unable to approach their own case objectively; they are necessarily biased, and it is more difficult for them to adjust to a disease condition. If they do succeed they may have a lesson to teach. I have three incurable chronic diseases but I am still able to work with great pleasure from nine o'clock in the morning to midnight, and I enjoy life perhaps more acutely now than ever before.

It was a new experience to me when, during the last war, I gradually had to take illness into account and had to figure with it when organizing my daily life and planning for the future. I had enjoyed the best of health for the greater part of my life and had found the body always responsive to the many demands of an active mind. Only once had I been seriously ill, when I was stricken with pneumonia which developed into an empyema.

I was operated on; a thoracotomy was performed, an operation that was well known to the Hippocratic doctors. Locating the pus accurately is no problem to us with percussion, X rays, and exploratory puncture, but the Greeks also found the pus without the aid of our diagnostic methods. They knew the pus would ultimately break through

and that the body would thus discharge the *materia peccans*, the faulty matter. But they also knew that this process might take a very long time — so long that the patient might succumb or at any rate be greatly weakened. Hence it was advisable to aid nature by draining the pus through an artificial opening. Where should the physician open the chest? The Hippocratic doctor reasoned that empyema was an inflammatory disease in the course of which heat was developed. The pus must be found at the point of maximum heat, and how could this be ascertained? In a very simple way: a mixture of fine clay and water was applied very rapidly to the back. Where it dried first, there was the maximum heat and there the incision was performed.

Today my pneumonia — it was an ordinary pneumococcus infection — instead of developing into empyema and keeping me in the hospital for many weeks, would be cured in a few days, and this reminds us of the fact that the historical moment at which our individual life unfolds has a strong bearing on our health and illnesses. How many of our contemporaries with diabetes, pernicious anemia, and a variety of other diseases are kept alive today who would have been lost inexorably only yesterday; and how many people today are dying young on battlefields who might have lived to a

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ripe old age had they been born around the middle of the last century. It would be a vain undertaking to try to decide whether it is hazard or fate or whatever we may call it that determines what happens to us beyond our individual chromosomes and behavior. To Paracelsus the stars symbolized this impact of time on our life and he spoke of *ens astrale* as a sphere from which disease befalls man. The fact remains that the point in time and also in space at which we live is extremely important.

And then for many years I never had any serious illness. Like everybody I had an occasional cold or upset stomach, and I am ashamed to say that I greatly enjoyed these minor ailments. It is a sad comment on our way of life that we must have a sore throat, a bronchitis, laryngitis, or gastroenteritis, in order to have a few days of real rest. An interesting essay could be written on the hygienic significance of minor ailments. By forcing us to rest they may prevent more serious illness. Of course, it would be better to break the long winter by taking a trip to the West Indies. But how could we get away in the midst of the academic year, and what professor has the money for such a trip anyway?

Bronchitis or some such disease is the cheapest way of having a vacation, and spending a week or even a few days in bed is the best rest we can have. The discomfort is nothing to speak of; we catch up with sleep and accumulate a reserve for the weeks to come, we eat little and take off a few pounds, and we have the time to read all the books that have accumulated on our desk. However, in order to enjoy the privileged position granted the sick man we must be feverish. As soon as our temperature is higher than normal we are excused from all the many duties and obligations imposed upon us by society. Tortured by gastric ulcers, a man is still expected to attend to his regular work and is often considered a nuisance because he requires a special diet, while the slightest fever makes us an object of attention and loving care. A fever makes it apparent to all that we are sick; ulcers do not.

2

THE years have gone by, and now at the age of sixty I find myself with three incurable diseases. One is a rare but not significant disease, a *parapsoriasis en plaques*. A textbook describes it very correctly as being characterized by "widely dispersed, well-demarcated, superficial, non-infiltrated, pink to tan patches covered with a fine adherent scale." They do not itch or present any other subjective symptom, do not attack the face or hands, are not contagious; they come and go, disappear at times entirely, particularly during the summer months, come back and are more strongly marked in winter.

Nothing is known about the disease and there is no cure for it. It is possible to get rid of the patches

temporarily with chrysarobin or, under certain conditions, with large doses of vitamin D, but they come back after a short while and the best one can do is to forget about the disease and ignore it completely. This is very easy at my age, but for young people who like to display their anatomy on beaches and are engaged in courtship such a disease, harmless as it is, could be most unpleasant, particularly as the prejudice against all skin affections is still very strong. It also reminds us that in spite of great progress achieved we still have many unsolved problems in medicine; and it makes me feel very strongly how unsatisfactory our theory of disease actually is. Is *parapsoriasis en plaques* more than a name? Is it really a clinical entity, a disease in its own right? Or is it merely a symptom in a larger complex, symptom of a basic pathological condition such as an allergy?

This leads me to the second disease which I have had for many years now and which has caused me more discomfort than the one just mentioned, a *chronic rhinitis*. It developed slowly and gradually after I had come from Europe to America. I noticed that very many Europeans develop diseases of the upper respiratory tract in America, particularly sinus troubles. The violent climate with its sudden changes of temperature, the polluted air of many of our cities, the overheated rooms in which we live during the winter, may be partly responsible for this. Having worked in a library for many years, I know what fatal effect the damp heat of a Baltimore summer followed by the dryness of an overheated building in the winter has on the leather bindings of books, and I can well imagine that the tender mucous membranes of the nose do not react in a particularly favorable way to these external factors. I was treated with penicillin when the drug was still in its experimental stages, was treated with radium, was operated on. Most treatments gave me temporary but no permanent relief. It could never be established with certainty whether the disease was due to a chronic virus infection or to an allergy.

At any rate, I have it and will in all probability keep it to the end. It is a nuisance, I cannot deny it, and many times I envied our Baltimore Negroes with wide-open noses which seemed to guarantee them perfect ventilation. The degree of comfort or discomfort I experience depends to a large extent on the weather. There is an optimum humidity which makes it possible for me to breathe quite freely. With a higher or lower degree of dampness, however, the membranes swell and cause nasal obstruction. All you can do is accept the condition and have some drugs in readiness with which you can keep the nose open when you need it most — at night, when giving a lecture, at a conference, or at some other critical moment. This too is a very minor ailment compared with my third incurable disease, which is a serious one, a killer.

Almost twenty years ago, when I joined the faculty of an American university, I intended to combine a life insurance policy with the professor's retirement annuity, and the medical examination very unexpectedly revealed that I had a marked *hypertension*, with traces of albumin and a few casts in the urine, and with a slightly enlarged left ventricle. Perhaps it should not have been quite unexpected, because I knew of several male members of my mother's family who were suffering from hypertension, and several had died from cardiovascular diseases. I was overweight, moreover, was a heavy smoker, taking practically no exercise — leading anything but a hygienic life.

According to American usage I was not accepted by the life insurance company. Later I learned that Swiss companies do accept hypertensive individuals at a slightly higher premium. Quite generally I found that the attitude of the medical profession toward hypertension is different in Switzerland — and in other European countries — from that usually encountered in America. Much less fuss is being made. Statesmen, businessmen, industrialists in very responsible positions, are strongly advised to carry on with their work and not to resign; high officers of the general staff are kept in the army. They all have to make certain adjustments, to be sure, but every effort is made to impress upon them that they are not cripples, that they remain useful members of society, that hypertension is not a disease but a condition, an adaptation of the organism to certain pathological changes. As a very distinguished Swiss clinician said to me, it took a long time to persuade the general practitioner that he should measure the blood pressure as a matter of routine, but now he must be urged not to overrate his findings. Of course, in Europe as everywhere else, physicians and patients are well aware that the condition is serious, but there is no reason to become neurotic about it.

In my own case it is difficult to tell whether the condition began as an essential hypertension which gradually caused cardiovascular lesions or whether it was the result of slowly developing arteriosclerosis. I noticed that most American colleagues I consulted were extremely secretive. When they took the pressure and you asked them what they had read they gave you a vague evasive answer which sounded either like a dark threat or like a light joke. I once spent two weeks for a general checkup in a famous hospital, had an endless number of tests made on me, and not only was I never allowed to see my case history but I also was never told what my blood pressure was, what the ophthalmological findings and the results of the various tests had been.

Of course, I found ways and means of getting hold of the case history surreptitiously, and I suppose most physician-patients in such cases do, but I strongly resented the secrecy of my colleagues,

which implied either that I had never heard of the fact that man is mortal, or that they considered me a highly neurotic individual who could not be told the truth, and this I am decidedly not. The result of this secrecy was that for a number of years I didn't consult a doctor until I found a very able young Viennese refugee physician who was absolutely frank and together with whom I made the necessary tests in his small laboratory.

3

ALL this raises the very important question whether patients should be told the truth about their condition or not, a question which, I am sure, cannot simply be answered with "yes" or "no." Medieval ethics had no hesitation on the subject. The purpose of man's life was salvation, and everything had to be done to prevent a man from dying unprepared, without having confessed and received the holy sacrament of Extreme Unction. Today the commonly accepted view is that the physician should not do anything which might harm his patient, shorten his life, or even worry him unnecessarily. If a true statement about his actual condition or a prognosis might in any way be harmful, it should be withheld, particularly as the physician's words may easily be misinterpreted at a time when radio, newspapers, popular magazines, and advertisements are pouring out half-baked information on medical subjects. This sounds very simple but is not, and here as everywhere else the doctor must know his patient.

No two individuals are the same physically or mentally, and while some demand full honest information about their conditions, others are — unconsciously — grateful for being kept in the dark. I know members of my own family whom I as a physician would deceive to the very end because they could not take the truth, while I know others who would be deeply grateful if I should tell them the whole truth, because it would make it possible for them to organize their life, whatever is left of it, in the best possible way.

Of course, we must always keep in mind that in medicine there is no Truth with a capital T, that medicine is what Celsus very aptly called it, an *ars coniecturalis*, an art in which you have to make guesses. There is more certainty today in our knowledge of diseases, in our diagnostics, and even in therapy than in the past, but the area of uncertainty is still very large. There is a school of physicians that strongly believes that hypertensive patients should use a saltless diet, while other schools think that salt does not affect the blood pressure in any way. And the advocates of a saltless diet are divided into two camps, those who consider the chlorine harmful and those who accuse the sodium of evil effects. Pharmaceutical firms have prepared condiments to take the place of salt some of which

contain sodium but no chlorine, while others avoid sodium but have chlorine. There are plenty of experiments and statistics available in support of all of these views. Which is correct and which wrong? We do not know. The explanation may well be that patients react differently.

When we have decided to enlighten a patient about his condition we must never forget to tell him that there is always hope. Miracles do happen in medicine. My mother had a maid who had served her for nearly thirty years when in her late forties she rapidly lost weight. One of the best gynecologists in town diagnosed a cancer of the uterus and decided to make a total extirpation of the womb; but when he opened the abdomen he found a very advanced tumor and metastases, so that nothing could be done. Biopsy confirmed the diagnosis. The woman was pensioned, went back home to her village, and *ut aliquid fiat* she went once a week to the near-by city to have treatment with X rays. Soon thereafter she began to gain weight, and recovered so completely that she lived for almost twenty-five years, dying at a ripe old age, unfortunately during World War II while I was in America and long after her gynecologist had passed away, so that nobody thought of having an autopsy performed.

My own condition remained quite unchanged during the years preceding the war. Those were busy years during which the Johns Hopkins Institute of the History of Medicine was developed, the Bulletin of the History of Medicine and several series of monographs were founded, the American Association of the History of Medicine extended its activities — years of research, of teaching, of administrative work. Knowing that war was bound to come, I took advantage of these last years of relative peace, and went abroad every summer for extensive study tours, working in libraries and archives, or doing field work in social medicine. And at the end of every summer, before resuming academic duties, I went to see an old friend in Zurich, a distinguished heart specialist, to have a chat and to have a few tests made. The blood pressure was invariably the same, about 160/110, and after X ray, electrocardiogram, and urinalysis were found to be unchanged also I sailed back to America determined to carry on as in the past. I never felt sick or handicapped in any way.

Matters changed as a result of the war. When America became involved in the conflict our younger colleagues joined the armed forces and we, the old generation, did their work. For a number of years I had three full-time and a half a dozen part-time jobs. This was very strenuous. It meant having a seven-day working week without any break, with sleeping time reduced to a maximum of five hours. It was decidedly not the "Way of Life" usually recommended to hypertensive individuals. But then — others were dying on the bat-

tlefields, why should we not do our share on the home front with all the risks involved?

I was able to carry on during those years of war because every summer I spent a few weeks at Saratoga Springs with immense benefit. I know that the average American doctor does not think very highly of spa treatments and considers them rather some kind of psychotherapy if not outright quackery, while in Europe mineral springs have been used with good results for the last two thousand years in the treatment of chronic diseases. I am not competent to decide what biochemical processes take place in the human body during such a treatment. Scientific balneology is still in its infancy, but research is being pushed vigorously in a number of European countries, particularly in the Soviet Union.

What I do know is that a few weeks of complete rest and relaxation, away from everything and everybody, with light exercise, walks in the enchanting landscape of northern New York State, combined with a strict reducing diet, mineral baths, massage, nasal inhalations, did wonders for me. Each time I reduced my weight by ten pounds, my blood pressure went down by twenty to twenty-five points and stayed down for some time. I went back to work feeling light and rejuvenated.

One point I should like to mention and stress in this connection: namely, the importance of solitude and meditation. We are social beings whose life unfolds in a closely knit society. The city dweller, men in public life, academic teachers, physicians, business people, are practically never alone. From the moment they rise in a hurry in the morning to the moment they retire at night tired and weary, they live in constant intercourse with other people. They never have any time to reflect about life, about the world, about their own doings. I think everybody should make an attempt to spend some time alone every year — if not a few weeks, then at least a few days, reassessing his life, trying to find out what was right and what wrong, making plans for the future, reviewing his scale of values. It need not be in a health resort, not even in the country. Many times have I been on a lone island, cut off from the world in the midst of Paris, London, or New York, and have experienced moments of profound solitude and great inspiration within the bare walls of a small hotel room.

4

IN 1945 when the war came to an end I woke up to the realization of the fact that from now on I would be handicapped physically. It is quite a shock, at first, when you find out that the body no longer is the willing tool of the mind, when you discover that you cannot jump up the stairs any longer as you used to do but must walk up sedately like other people. At the moment I live surrounded by hills

and mountains that I would love to climb, but I know that I shall never be able to do it. But then you very soon realize that these are very minor considerations. Once past the age of fifty, almost everyone has some kind of handicap. One is hard of hearing, another has trouble with his eyes, still another suffers from arthritis; but as long as the mind is alert and functions normally, there is no reason why we should not accept our lot joyfully.

Every chronic illness presents special problems. With a cardiovascular disease you know that you will not live to a very old age and you also know that the end may come suddenly. How many of our friends and acquaintances have been stricken all of a sudden, out of a blue sky as it seemed, in the street, at their desk, in the lecture hall, or have passed away in their sleep. Since the time left is limited, we must plan carefully so as to use it to the utmost. We must decide which part of our work we consider the most important and this we must try to carry out no matter what sacrifices it may require.

In my own case I gave up an academic position that I loved and set up my workshop in the country in a small village in Switzerland in order to write an eight-volume book that I had been preparing for many years and that war work had prevented me from beginning sooner. I felt that without this book my life's work would remain very fragmentary and that I must give up all other activities for the sake of this one project. I was able to do it because an American university was prepared to support me and my work for a number of years. I am well aware that this is an unusually liberal and generous attitude of a university, and whatever I may achieve will to a large extent be due to this unselfish support. Most professors with my illness would have had to remain in their position and wear themselves out with teaching and endless routine without being able to complete their essential work.

I think this feeling of not having completed your work, of still having a message to deliver, of wishing to sum up thirty-five years of research and manifold experience, is not only a strong incentive but at the same time an important therapeutic factor. You organize your entire life around the project, do anything that will further it, and avoid what may be detrimental to it. An inveterate smoker, I found it very easy to give up smoking when I began writing my present book. We know of many people who kept alive until they had finished their task, and then collapsed. Marcel Proust wrote his masterpiece, *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* under tremendous handicaps, worked feverishly, in bed most of the time, and when he had re-created his past life and the society in which he had lived, he died.

Of course, we know of other people who died before they had completed their work, who were torn away in the midst of it. Yet we observe quite often that the desire to live to a certain date keeps patients alive. Dr. Welch after many months of illness

spent in the hospital saw the end approaching, but also the fiftieth anniversary of the day when he had joined the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University. And he wanted to live long enough to see that day. He spoke about it often, and indeed it was a memorable date — half a century in a university which during that period had become one of the great cultural centers of the nation and to the greatness of which he had contributed more than anyone else. To him it was symbolic of the fact that he had completed his mission on earth. The day came and he thoroughly enjoyed the flowers and telegrams he received. Then his illness took a quick turn for the worse and he died a few weeks later.

5

AND now I have been living in the country, working on my book for over three years. I do not feel sick in any way because I am in an environment in which a man with my illness can lead a normal and full life and be as productive as before. I lead a very quiet life, move around very little physically, but feel that mentally I am embracing the globe because my book, a history of medicine from early beginnings to the present, takes me all over the world and through five thousand years of human civilization. I live surrounded by books in many languages from many lands, and each one opens up a world. At nine o'clock sharp I am at my desk and spend the whole morning writing. During the afternoon I attend to a very extensive correspondence which keeps me in touch with all corners of the world, write an occasional book review, and take care of the infinity of odds and ends connected with literary work, preparing bibliographies, collecting illustrations, reading proofs, and similar matters. After dinner until midnight sharp I read texts, and make notes and in general prepare the following morning's writing. This schedule is by no means rigid; it may have to be modified according to the urgency of some work. I also greatly enjoy the visits of former students, of colleagues and friends who are good enough to look me up in my retreat.

Thus I feel that I am still a useful member of society, not a parasite, and that I am contributing my share to the advancement of knowledge. My adjustment was relatively easy because so far I have not had to worry about my family's livelihood or mine, and also because I am engaged in the kind of work that thrives best in the wilderness, provided you have a good library of your own and university libraries send you books. For a biochemist, who requires laboratories for his work, or an engineer, it is more difficult to change his mode of living. But I think that everyone with hypertension can adjust in some way or other. If he cannot slow down in his accustomed occupation there is bound to be another that he may take up. It is important

for us to realize that we can lead a satisfactory life on a much smaller income than we used to have. With a sharpened sense of values we soon find out that much that we thought we had to buy was quite unnecessary. The more philosophical our general outlook and attitude toward life has been, the easier our adjustment will be. Once we are getting on in age we draw from the intellectual and moral capital that we have built up during a lifetime and we reap what we have sown.

Of course, it would be absurd to think that a cardiovascular condition of twenty years' duration does not present any subjective symptoms. You cannot run or carry weights without getting out of breath and feeling some oppression in the chest. But you soon learn that if you have to catch a train you must be at the station in time, that you must get a porter to carry your bag, and that it is safe to have nitroglycerin tablets in your pocket.

So far I have not noticed any signs of impaired memory, or very few, and I think we can do something to train our memory and keep it fresh; for example, learning difficult poems by heart — a few verses every day while shaving — or engaging in the study of foreign languages. For the last fifty years I have devoted one half hour to language studies every morning, learning and practicing Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, Russian — whichever I happened to be interested in at the moment or needed most for my work. If you learn three new words — and their use — every day, you not only train your memory but also acquire a sizable vocabulary in many tongues in the course of time, and you will enjoy foreign literatures as you never would if you had to rely on translations.

Prolonged hypertension decidedly leads to certain personality changes. I used to be rather thick-skinned and now have become very sensitive, irritable, impatient, getting excited at times over trifles which I should not have even noticed in the past. This can be counteracted to some extent through will power or certain mental exercises, and on some occasions one may have to take recourse to sedatives. This increased sensitiveness has its great compensations. You not only worry more but have much deeper joys. You experience music, poetry, the fine arts much more acutely than ever before. And if you have the priceless privilege of living in the country, you will find the unfolding of the seasons in their eternal rhythm, the miracle of spring, the exuberance of summer, the soft melancholy of fall, and the creative pause of winter, a constant source of elation and inspiration. You soon recognize that the blossoming of a rose is a much greater miracle than atomic energy, and certainly a greater source of happiness. I find that every handicap has its compensations. I sleep badly but this has the advantage that I see the sun rise, which I never did in the city.

Therapeutically there is very little you can do in

a case of hypertension. There are drugs that reduce the blood pressure drastically, but they do not cure the underlying disease and simply destroy the compensating mechanism. The best we can do is accept the disease as a permanent factor in our life, adjust our mode of living to it, keep our weight down, eat and drink moderately, and rest from time to time.

Rest, complete relaxation, is a very important healing factor. Formerly I spent every Sunday working because during the eight months of the academic year Sundays are the only days that you can devote entirely to research and writing. Now I rest on Sundays, attend to my garden; and about once a month I spend a Sunday in bed resting and fasting. These are red-letter days for which I always save up a book that I am particularly anxious to read. I think the importance of fasting has not been sufficiently recognized. A forty-hour fast during which you consume nothing but fruit juices decongests the organism and has a very beneficial effect. I also do all my writing in the morning on an empty stomach as I found long ago that I work much better before than after meals.

And so with three incurable diseases I have been very fortunate, and I only wish that things may continue as they are for a few more years so that I may complete my work. And I also wish that I may be granted to end my life at home and not in the hospital. I have a horror of the hospital, that blend of penitentiary and third-class hotel. Of course, we need hospitals and we must be grateful that there are so many excellent ones. Many examinations and treatments are impossible or at least very difficult outside of a hospital. But it is a dreary place, nevertheless, with its sterile-looking rooms, bare walls, high beds, and the necessary but rigid routine that makes it so difficult to rest. The rooms are obviously not made to live in but to be treated in, and even the flowers that friends so kindly send us rarely succeed in brightening the room because they are no organic part of it and rather give it the appearance of a funeral parlor. How much nicer it is to be sick at home where we have our books, where the cat takes the place of a hot-water bottle, and where we may count on a decent cup of tea.

We all know what the final stages of such a cardiovascular disease are. There are various possibilities, some of which are less desirable than others. We also know that death may come unexpectedly from an unrelated accident or some intercurrent disease that a weakened heart is unable to overcome. But whatever fate may have in store for us, we must be prepared to accept it and to die as we have lived, rejoicing at the thought that it was given to us to live through a fascinating period of history and to take an active and creative part in it, on the progressive side to which the future belongs; rejoicing also in the knowledge that we are leaving children and former students behind who will carry on from where we stop.



FARLEY MOWAT made his first trip to the Barren Lands in 1935 when, as a boy of fifteen, he accompanied his great-uncle, "a fanatical student of birds"; and on that trip he had his first sight of the great herds of reindeer, "a half-mile wide river of caribou flowing unhurriedly north." It was a sight he never forgot. On his discharge from the Canadian Army after six years in the Infantry, his thought was to return to the unmapped sanctuary of the Barren Lands and to study the migration of the caribou and, more important, the People of the Deer, a hardy, dwindling clan of primitive Eskimos.

THE PEOPLE OF THE DEER

by FARLEY MOWAT

I

ON a morning in May of 1947 I boarded the train to Churchill, the only place in the arctic I knew, and gave myself up to the demands of the fever that was in me. Churchill lay on the edge of the Barrens and I hoped that when I reached there I would stumble on some means for completing my journey into the interior. My preparations for the trip were simple in the extreme. A visit to a War Assets store had provided me with an assortment of old army clothing and a cheap sleeping bag. I already owned a camera of the snapshot variety and this, together with my binoculars and a dozen rolls of film, completed my scientific equipment. For weapons I took only the American carbine I had carried all through the war.

My actual plans were almost as shadowy as my equipment, for though I knew to within a few thousand square miles where I wanted to go, I still had only the vaguest ideas of how to get there.

The port of Churchill was a miserable conglomeration of cowering shacks half-buried under great drifts. The stained snowbanks pushed tightly up against the slab-sided and scrofulous shanties. The freezing mist from Hudson Bay did its best to soften the ugliness and hide the monolithic bulk of the huge concrete grain elevator that gives Churchill its sole reason for existence. For Churchill is nominally an ocean port, despite the fact that it is only for a few brief weeks each year that hardy freighters can dare the passage of Hudson Straits to enter the Bay and take on cargo. In May of 1947 that "ocean port" was the ultimate desolation of man's contriving.

Shouldering my kit bag, I trudged up the frozen ruts of Churchill's only road and found my way to the beer parlor. In a few minutes I was sitting comfortably close to the stove while a morose bartender brought me a bottle of sad ale — sans glass.

As I drank the thin brew I looked out the dirty window at a clay-cold array of rusted boilers, abandoned donkey engines, and dead construction machinery. And I wondered just how the devil I was going to find my way out of this scrap heap of ruined ambitions and into the Barrens.

Then the door swung open with a gusty crash and a massive Scandinavian rolled into the room. His eyes lit up with a quick gleam of recognition as he saw me, and in an instant the gloom of Churchill was dispelled. "So you come back!" he boomed. "Ja! I thought maybe you would!"

This was John Ingerbritson, and I had last seen him when, as a boy of fifteen, I had gone to look at his ship in the harbor at Churchill. Many years earlier, when he had been living at The Pas, the call of John's Norwegian blood became too strong to deny and so he built a seagoing vessel there in his back yard, 500 miles from the sea. When all 40 feet of the *Otto Sverdrup* was completed, she was loaded on a flatcar and taken north to salt water. Her full tale is a Norse saga that began when John announced that he intended to fish the treacherous Bay waters. The scientists told him bluntly that there were no food fish to be had in Hudson Bay, but John set his nets anyway, and each week he shipped a fine cargo to the markets in distant Winnipeg.

After hoisting a few for old times' sake, John took me to his home, where Mrs. Ingerbritson welcomed me into her brilliantly clean little house and filled me with good food. Then, over coffee, and surrounded by the ebullient offspring of John and his wife, I explained why I had come back to Churchill and where I wanted to go.

When I finished, John suggested that I should charter a plane, but I was doubtful about the idea. For one thing, the cost of flying in the arctic can

be prohibitive. For another thing, a pilot needs a clear-cut objective, and I had none in mind.

While we were talking, a lanky, dark-eyed young man had come quietly into the room and was introduced as Johnny Bourasso, former Royal Air Force Pathfinder pilot, at present the captain and crew of an ancient twin-engined Anson aircraft that made a precarious living for her owner by flying improbable tramp-freighting runs over the top of the world. Bourasso was at once dragged into the discussion, and I got out my maps.

I told him of the old government report I had read by James Burr Tyrrell, and of Tyrrell's fantastic explorations through the central Barren Lands of Keewatin in the 1890s. Tyrrell had been the first — and the last — man ever to traverse the full breadth of the Barrens from south to north. He wrote of seeing what may have been the greatest single herd of caribou ever to be seen by a white man — a herd so vast that for many miles the surface of the land was obscured beneath a blanket of living beasts! He mentioned a "People of the Deer." Out in those endless spaces, along the river he called Kazan, Tyrrell had found a race of men where it was thought that no men could live. These men, who had remained completely cut off from the world's knowledge until the day of Tyrrell's coming, were living the same lives they had led before the Viking longboats first discovered the eastern shores of North America.

I asked John what he knew about the mysterious Eskimos that Tyrrell had seen. Surprisingly, John knew quite a lot, though it was all hearsay, of course. He told me that in the boom days of the twenties a trading post had actually been established on the southern borders of the Keewatin Barrens, not far from the headwaters of the Kazan where Tyrrell had first met the inland dwellers. While fur prices were soaring this isolated outpost did well, despite the fact that 700 miles of canoe route separated it from the nearest point of supply at The Pas.

Then the fur market collapsed and the post no longer paid a big enough profit. So it was closed, and the brief contact with the inland Eskimos would have been lost again had it not been for a German immigrant, married to a Cree woman, who doggedly persisted in the attempt to keep an independent trading post going. Off and on, over the years, this man did keep contact with the Barrens Eskimos; and though he was no longer in the land himself, it was rumored that he had left a son on the edge of the Barrens, who was believed to make his living by trapping white fox and by occasional trading deals with the natives.

John pointed out the site of the abandoned trading post on the map, at a place called Windy River — a river that flows into a vast body of water named Nueltin Lake.

Nueltin itself was almost a legendary place, still

unsurveyed and largely unknown in 1947. Yet from the rough dotted outline assigned to it on the map, it was obviously a truly great lake, at least 120 miles long, with half of its length inside the forests while the other half stretched northward into the open plains of the Barrens.

I decided that Nueltin should be my immediate goal. If I was lucky I might find that young half-Indian, half-German youth who was believed to be still living there. And with his aid, I might hope to realize my dreams; whereas alone I might only add another unpleasant paragraph to the grim tales that are told of the men who have challenged the Barrens and failed.

Nueltin, then, was the logical choice, but there remained the slight problem of how to cross the intervening 350 miles of frozen plains to reach it. I looked wistfully at Johnny Bourasso and wondered how much he would charge for such a flight. There didn't seem to be much point in asking, for he had just canceled a trip to Chesterfield Inlet on the advice of the weather men, who had warned of the imminent approach of the spring thaws. When the spring thaws come to the North, all flying ceases for at least a month and there are no exceptions. But I had nothing to lose by asking. "Johnny, would you take a chance on a trip to Nueltin tomorrow?"

He lifted his eyes from the map and took a long moment to think; then, "We'll give it a try," he said. He would charge me only \$200 for the trip, phenomenally cheap for Barrens flying, which normally has the highest rate on the continent.

2

WHEN it was full morning the next day we hurriedly loaded my gear and slogged through the already softening drifts to Landing Lake, where the Anson stood waiting. What had been a lightweight outfit designed for easy travel, when I left the South, had grown monstrously during my brief stay at Churchill. The Canadian Army authorities there, worried about my survival and about the possibility of having to come to my eventual rescue, had loaded me down with such items as a hundred-pound crate of smoke generators (presumably to use in communicating with distant Eskimos since no aircraft fly over the central Barrens), army winter clothing of unbelievable awkwardness and bulk, and a case of complicated meteorological instruments with which (it was hoped) I would make careful surveys of weather conditions at Nueltin Lake. Politeness forced me to accept all these things though I had no use for them and I was already grossly overequipped as a result of my purchases in the Hudson Bay Company store at Churchill.

Johnny had aided in saddling me with an unnecessary amount of freight by remarking that he

might very well fail to pick me up before freeze-up, in which case I would have to live on my fat until late December when ice conditions were again suitable for ski landings.

In consequence I had bought about a quarter of a ton of assorted foods, the bulk of which consisted of flour, lard, sugar, tea, baking powder, bacon, and salt pork. In addition there was a fair leavening of dehydrated fruits and vegetables, plus — and how the old arctic-hands stared when they heard about it — a case of fruit juices.

My outfit was further increased by 500 pounds of freight which had been consigned to the young fellow at Nueltin the previous fall and which had been moldering in a warehouse awaiting the day when some means of transportation might turn up. With the usual haphazard methods employed in arctic transport, this was all turned over to me on the chance that I could deliver it.

All of this gear was stacked aboard the Anson; and after a startled look at the looming bulk of the load, Johnny turned quickly away and started up the engines. As the overburdened plane lumbered down the lake the homemade skis flung driving slush outward and upward, enveloping us in chill spray. Then we were air-borne and we swung back over the forlorn desolation of Churchill so that the Ingerbritsons could wave a farewell. The Anson turned northward up the icebound coast. I looked out to sea, over the pack ice, and when I again turned to look inland the thinning trees had vanished and the aircraft was swinging westward, away from the sea and into the Barrens.

The Anson grumbled forward on her quest. Johnny held a map before him on his knees, and over its expanse of vagueness he had drawn a straight compass course to where Windy River should be. But above his head the compass flickered and gyrated foolishly, for in such close proximity to the magnetic pole a compass is, at best, but a doubtful tool. Yet there were no other aids to navigation, for when we left the coast we also left the sun behind us — obscured by a thick overcast of snow-laden clouds.

For a hundred miles there was no change and the monotony began to dull my senses. I tried to fix my gaze on something definite in the blankness that lay below. About noon I saw, with profound gratitude, the faint smear of a horizon. Slowly it took on strength, grew ragged, and at last emerged as a far-distant line of hills. It was the edge of the great plateau which cradles Nueltin and the Kazan.

I edged forward to the cockpit. Johnny's face was strained and anxious. In a few minutes he pointed to the flickering needles of the gasoline gauges, which showed that half our gas was gone, and then I felt the aircraft begin to bank! I watched the compass card dance erratically until our course was south, then east — and back toward the sea.

The overcast had been steadily lowering, and as we turned eastward we were flying at less than 500 feet. At this slim height we suddenly saw the land gape wide beneath us to expose a great valley walled in by rocky cliffs and snow-free hills. And in that instant I caught a fleeting glimpse of something. "Johnny!" I yelled. "Cabin . . . down there!"

He wasted no precious gas on a preliminary circuit. The sound of the engines dulled abruptly and we sank heavily between the valley walls. Before us stood a twisted, stunted little stand of spruce; a river mouth, still frozen; and the top foot or so of what was certainly a shanty roof, protruding slyly from the drifts. We jumped stiffly down to the ice and shook hands, for there was no doubt about this being my destination.

There was no sign of life about the cabin. We slipped and stumbled helplessly on the glare ice, and our exhilaration at having found our target against heavy odds was rapidly being diminished by an awareness of the ultimate desolation of this place. The leaden skies were closing in and the wind was still rising; there was time only to dump my gear onto the ice. Johnny stood for a long moment in the doorway of the plane, then waved his hand and vanished into the fuselage. In a moment the Anson was bumping down the bay and I was alone.

Inglewood High School
Library Book

I MADE for the half-hidden cabin. The doorway was snowed-in to a depth of several feet, and when I had dug my way through, I found only a log cavern in the drifts — dank and murky and foul-smelling. Against one wall was a massive stove. But it did nothing to cheer me up, for as far as I could see there was no fuel for its great maw. The wind outside, and the chill damp inside, made the thought of a fire like the dream of a lovely woman — irresistible, and quite unattainable.

The walls of the cabin were finished in fur. Wolf and arctic fox pelts, all as white as the snows of early winter, were spread over the log walls to dry, and by their simple presence showed that the place was not completely deserted after all. During the next week I came to regard them with affection, for they were the link with the unknown man who had brought them in and who, I sincerely hoped, would come himself before too long.

There was quite enough to do during the days of waiting. All my gear had to be hauled in from the ice of Windy Bay, and for the balance of the daylight hours I amused myself by wading hip-deep, and sometimes shoulder-deep, through the jealous drifts that guarded the puny treelets near the camp. Three hours' hard work would yield only enough green spruce and tamarack twigs to let me build one little cooking fire, but in the process of gather-

ing fuel I grew as warm as if I had been able to luxuriate before a roaring blaze.

The storm that had heralded my arrival lasted for three full days, but on the fourth day the weather changed abruptly and the arctic spring exploded in a violent eruption. On June 1 the sun shone down upon me with a passion that it hardly knows even in the tropics. And it kept on shining for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four.

I climbed a ridge beside the cabin on the second day of spring and I was awed by what I saw. Thin sheets of water were sliding out from under all the mighty drifts along the shore, and there were already telltale mumbblings from under the river ice. Above the ice a good-sized stream was bawling down upon the bay and spreading a lake above a lake, which was soon too deep to wade across.

In half a day the snow that lapped my observation ridge retreated a dozen feet, leaving the exposed gravel and dead moss to steam away like an overanxious kettle. It was a queer thing to see, and I felt as if I were sitting on the summit of a frozen world that inexplicably, and with an unbelievable swiftness, had decided to collapse and melt away.

On June 4 I climbed a long, rocky slope behind the cabin for a glimpse of the lands that lay beyond the camp. I was sitting in the lee of a great boulder, avoiding the hot glare of the sun, when I heard the cries of dogs from far up the half-frozen river. I listened until the dogs came into view — nine immense beasts hauling a sled that dwarfed them, for it was over 20 feet in length. Two massive runners with sparse crossbars supported a pile of deerskins, and on the skins was the figure of a man.

The team drove along the river's edge to avoid the thaw stream on the surface and the sodden drifts on shore. When it was opposite to me and I could see that the driver was no Eskimo, the dogs swung inshore and halted in the cabin yard. I watched as the man got slowly from his sled and stood beside it, staring intently at the cabin door.

If his arrival had been a shock to me, it was at least an anticipated one. To him, the shock of arriving home and seeing that someone had been living in his camp must have been tremendous. He stood quite still for several minutes. Then he leaned over the sled and withdrew his rifle from its case. He walked forward to where my ax was lying and picked it up, staring at it as if it had been some object fallen from the skies.

With his rifle in hand he opened the cabin door and stepped inside. The litter of my belongings, much of it foreign to him, must have baffled him completely, but he stayed inside, and I chose that time to descend from my hill.

The dogs saw me at once, and before I had reached the sled their hysterical outcry brought the man to the door with rifle crooked over his arm and his face blank and expressionless.

It was a tense and uneasy meeting. I set about explaining myself and my presence at the cabin as best I could, and the words sounded rather lame.

Franz gave me no help at all, though he showed visible relief when he discovered that I had come by air. After I had said my piece, he stood for a good five minutes staring stolidly at me without uttering a word, and I had ample time to study him.

He was still very young, but with an unkempt air about him that made him seem much older in my sight. He was not tall, but slender with a lithe, wild look. He wore an unidentifiable hodgepodge of native skins and white man's clothes, and on his head he wore a tattered aviator's helmet of the sort that children wear about our city streets. The helmet peak was down and half obscured his face. Black eyes were in its shadow, and below them a prominent and uncompromisingly Teutonic nose set on the smooth, Asiatic background of an Indian face.

His unblinking scrutiny was rapidly unnerving me, and then I had an inspiration. Remembering what I had always heard about the North, I made a stumbling appeal for hospitality. Blankness faded from his face; he smiled a little and stepped into the cabin, beckoning me to enter.

I felt that I needed a stiff drink, so I burrowed in my kit and produced a bottle. Without asking Franz, I poured a drink for each of us. He gulped it down, and as he coughed and wiped tears from his eyes his frozen taciturnity began to thaw, then melted with the same untrammelled rush that the snows had shown in the first spring sun. He began to talk — stiffly at first and in awkward monosyllables that slowly grew together and became coherent. Eskimo and Cree words were mixed with English, but as his conversation reached full flow, the native words dropped out and his facility with a language that he had little call to use returned.

Oddly enough he asked no questions and betrayed no curiosity about me after the initial explanations had been made. Instead he talked of the long trip that he had just completed, and from that point his talk worked backward through the winter, into the years before.

His father, Karl, had come to Canada from Germany, three decades earlier. The immigrant brought with him some of the memories of a cultivated man, but for reasons of his own he shunned the semicivilized South of Canada and wandered to the North. Here, in due time, he found a wife among the mission-trained Cree Indians who live on the south verges of the high northern forests. Karl's wife was a good woman and she was a good mother to his children, bringing them the best of the Cree blood, which is not inferior to that of any race.

About 1930, the trading company at Nueltin Lake asked Karl to be their manager there. He accepted, and after a three weeks' canoe trip north

from Brochet, the family arrived at Windy Bay. But it was a somber arrival, for the log building of a departed rival trader which Karl had hoped to use had been burned to the ground. And so, with autumn already bloodying the dwarf shrubs of the plains, Karl and the seven children had to build a winter home out of the meager trees that could be found.

When the one-room shack was finished and roofed with caribou skins, Karl was ready to do business. He anticipated no opposition in dealing with the Eskimos, for he was the only trader within 200 miles. It must have been a strange childhood for Franz and his brothers and sisters. They kept aloof even from the Eskimos. And the tiny outpost was visited only once each summer from "outside" when a canoe brigade arrived from Brochet to bring in the winter stock and carry out the season's fur. For the rest of the long months that stretched into years, only the deer kept Karl and his family company.

In the thirties the People of the Barrens were still numerous enough so that nearly forty hunters — all heads of families — could come to trade their fox pelts at the little post. But as the years passed, so passed the hunters. Their names upon the "Debt books" of the post were lined out one by one, and there were few new ones to take their places. The price of pelts on the world's markets fell and so the profits of the post fell off. At last the company decided to withdraw, and in due course that message came to Karl. He received it gratefully, for during the winter of that year his wife had died, and this man who had never been able to put away his fears of the land now felt desperately alone.

When spring came, Karl prepared to leave the land forever. His two sons, Franz and Hans, were unwilling to go south, and in the end he left them behind, confident that they would continue to make a good catch of foxes every year. Karl took the freight canoe towards the South, carrying the younger children and the season's furs.

Once each year the boys loaded their canoe and traveled as far south as the nearest outpost of trade; and here, quickly, they disposed of their furs, bought what they needed for the year, and fled back through the forests to the arctic plains. For the rest of the year they roamed the Barrens, by dog team in winter, and on foot or with pack dogs in summer. Each had his own trap line in a different area, and during the winter the brothers were often absent from the cabin in different directions for an unbroken month.

Among the Eskimos Franz came to be considered as one of the band, and yet not quite of it, for he still held the crumpled ramparts of his pride of race. Still, the People were his sole bulwark against the destroying loneliness, and so Franz compromised his pride. He was with, but never of

them, and as a result he was never quite beyond the reach of loneliness. It was a driving but controlled hunger which was in him, and it took the form of an endless restlessness that became anguish. He tried to solace it by expanding his hunting range so that he could wander over new lands, farther and farther from the post at Windy Bay.

But Franz's restless thrusting into the distance brought him no comfort because he never understood his trouble. He did not know that though he had learned to live in the land and had established an uneasy armistice between himself and the hostility of rocks and elements, yet, for all this, he remained an intruder.

4

AFTER his first outpouring Franz had become silent, speaking only in monosyllables and evading the questions that were constantly occurring to me. Each morning he left the cabin to climb the lookout hill near camp where he spent the hot hours of the spring days staring over the rotting surface of the ice-covered bay to the southeast.

On the third morning Hans arrived. Before I had time to receive more than a brief impression of his shadowed face, two bundles erupted from the sled and one of these took form as a bounding mite of fur-clad child that rushed upon Franz and flung itself ecstatically into his arms. The second bundle detached itself from the nondescript baggage and came over to us with a little more restraint, stopping abruptly as it saw me standing there. This was a boy, perhaps ten years of age, clad in deer-skins. He stood awkwardly beside Franz and his smile grew until his upper lip curled up over his flattened nose, almost obscuring it from view. His big even teeth glistened at me and I stared back at him in complete fascination, for I saw that these were children of the People I had come to find.

The little girl in Franz's arms was chattering and squirming, unable to contain her pleasure at seeing the man again. And as for Franz — there were tears in his black eyes. At length he put the child down, and I saw that she was no more than five, and small even for that age. She joined the boy and for the first time she noticed me. Her exuberance vanished at once, leaving her like a small graven image on the hill.

"Kunee," Franz said, pointing to her, "and Anoteelik," pointing to the boy. It was a skimpy introduction, but I had to be content with it for the moment. As we all trooped down the hill to the cabin, I wondered if Kunee could be Franz's child.

The sight of me had made the children shy enough, but on Hans my presence placed an intolerable restraint. He had long since withdrawn so far within himself that he could barely suffer even the rare contacts with his brother Franz. With me, white and an incomprehensible stranger, Hans's

withdrawal was complete. He would speak no words to me at all, but sat alone in a dark corner of the cabin, staring at me as he might have stared at some dangerous denizen of his own bleak land. His skin was dark, much darker than his brother's, and it was stretched too tightly over the narrow, fragile bones of his thin face. His eyes were empty things — blank, still depths that shifted from my face no more than the eyes of a trapped fox shift from the face of its approaching nemesis.

But the shyness of the children was, after all, only the shyness of children. In a little while they were hustling about the cabin, evidently quite oblivious of me. Anoteelik quickly got a fire going in the wet stove, while Kunee, that minuscule model of a woman, ran to the river's edge, got water, and in a few minutes had a brew of tea ready for all of us.

After it was poured into the tin mugs, she made herself comfortable on Franz's knee and proceeded to roll a competent cigarette. Franz gave her a light and she smoked happily while he crooned to her in the manner of a father talking to his child.

And now my curiosity could be contained no longer. "Franz," I said, "is she — yours?"

Franz nodded slowly though he did not look up at me. When he spoke his voice was almost hostile and very different from the friendly voice that he had used to me before. "Yes, she's mine. I found her out there in the North, and she's all mine!"

There was a positiveness, almost a fierceness at the end, as if he were daring me to argue with his right to this incredible child. Then surprisingly, and with no further prompting, he began to tell me something of how he found Kunee and her brother Anoteelik.

5

SOME 60 miles due north of Windy Bay, across the sodden plains and gravel ridges, there is a nest of Little Lakes huddled close up against the banks of the river which we call the Kazan but which the Eskimos, who call themselves *Innuït*, named *Innuït Ku* — the River of Men. This little group of lakes has for some centuries been the center of the inland culture. It was from this place that the people spread up and down the river until their camps stood on each lake and river in the rolling plains. And it is from the mounded hills which lie about the Little Lakes that this branch of the Innuït took their local name — *Ihalmiut*, the People of the Little Hills.

In all the time that the Ihalmiut have known the land and roamed its endless spaces, they have had no ties to any plot of ground for long. And yet the Little Lakes that lie beside the wide Kazan have exercised a hold upon the People, for it was from these lakes that men set out to permeate the plains with human life. So it was natural enough, when the tide was turned against them by powers greater

than even those the Barrens know, when plague and starvation struck their blows against the camps, that as the Ihalmiut retreated they should fall back upon the place from which they had once eddied out over the land. By 1946 the remnants of the People were clustered about the bleak shores of the Little Lakes, to stand off the never ending sallies of these enemies as best they could.

Among the People at that place there was the family of Anektaiiwa — his wife, called Utukalee, and his two children, Kunee and Anoteelik. Utukalee was a good mother to her children and a good wife to her husband, though her strength was often drained away by long coughing spells, which ended only when her bright blood dyed the white fox furs she held against her mouth. Anektaiiwa was a good hunter, yet his efforts were too often brought to nothing, for his old gun could not bring down its game when there was no charge of shot, no powder for its long brass cartridges.

Kunee and Anoteelik were but small children still, though Anoteelik was old enough to go with his father on the long hunting trips that so often ended with no more than tales of vanished game with which to fill the bellies of the family. Kunee, at four years of age, was already deeply serious about her duties as a woman of the camp. She helped her mother to gather willow twigs for fuel, or else drew water from the lakes, or watched the cooking fires when Utukalee was too ill.

The igloo of Anektaiiwa stood on the north shore of *Ootek Kumanik* — meaning Ootek's Lake — and near it stood three other camps. On other lakes within a few miles of Anektaiiwa's there were eight more igloos, and these completed the short roster of the homes of the surviving People.

In the late winter of 1946, Anektaiiwa and his neighbor, Ootek, went out together on a hunting trip, for even then the food at the igloos under the Little Hills was growing scarce. The two men took only one sled, pulled by three dogs, for dog feed was also scarce; and they traveled southward to Franz's cabin. In all that broad sweep of land, they saw no deer, nor yet the tracks of any deer, and they were frightened men.

By chance Franz was at home when they arrived, and the two visitors stayed overnight with him. In the morning they departed, carrying with them the few food supplies that Franz had been able to spare from his own scanty stocks. Franz knew that the camps of the Ihalmiut must be nearly empty of deer meat, for he knew that the fall kill had been a meager one. And on his own most recent trips through the Ihalmiut land, he had missed several deer carcasses which he had cached the previous autumn for dog feed. He also knew that the People do not steal unless death has come close enough to make a mockery of morals.

On this midwinter visit, Ootek and Anektaiiwa had told Franz the deer had left the land, and that

unless the spring came early the People too would be gone before the warm suns brought the deer back again. Franz had listened to this prophecy, and in his heart anger almost outweighed pity. It was an anger that he should feel a duty and a responsibility toward these "savages," and an anger that they should be so foolishly improvident, failing to look to and prepare for the distant future as he, a white man, did. There was anger, too, that they had robbed his caches and so made it more difficult for him to travel around the trap lines on which his livelihood depended.

The winter months dragged slowly by and there came no more cries for help. Early in March, Franz traveled northward to his most distant trap line and once again found that many of his meat caches had been robbed.

It was just after dawn on a day in April when Franz reached Ootek's Lake on the return trip from his trap lines. He made at once for Ootek's igloo, but when he found its tunnel drifted in with snow he knew the People had gone elsewhere, and so he prepared to travel south again to his own distant camp. He swung his dogs along the shore, but when one of them raised its head and howled, Franz glanced off to the side and saw a brown, shapeless hummock on the snow. At first he thought it was a wolverine and he slipped his rifle free of its case. But the brown thing did not stir, and when Franz reached it he recognized Anektaiuwa.

Franz feared the dead, for his Indian blood runs strongly through the imagery of his white man's mind. He did not touch the frozen corpse, but turned his dogs back until he came to the igloo of Anektaiuwa. The passageway was open, though only a narrow cleft remained free of drifts. Fearful of what lay under the still dome, Franz called aloud, but got no answer. He would have turned and fled from the place then, but faintly he heard a sound, as of an animal that has been maimed and left for dead.

Franz tied his dogs. Then, summoning all his courage, he wormed his way down the long passage that was nearly filled with drifted snow. The children were both awake, and waiting, for they had found their father gone. Now dimly they saw that he returned, and the whimpers of the little girl grew louder.

Franz covered the dead body of the mother Utukalee with some skins taken from the ledge and then fed the two bony things he had found on soup, cooked on his primus stove — and he waited patiently while the children retched it up again. He continued feeding them soup until their rebellious stomachs would accept the nourishment. He kept the tiny stove going at full heat until the igloo's dull walls brightened and filmed with ice, as the temperature rose rapidly. The little girl held

out her hands to him, trembling little talons that were white with frost, and Franz massaged them gently till some warmth returned.

By the next day the children were already displaying the incredible resilience of the young. Franz did not dare linger, for he had no dog feed on his sled, and little enough food for himself.

He unloaded and cached the frozen corpses of a dozen white foxes from his sled, and in their place he spread out his own robes and wrapped the two children carefully among them. Then he drove south from Ootek's Lake and in two days was lighting a wood fire in the stove by Windy Bay.

On the day following the arrival of Hans and the children, I was awakened by the sound of heavy firing. I hurriedly pulled on my clothes and went out into the June morning. Franz, Anoteelik, and Hans were sitting on the ridge above the cabin and they were steadily firing their rifles across the river. On the sloping southern bank nearly a hundred deer, all does, were milling in stupid anxiety. I could see the gray bursts of dust as bullets sang off the rocks, and I could hear the flat thud of bullets going home in living flesh.

The nearest animals were waist-deep in the fast brown water and could not return to shore, for the press of deer behind cut off retreat. The does that were still on land were running in short, futile starts — first east, then west again — and it was some time before they began to gallop with long awkward strides, along the riverbank. Their ponderous bellies big with fawn swung rhythmically as they fled upstream, for their time was nearly on them.

When the last of the straggling herd had passed out of range beyond the first bend of the river, a great new herd of does came up to the stream. Heavy as they were, they swam powerfully, so that they made the crossing without losing time and landed literally in our own front yard. The dogs became insane and threatened to tear their tethering posts out of the frozen ground, but the deer paid them, and us, little heed. Splitting into two groups, they flowed past the cabin, enveloping it in their midst. In less than an hour I saw so many deer that it seemed as if the world were full of them.

That night I sat for a long time on the ridge behind the cabin, smoking and thinking. I knew little of the People of the Deer as yet; and now that I had seen the herds, I was aware that I knew nothing of the deer themselves. The People and the deer fused in my mind, an entity. I found I could not think of one without the other, and so by accident I stumbled on the secret of the Ihalmiut before I had even met them. I believe it was this vague awareness of the indivisibility of the Barrens People and the caribou that made my later attempts to understand the Eskimos yield fruit.

(To be continued)



The ten-cent local telephone call is already a reality in New York City. From the West Coast come reports of the ten-cent daily paper. If an automobile costs more, so does a commuter's ticket. Wages are still going up. Each new wage and price increase seems to be supported by a "just this once" attitude on all sides, and no powerful opposition to any one of them has developed. JOHN HARRIMAN, financial columnist for the Boston Globe, brings to the fore an all-important question: If no combination of forces in the United States has been able to check the inflationary spiral, who is to blame?

WE ALL WANT INFLATION

by JOHN HARRIMAN

1

THE reason we have not been able to check inflation in this country is that we do not want to check it. We do not, of course, admit this. On the contrary, we speak most piously and fervently of the need for maintaining a sound dollar. But this is only lip service. Actually almost everyone enjoys the illusion of prosperity which inflation always creates in its early stages. The country wants inflation today, and any economic policy which would really stop our slowly rising wage and price level would incur the strongest sort of opposition from the various groups of vested interests.

The business executive, though he speaks darkly of the way things are going, cannot help feeling that he is actually in clover. He can sell everything he can produce, and at as high a price as the elastic controls of government will let him. Profits are still at near-record levels; or if by any chance earnings are off somewhat from last year, the blame can always be laid on the Administration's high tax policies.

To be sure, the executive may have occasional flashes of clarity when questions rather frightening in their implications rise to haunt him. What about his depreciation policy? He has, of course, been setting money aside with which to replace his plant and equipment when this becomes necessary. But the turret lathes which ten years ago cost \$10,000 today would cost \$20,000; and if prices continue to rise, even today's high price may seem cheap a few years hence. The factory which he carries on his books at \$1,000,000 may cost twice or even thrice that when the time comes for him to rebuild.

The reserves for depreciation he has been setting aside have been based upon what his plant and machine tools cost him, not upon their selling price today or in an uncertain future. Thus, when these capital assets do have to be replaced, there may

not be enough money in his company's treasury to pay for the replacements.

Again, the executive may have moments of qualm when he casts an eye over his list prices since the outbreak of war in Korea. As an executive he will of course know that his company is extremely vulnerable to any decline in either its volume of sales or the price of its product — in other words, that what his accountants call his "break even" point is too high. Inflated costs have left his company in a position where even a relatively mild industrial recession would present serious difficulties.

Usually, however, such momentary doubts can be banished. If profits continue high and money remains easy, he will be able to get his new plant and equipment somehow. Suppose he is vulnerable to a decline in volume. Will not the cold or semi-hot war assure enough inflation to keep demand always a step ahead of supply, at least for the predictable future? Granted that his operations depend on maintaining high prices. Can anyone actually imagine any extensive price-softening in the economy with the government about to spend the huge sum of \$54,000,000,000 a year on armaments?

The worker today is equally bemused by the illusion of prosperity caused by the gyrations of the inflationary spiral. He does not worry too much when he has to pay two cents for a penny postcard or ten cents for a phone call. When he opens his pay envelope he finds more dollars in it than he did a year ago. This seems good. He does not care that these added dollars represent an added production cost to industry.

To be sure, the worker by now realizes that these added costs will inevitably be passed on to him as a consumer in the form of higher prices. And he is sufficiently educated economically to grasp the fact that in this event the extra dollars in his pay en-

velope will net him nothing. But this is a truth of economics, remote and theoretical when measured against the solid fact of dollars in hand. Besides, he is willing to gamble. Who is to say that if he insists on his added dollars now, something will not somehow intrude before prices react as they inevitably must? Perhaps strict price controls will finally be applied. Or perhaps the whole price structure will fall of its own weight. Furthermore, if outright war should actually come, it will do him no harm to have sneaked in a last wage rise or two before strict controls are clamped on the entire economy.

To the farmer, of course, inflation comes as pure delight. In effect it seems to make two dollars grow where only one grew before. Where formerly the farmer had to raise 500 bushels of wheat to pay the interest on his mortgage, he now has to raise only 300 bushels. Yet the yield of land remains the same. Hence inflation acts to scale down his debt, and at the same time to increase his cash income.

Measured against such a double gain, the added dollars the farmer must spend for feed, fertilizer, and other expenses, including the cost of what he must buy for his family, do not seem to him much of a burden. Nor in truth are they. The well-intrenched farmer is perhaps the only individual in modern society set to weather almost any inflationary storm; and on the basis of pure self-interest the opposition of the powerful farm groups to any and all price control is entirely logical.

The farmer is secure with his promise of price support for his product. He is buttressed by that mystical figure called "parity," which assures him that the level of this price support will rise along with any increase in the cost of living. And therefore he sits back, a vociferous defender of "free markets," and a dragging anchor against any effective effort to control the inflation of *the nation's* economy.

There are, admittedly, exceptions which only go to prove the rule that almost everybody today finds at least the illusion of personal gain in the cheapening of the dollar. People living on annuities, the proceeds of life insurance, and the interest on savings are justifiably bitter as they face hardship where but a few years ago they had the prospect of ease. Recipients of pensions are feeling actual want. Schoolteachers, librarians, civil servants, college professors, and many in the white-collar, professional class are being cruelly pinched as rising living costs press upon lagging incomes.

Indeed, many a small businessman looks on with tight lips as the investment of a lifetime begins to crumble. In some cases, a small business cannot pass higher costs on to the consumer, as most large corporations are doing. Publishing and certain specialized textile operations are examples of the sort of business which finds itself caught between an inelastic selling price and costs it cannot control.

But these groups are a minority. They are unorganized and their protests are not heard in the thunder of our powerful pressure groups.

Even the housewife, the nation's primary consumer, has shown only a fragmentary inclination to revolt at the prices she encounters at her corner grocery or supermarket. Some have protested; more have not, because of the fact that the husband is bringing home more money than he has ever brought home before. In the latter case what the housewife does is to ask for a larger housekeeping allowance.

2

IT is now about sixteen months since Bernard Baruch urged on Congress his proposal for a total freeze of the economy, a "still par, no more moving," until we could determine the extent of fiscal strain to be imposed by Korea and the need to rearm in an economy already tight at the seams.

Even as Mr. Baruch testified before a Congressional committee, the organized pressure groups were drawing their lines and girding for the battle. And these groups have since succeeded in blocking every attempt to bring the economy under control.

It is not that these groups do not understand the danger. It is that they are individually unwilling to make the sacrifices necessary to meet it. Each is anxious that inflation be checked, provided that others do the checking. Each admits the need for some sacrifice — to be made, however, by someone else. Each individually is quite content with the illusion of prosperity, and by no means anxious to be awakened from the fiscal dream of perpetual good times floated upon a spate of spending for arms and incorporated into a concept of a sort of perpetual economic Eden.

Influential business organizations like the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce are mightily against inflation. Sound money, they recognize, is essential to the preservation of capitalism and the democratic way of life. But somehow it seems to them that the best way to preserve sound money is through means that will not curtail the freedom or injure the profit levels of their membership. Freeze wages? Yes, perhaps. Freeze prices? Certainly not! Stricter credit controls? Maybe. Higher taxes? Again certainly not, if we are not to ease the American free enterprise system into the long gloom of the socialist night.

Today organized labor is about to move the economy into still another round of wage increases, the seventh since the war. Yet the economists of labor are of course fully cognizant of the fact that in the long run this wage rise cannot result in an advantage for the workers they represent. Nevertheless, the leaders of labor will insist on the increase. They are prisoners now of what has gone before, the leap-frog game of the wage-price spiral;

and this is their turn to leap. Like their counterparts in the organizations of business, the leaders of labor are alarmed at the prospect of a weakening dollar. But they differ as to the means of checking this weakening. Freeze wages? Certainly not! That would be inequitable. Freeze prices? Of course! That would not seem unfair. Stricter credit controls? Not if such measures would curtail the ability of their membership to purchase goods on installment credit. Higher taxes? Only on the upper brackets.

Behind these more prominent groups stand others ready to step forward if by any chance the main contenders agree on some anti-inflation measure which in turn might adversely affect them.

At one time industry and labor seemed willing to agree on curtailment of installment and mortgage credit. But at once the builders arose in wrath at the prospect of the American people going homeless if it were made too difficult to buy a new house. Dealers denounced the stricter installment regulations as unnecessary, and designed to effect their individual ruin; and certain labor unions chimed in for fear of a drop in employment. The result, of course, was that the credit regulations were relaxed.

Even those groups which might be thought to have a vested interest in sound money cannot escape the feeling that there is another, not entirely unfortunate, side to the inflation coin. Insurance companies, while they have had much to say on the danger of inflation, are of course subtly aware that the cheapening of the dollar is by no means entirely an evil for them. After all, their contracts with their policyholders are payable in dollars, not in real wealth, and inflation will not interfere with the fulfillment of those contracts. If the dollar goes down, people will have to buy more insurance in order to maintain the same protection as before. This results in more policy sales. And selling policies is the primary job of insurance executives.

Savings banks are naturally deeply aware of the tragic effect of inflation on the life savings of individuals. Yet inflation also means that a great many people have dollar incomes larger than they have ever had before. A certain number of these people will be in a position to save, perhaps for the first time in their lives. And the edge is taken off the protests of bankers against our present fiscal policy by the mounting deposits their institutions are receiving.

This is not to say that such groups are not sincere when they speak out against inflation. It is only to call attention to the fact that these groups, like others, are benefiting from the early stages of inflation. This prevents their really picking up a cudgel and fighting for sound money. It is apt to reduce their opposition to rhetoric, and their best intentions become drowned in a sea of words.

Indeed, this is true nowhere as much as in government circles, where two voices speak today on

inflation. One of these voices of government warns that a continued decline of the dollar will weaken, and may eventually destroy, our entire economic system. But in government there is a second voice, which speaks of the increased tax revenues accruing as the result of our inflationary prosperity. And sometimes this second voice is deliberately cynical, as when politicians take credit for the full employment and high national income of the moment.

There is but one reason for our present prosperity — the huge armament program which is causing our economy to behave like a pressure cooker beginning to leak at the seams.

As James F. Byrnes has said, the only way to stop inflation is to stop it. Inevitably there will be inequities in the process and some people will be hurt. But such inequities as are unavoidable during the period of adjustment can be ironed out later and specific hurt can be repaired. As long as we move only in a direction which will tread on no one's toes, we shall actually not be moving at all; we shall only be making gestures. This, of course, is precisely what we are doing.

3

BEHIND the economic illusion of the moment, the dangers are gathering. Behind the selfishly inspired rhetoric, the valid facts remain. The full impact of our defense program has yet to be felt. Congress has appropriated huge sums for defense, but as yet the actual expenditure for the hardware of war has been relatively modest. In total, \$146,700,000,000 has been made available for our armament program. Of this sum, however, only \$35,500,000,000 has been actually spent, and only \$84,000,000,000 obligated under contract. In other words, contracts amounting to \$62,700,000,000 remain to be let out of present appropriations and \$111,200,000,000 remains to be spent. Obviously until now we have been only skirmishing. By the middle of next year the issue will have been really joined.

At that time we shall have close to 4,000,000 men in uniform. These young men would under normal circumstances be producing goods. They will not be producing goods by midyear, however; instead they will be consuming, and this at a greater rate than they would in civilian life.

By midyear the military will be siphoning off some \$4,000,000,000 in goods and services each month from the civilian economy, one fifth of our gross national product. Proportionately greater inroads will be made on scarce raw materials, such as copper, aluminum, zinc, cobalt, tungsten, lead, and steel. Indeed, in many of these vital raw materials we face a long-term world shortage. For sixty years before World War II the increase in manufacturing and the production of industrial raw materials moved upwards at almost exactly the same rate. Then came the enormous consumption

of World War II. Today we are faced with the frightening fact that whereas manufacturing has increased by six times since the turn of the century, raw material production has increased by only four times.

The \$50,000,000,000 in industrial raw materials which the free world will produce this year will not suffice for the expansion in manufacturing production which the hopeful see as our fiscal salvation. It has been estimated that a 25 per cent increase is needed. This would entail an investment, in large part abroad, of approximately \$25,000,000,000, say mining and metallurgical experts. Nothing even approaching such an investment is in sight today.

At the same time that we face these shortages, the federal budget will once again be showing heavy stretches of red ink. This will of course act to increase the money supply at precisely the moment when wage increases are putting more dollars than ever in people's hands. The result is a foregone conclusion: a steady rise in the price level, as dollars increase in volume but decrease in value.

Until now we have been in the early stage of inflation, and on the whole we have found it pleasant. Money has been plentiful. No one has had to go without work. But the secondary stage of inflation is quite a different matter. Then it is that the added dollars in the pay envelopes evaporate before they are spent. Then it is that the profits evaporate, or become meaningless bookkeeping figures, as rising replacement costs dissipate depreciation reserves and industry is forced to operate in financial confusion. And then it is that the people, disillusioned at the loss of savings and cynical about economic process, turn to political means to satisfy their wants and assure their security. That, of course, is what happened in Germany after World War I and produced Hitler. And that is what is happening to a lesser degree in the rest of Europe today.

No one, of course, understands this tragic result of inflation better than do the Marxists. It was Lenin who said that the most effective way to destroy capitalism was by inflation of the currency, which is a process bringing ruin to the middle class.

Perhaps inflation in this country could not reach the same degree as in Europe, at least for the foreseeable future. Nevertheless, we are in danger of our own peculiar form of fiscal damnation: small business forced to the wall; schools, colleges, and other institutions stripped of endowments; dissipation of the savings of everyone who has had the prudence to lay aside a few dollars; and a final high, wide, and handsome boom followed by economic collapse.

We have had two big blasts of inflation in the past eighteen months: one brought on by the invasion of Korea, another by the intervention of the Chinese Communists. Today the third fiscal typhoon is forming. Slowly the pressures of the inflationary spiral are circulating just beneath the surface of our economy. Bank loans as of this writing are up in one week by \$175,000,000, the seventh successive week in which they have risen. The federal budget is out of balance, showing a deficit of \$4,100,000,000 for a two-month period; the total deficit will probably run close to \$9,000,000,000 for the present fiscal year. In the past month defense loans have risen by \$1,000,000,000. The money supply in that last year has increased by at least \$1,000,000,000. Twenty per cent of all steel going to the fabricating industries is on the gray market, selling at higher than the mill listed price.

What if the Soviet Union suddenly decides to launch another adventure like Korea in some other part of the world? We are sitting on economic dynamite, and unless we accept high taxes and tight controls on prices and wages, the fuse is in the Politburo's hand.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

For six years the *Atlantic* has held out a special incentive to short-story writers. In January, 1946, we began to publish what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that prizes would be awarded to those two which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction.

1951 PRIZE WINNERS

First Prize of \$750 awarded to

PETER MATTHIESSEN

*for his story "Sadie" in the
January issue*

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to

DONALD GREENE

*for his story "The Adjutant" in the
November issue*



An Atlantic Story



Uncle Louis, the hero of ROBERT FONTAINE's story, was also the hero of his play, The Happy Time, which ran in New York for seventy-seven weeks and which is now being "immortalized in celluloid." Uncle Louis is a man who believes in the impossible and achieves it with a minimum of fuss. "As for me," says Mr. Fontaine, "my colorless career includes everything from a window dresser's assistant in Ottawa to a comptometer operator in the National City Bank of New York. A decade ago I discovered I could write and that writing was the ideal occupation for a man who liked to get up at noon and watch the bluejays go to bed. I have been at it ever since."

MY ONLY INDIAN

by ROBERT FONTAINE

MY FIRST and only Indian was a half-breed with two black braids and a motorcycle. According to my fat and rosy Uncle Louis who befriended this Indian, he had picked up the motorcycle in a junk yard. I, myself, think the Indian stole it.

It did not matter very much, because the Indian could not ride the motorcycle decently anyway. The first time I met him, the day Uncle Louis brought him home and flabbergasted my mother and father, the Indian offered to take me for a ride. I sat on the back and the Indian started the motorcycle and we drove all over everybody's lawn and on the wrong side of the street until the Indian finally found out how to stop it.

My Uncle Louis made him forget about the motorcycle and put it in the cellar.

The way my Uncle happened to meet the Indian was that my Uncle was coming out of a drinking club when he saw this poor Indian standing on the sidewalk looking homeless and thirsty, so my Uncle, who was a gregarious person, invited the Indian into the club and after a few bottles of wine they were close friends and my Uncle was determined to do something for the Indian.

It took my father and mother about four hours to get over the shock of seeing Uncle Louis and an Indian sleeping on the divan. Uncle Louis had come to live with us some months before as a definitely nonpaying boarder, and his own fat, lazy presence was enough, in my parents' opinion, without adding a moth-eaten Indian.

After a while, however, and mainly because I felt very proud to have an Indian, it being better than a bicycle or a catcher's mitt in the class I traveled with, my parents said the Indian could pitch my Scout tent in the back yard and live there awhile until he found work.

The second day of the Indian, my Uncle took him aside and suggested they find some work for him.

The Indian shook his head.

"No work," he said flatly. "Hunt, fish, shoot, chase squaw. No work."

"My friend," my Uncle said, "you cannot hunt and fish in the city. You must work." The Indian shrugged.

We took him uptown to where Mr. McGoffern, my Sunday-school teacher, was the manager of a large department store. My Uncle said, "Can you use an Indian elevator operator?"

"Can he run an elevator?" Mr. McGoffern asked suspiciously.

"He can ride a motorcycle," I said quickly.

"I believe people would be a little alarmed at a man with a pigtail and feathers in his hair running an elevator," Mr. McGoffern said a little helplessly.

They went over to the elevator, however, and when it was clear, Mr. McGoffern explained how the elevator was worked and the Indian got in and we closed the door. The elevator shot up and then down and then up and then down. It did everything but go sideways. Mr. McGoffern finally stopped it and said, "I don't think he's got it in him."

"They are," my Uncle defended, "a childlike,

primitive people with a heart of gold. They love animals and children."

"Papooses," I said.

Mr. McGoffern excused himself, saying he was busy.

Uncle Louis told the Indian the white man was a greedy and frightened creature. The Indian nodded.

We went to the Casino Theater where my father played the violin in the orchestra, and my Uncle and the Indian left me downstairs in the dressing rooms while they went next door to a drinking club to wash their hands, as they put it. When they came back they were very happy and hopeful. The Indian was dancing around Uncle Louis and making wow-wow sounds with his mouth and hand.

The manager, M. Piastra, came down and took one look at the Indian and demanded what was going on. My Uncle pleaded with M. Piastra to hire the Indian as a doorman. "Consider the novelty of an Indian doorman. We will array him in complete feathers."

Piastra looked at the Indian and his braids and the few feathers in his head and the skimpy little pants he had on and the paint on his bare chest and told us all to get out.

There were some dogs and some seals who were playing on the stage and when they saw the Indian they began barking frightfully.

We all went out in the street and my Uncle and the Indian made me wait again while they went into a drinking club for some ice water.

This time when they came out they were both dancing around and making Indian sounds, my fat Uncle looking very funny hopping up and down and going wow-wow!

Our next stop was the baseball field at Lansdowne Park.

My Uncle knew the manager as they both belonged to the same drinking clubs. "Imagine to yourself," said my Uncle, "an Indian in complete feathers playing second base!"

The manager, M. LaMer, snorted. "Where does he come from, this savage?"

"Up the Gatineau. He strayed into civilization. We must show him kindness and consideration. We have taken his people's land from them and with it their happiness. He is primitive and childlike but filled with love for animals and children."

Unaccountably the Indian began to dance around and my Uncle, intrigued, joined in.

"I must be seeing things," M. LaMer said.

The Indian and my Uncle stopped dancing and my Uncle asked M. LaMer point-blank if he would not give the Indian a job. The baseball manager shook his head. "He does not belong here, this Indian. He is too primitive and childlike and, if you ask me, full of wine at the moment."

"Ah, but who isn't?" my Uncle said genially, putting his arm around the Indian.

We tried many other places but there was no position whatever in the whole great city for a childlike and primitive Indian who loved animals and children.

"No work," the Indian said happily. "Hunt, fish, chase squaw. But no work."

"See how primitive he is," my Uncle said proudly.

"I see," I said.

"There is one more chance to give him the benefits of civilization," said my Uncle. "The Widow Dubois."

I shuddered. "That old witch."

"She is rich beyond dreams," my Uncle said.

"She is ugly as an old tree."

"To an Indian," my Uncle asserted, "she might be beautiful."

They stopped, again leaving me outside, and combed their hair.

They must have become very refreshed in the last club because they were dancing and chanting the whole way to the Widow's. When they got there Uncle Louis made the Indian be quiet. "Nice squaw," he informed him. The Indian let out a joyful but bloodcurdling yell.

In a moment the Widow opened the door and smiled happily at Uncle Louis and then regarded the Indian with what must have been admiration.

"Come in, my friend," she said. "Come in. Some wine, perhaps?"

"But, yes," said my Uncle, whispering to the Indian, "Fire water."

"What's that?" the Indian asked.

"A fine Indian," I muttered. I was beginning to get quite tired. The Widow brought in some wine and they drank and talked. The ugly old widow simply could not keep her eyes off the Indian's brown bare chest. "They look so much more primitive without shirts," she said, smiling hopefully.

"Childlike, also," my Uncle said.

"Do you like children?" the Widow asked the Indian.

"Like," he said.

"Do you like animals?"

"Like," replied the Indian.

"Do you need an Indian gardener? If necessary we can fit him with full feathers," my Uncle said, winking at the Widow.

"No work," said the Indian.

"Shut up," said my Uncle. "This kind of work will be a pleasure, eh, Mme. Dubois?"

"But yes," she said, staring at the Indian.

"Nice squaw," the Indian said to my Uncle solemnly. "Do wash, clean, make food, all right. Stay here."

"There you are," my Uncle said happily.

"The garden certainly needs tending and in the winter there is always the snow. I happen to have an extra bedroom, too."

"He sleeps on the floor," I said.

"Well," my Uncle said to the Indian, "I will leave you here. Good food. Good squaw. Good bed. Plenty wampum."

"What's that?" the Indian asked. Mme. Dubois laughed. "So primitive!"

"Now about my commission," said my Uncle matter-of-factly. "It will be ten dollars a week as long as he stays. If he runs away the payment stops."

"No run," the Indian said. "Like squaw."

"If you get married I will expect a reasonable gift," my Uncle observed. Mme. Dubois sighed hopefully. "Have no fear," she replied. "And I hope you'll come and join the tribal dance." Then she giggled.

My Uncle shook hands with the Indian, told

Mme. Dubois to cut his hair and get him a decent shirt for outdoor use and to handle him tenderly at first because he was primitive and childlike.

Then my Uncle shook hands with the Indian and said he was the finest specimen of the race he had ever encountered and wished he would be very comfortable and happy.

When we both started for home my Uncle said, "A nice character, primitive and childlike."

"Mme. Dubois," I observed, "has no garden."

My Uncle slapped the side of my head. "You have learned to talk," he observed sharply, "but you have not learned to keep your mouth shut."

Then he relented and while he went into a drinking club to cool off he sent me ahead to a store for a strawberry ice cream cone, ten-cent size.



THE STONE

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

THERE is a core of suffering that the mind
Can never penetrate or even find;
A stone that clogs the stream of my delight,
Hidden beneath the surface out of sight,
Below the flow of words it lies concealed.
It blocks my passage and it will not yield
To hammer blows of will, and still resists
The surgeon's scalpel of analysis.
Too hard for tears and too opaque for light,
Bright shafts of prayer splinter against its might.
Beauty cannot disguise nor music melt
A pain undiagnosable but felt.

No sleep dissolves that stony stalagmite,
Mounting within the unconscious caves of night.

No solvent left but love. Whose love? My own?
And is one asked to love the harsh unknown?
I am no Francis who could kiss the lip
Of alien leper. Caught within the grip
Of world un-faith, I cannot even pray,
And must I love? Is there no other way?

Suffering without name or tongue or face,
Blindly I crush you in my dark embrace!



An educator intent on reaching the adult as well as the undergraduate, a classicist who draws his understanding from the Greek as closely as from the modern man, SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE is President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Recently he visited twenty-one American universities, and the essay which follows has for its basis a lecture he delivered at the American International College at Springfield, Massachusetts.

THE ESSENTIALS OF EDUCATION

by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

I

A TRAVELER who studies the menu on a transatlantic liner or, indeed, in some American hotels has a paralyzing sensation. There is so much to eat — far more than he can possibly digest. One sometimes has the same feeling about education, which also offers an enormous bill of fare. Almost any dish can be found in it, from Greek to stenography, from music to economics. How are we to choose from this bewildering profusion? What dishes ought we to order if we wish not merely to fill ourselves up, but to get the nourishment necessary to a healthy life, to become really educated people?

That question cannot be answered without asking and answering another — what is education for? If that problem were suddenly put to pupils in school, or to students in college, or even to their parents, I doubt if all of them could, on the spur of the moment, give a clear and convincing reply. Most of us are educated because our parents wish it, or because attendance at school is a habit of our society, or because it is compulsory, or because it is apparently necessary to success in the world. But these, though at the moment they may be conclusive reasons for desiring education or at any rate submitting to it, will not by themselves secure our getting from it what it has to give; and if we go to school or college with no more definite reasons at the back of our minds, we are likely to rise from our meal there replete perhaps but ill-nourished. Let me, therefore, start by asking what we should seek in education. In answering this question, I shall ignore important but lesser objects of it, in order to concentrate on the most important of all.

Get hold of the catalogues of the colleges in the United States. You will find courses in innumerable subjects. Is there any common feature in these courses? Is there any aim which all of them have? I think that there is a common feature and that every course given has a similar aim. They all aim

at the first-rate; the purpose of every course is to help the student to learn what is first-rate in the particular subject which he studies. If it is a course in English, the aim is that he should know what is good English; if it is a course in agriculture, that he should know the best methods in farming; if it is a course in cookery or in dressmaking it is to show the pupil how to cook or to make dresses really well. The same is true of a course in any other subject — its aim is to show what is first-rate in that subject. This is the common thread that runs through all education. Whether we are teachers or students we ought to get firmly in our minds the idea that whatever else may come by the way, education will be incomplete and unsatisfactory if it fails to give a clear view of what is first-rate in the subject studied. Otherwise we may have got some knowledge, but we shall not have got education.

Here then is a first answer to the question, what is the aim of education? Its aim is to know the first-rate in any subject that we study, with a view to achieving it as nearly as our powers allow. If we could fix this firmly in our minds, we should not stumble through a variety of lessons, lectures, and books like a drunk man, only partially aware where we are or what we are doing. We should cease to think that we go to school or college to pass examinations or to secure degrees or diplomas or to satisfy our teachers, though these may be and are incidental and limited objectives. We should have brought order into our education by realizing its true aim and we should have deepened in our minds through practice the sense that a worthy purpose in life is the desire for excellence, the pursuit of the first-rate.

So far, so good. But a very important question remains unanswered. We should desire excellence, pursue the first-rate. But in what fields? The difficulty with education, as with life, is that it has so many fields. One would like to know the first-

rate in all of them, but that is impossible for the limited mind and energy of man. Which, then, are the most important fields — or, narrowing the problem further, which are those in which every human being ought to know the first-rate? These should enter into the education of all.

The most obvious field is our job in life, our vocation in the usual sense of the word. Clearly, whatever it is, we ought to know the first-rate, the best methods to employ. In this field of vocational education, the modern world does well: we have a conscience about it or, at any rate, a sense of its importance; our provision of vocational education is good, and in engineering or medicine, commerce or technology, nursing or hotelkeeping, or any other of these activities which make up material civilization, we believe in quality, in the first-rate; we have a clear idea of what it means and we often achieve it. I shall, therefore, say nothing more about vocational studies. It is perhaps the only branch of education in which we are entirely successful, and there is no risk of its being ignored.

An educated man should know what is first-rate in those activities which spring from the creative and intellectual faculties of human nature, such as literature, art, architecture, and music. I should like to add science and philosophy, but in these two subjects it is difficult for any but the expert to estimate quality, and many educated people have not the close knowledge necessary to judge work in them. On the other hand everyone has close and daily contact with the other four. Architecture surrounds him in every city, literature meets him on every bookstall, music assails his ears on his radio set and from every juke box; and art in its protean aspects of form and color is a part of daily life. The architecture may often be bad, the literature and music often puerile, the art often undeserving of the name; but that is all the more reason why we should be able, in all of them, to distinguish good from bad.

To judge by the literature offered us in hotel bookstands and by most of the music played on the radio and by juke boxes, we might be more discriminating in these fields than we are. If it be said that music and art and literature are not essentials of life but its frills, I would reply that, if so, it is curious that they are among the few immortal things in the world, and that, should a man wish to be remembered two thousand years hence, the only certain way is to write a great poem or book, compose a great symphony, paint a great picture, carve a great sculpture, or build a great building. If you have any doubts about this, consider why long-dead people like Plato and Shakespeare, Michelangelo and Raphael, Ictinus and Bramante, are remembered today.

I have argued that no one has a right to feel himself educated if he does not know what is first-rate in his daily occupation and (so far as this is possible)

in those fields where the creative and intellectual powers of man are revealed. But there is another job much more difficult than teaching or nursing or business or medicine, in which we are all concerned — the job of living; and there surely, as much as in any other pursuit, we need to know what is first-rate. Is not our education very incomplete if we do not know what is excellent in human nature and in life; if in that field we are taken in by second-rate, shoddy stuff? Here our age is far less successful than in medicine, or engineering, or the sciences.

We need clearer standards; or, to put it more simply, we need to have a clearer idea about the distinction between first-rate and second-rate, between good and bad, in conduct and in life. Ignorance on this vital subject is written all over modern civilization. Our age contains a great deal of good — as much perhaps as any age. But I doubt if there has ever been an age in which good and bad were so mixed together and the public as a whole so lacking in standards by which to distinguish them. The tares grow with the wheat and the difference between wheat and tares escapes notice. If anyone thinks that I am exaggerating, let him look at our films and, even more, at our advertisements, our radio, and at many of our newspapers. Those responsible for some of these do far more harm than any murderer: for the films, the radio, the press are among the chief influences which form the public view, impressing on it the view of life which they embody.

2

BUT where does one learn what is first-rate? The only way to learn it is to meet it. A medical student will learn something from seeing a great surgeon in the operating theater, or a great doctor in the hospital wards, which all the textbooks in the world cannot tell him. If anyone wishes to know how to teach, let him go and see a great teacher in the classroom; if he wishes to know what good painting or good banking is, let him search out the best examples he can find in them. In any field the only way to learn what is first-rate is to see it. And the same surely is true in life itself. If we wish to know what the good life is we must make the acquaintance and, if possible, keep the company of those who have known its meaning and, better still, of those who have lived it. But who are they? And where shall we meet them?

It is in order that we may meet them, that what we call the humanities come into the curriculum. They are the subjects which deal with man. But there are humanities and humanities; the word is vague, embracing many subjects: theology, philosophy, literature, history, anthropology, psychology, languages, politics, and social studies; even economics and geography. Clearly they differ widely and are only united in virtue of one element common

to all of them — they are concerned with man. But it is a formidable list — enough to burst any curriculum and to overwork any brain.

We must choose among them and decide which of all this multitude is the most important for our purposes. All have their value for one purpose or another. If, for instance, we are going to deal with primitive people, we must have some familiarity with anthropology; if we are going into politics or business, we must have some knowledge of economics. All these subjects in one way or another throw a light on man and his goings on. The least human of the humanities at least glances at man. But we are looking, not for the subjects which glance at man or throw side lights on him, but for those which show him full face, and, moreover, show him at his best, so that we can know what he is, at his best. And here such subjects as psychology or economics or anthropology, important as they are in other ways, give no real help. In them we see only a fragment of ourselves, a part of human nature and not the best or the most characteristic part. If we wish to see man full face, it is to religion, literature, and history that we must turn.

Of religion I will not speak; admittedly in its highest forms it contains the purest and finest archetypes of human excellences, though it can be “taught” (as it was to me at school) with almost no reference to these aspects of it. Its surprising neglect in much of education shows how little we are concerned to hold up to our pupils the noblest examples of living.

Of the other two, history and literature, the former is perhaps the less illuminating. It is not so personal as literature. Mainly, it is the record of man as a social being, making societies which grow ever more complicated; it is the record of the fortunes of these societies, their successes and failures, the storms which shattered them or which they rode out, the wisdom and folly, the virtues and vices, of the officers and the crews of many ships of the state. But it becomes more personal in its biographical aspects, and there we may find light on human nature and its excellence.

If we are to find it, mere passive reading of a biography is not enough. We must go to it with questions, taking some famous man and asking what he owes to his heredity, to his environment and to the circumstances of his time, and to his education in the narrow sense of the word. (To the last I am afraid it will be found that in most cases the debt is small.) Note what are the decisive moments in his life, what opportunities he seized or missed; his difficulties and how far he overcame or was baffled by them; his successes; his mistakes and failures; what he did and what he failed to do; his contribution to his age and its importance at the time — and afterwards; his qualities and defects; whether he had the long sight to view problems *sub specie aeternitatis*, in the light of all time and all existence,

or only the short sight which suffices to deal with the immediate needs of the hour; whether he is significant for all ages or merely for his own. Then, in order that greatness may not be confused with goodness, ask whether or not, in Plato’s words, “he arrayed his soul in the jewels proper to its nature, justice and temperance and courage and truth.”

If, however, we wish to see man, as I put it, full face, it is to literature that we must turn. There we hear him talking aloud to the world, but really talking to himself, putting on paper the feelings that come to him, so that in literature is recorded every thought, every vision, every fancy, every emotion that has ever passed through the human mind. What a record! Is there any better way of learning what men are, so far as it can be learned from books and not from meeting human beings; and, however good our opportunities of meeting them, a lifetime of human contacts could not give us as wide an experience of human nature as literature can give.

Of course all literature does not give us a portrait of human excellence; it shows us human nature but not necessarily, or always, human nature at its best. And just as in history one must distinguish between greatness and goodness, and not be dazzled by the genius of a Napoleon or a Bismarck, a Hitler or a Lenin, into ignoring the evil which they did and which lives after them, so in literature and art one must avoid a similar mistake and not allow the genius of a writer to blind us to what is unworthy or inadequate in his vision of life. For our purpose, which is to know the best in human nature, we must turn to the writers that show it. Fortunately — and it can hardly be accident — the greatest writers have also the noblest vision.

3

MERELY from an academic point of view, merely as a matter of curiosity, it is natural to wish to know what is first-rate. But also it has its practical uses for the conduct of our own lives. I do not say that to know the first-rate is the same thing as to achieve it. Unfortunately it is not. Everyone knows what the Roman poet meant when he said, “*Video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor* — I see what is best and I approve it. I follow what is worse.” And Saint Paul says much the same thing when he says, “When I would do good, evil is present with me.” Yet the people we live with in literature and history, in the world of thought, do affect our outlook and even our conduct, just as the people with whom we live in our homes or our daily work affect it. Evil communications corrupt good mores, but good communications improve them. There is an element of truth in Disraeli’s words: “Nurture your mind with great thoughts; to believe in the heroic makes heroes.”

Further, without these studies, we shall never

know what the world is really like. Our education tends to be superficial. I am not using the word in a bad sense. I only mean that much of it is concerned with the surface of life and tells us nothing of its depths. The surface is very important; we need the skills and knowledge required to cope with the immediate problems of our day. We need economics and social studies and anthropology and the rest. But important as they are, they do not take us down to the ultimate issues and realities of life; they are superficial.

Literature itself can be superficial and much of it is so. Noel Coward or Hemingway is superficial compared with Shaw. Shaw is superficial as compared with Dante or Shakespeare, who show us greater depths in human nature than we shall find in these lesser men. I am not suggesting that we should not read Shaw or Coward. I only say that unless we are content with a superficial view of life, we should also read writers who have deeper and longer views, who will open our eyes and keep them open to realities to which they are apt to grow dim.

The tenseness and strain of our daily occupations favor short sight. We have to focus our eyes on the business of the moment, and the power of long vision is easily lost. But man needs a long vision in life and should view it through bifocal spectacles. Through one lens he sees the immediate business of the moment; otherwise he will not do that business well. Through the other he sees life and our occupations and himself in the light of what Plato calls all time and all existence.

If anyone asks what these words mean, he has only to visit the Lincoln Memorial at Washington and read the inscriptions on its walls: the Gettysburg speech and — even more — the magnificent close of the Second Inaugural; or, more simply, he can read them in any good library. Let him then ask himself if these words do not take us below the surface of political life down to permanent issues. Politicians in all countries are continually making speeches; few of them are of this kind; it would be better for the world if they were. Lincoln was a man with bifocal vision, a practical statesman, dealing all the time with the day-to-day problems of politics and war. Yet he was a man who at the same time saw them in the light of eternal issues. The feeling which these words of Lincoln give is given in one way or another by all great literature — by the Bible, by Plato and the great Greeks, by Dante,

by Shakespeare. They enlarge our vision. Read them, make them your companions through life; otherwise you may live on its surface and forget its depths.

Surely it is a tenable philosophy that when we meet goodness and greatness we are in the presence of something fundamental in the universe — solid ground that remains firm whatever convulsions shake the world. Surely it is in them that one meets the real human being. Another side of man is real too — the dark, petty, sensual side, where his quarrels and jealousies and hates and greeds and passions take their rise. But if I had to find the essential characteristic thing in man I should not find it, like Marx, in the economic animal — or, like Freud and many modern novelists, in a sex-ridden phantom; I should find it in man straining his eyes to catch sight of the vision of a better world, and to incorporate what he can see in the life of himself and his society. Is not that the real human being? And when you consider history, is it not through men and women of this type that the progress most worth making has come about? Are not these the lines on which the world has advanced and will continue to advance towards something better?

We need, said Burke, in his stately language, to auspicate all our proceedings with the old warning of the Church, "*Sursum corda* — Lift up your hearts." But how, from the levels of our ordinary lives, our average minds, can we raise ourselves, if only for a space, to heights beyond our own capacity, even beyond our normal vision? The answer is that we can raise ourselves on the shoulders of those who have walked on higher levels. What unaided we could not do we can do by their help.

Religion is the greatest instrument for so raising us. It is amazing that a person not intellectually bright, perhaps not even educated, is capable of grasping, and living by, something so advanced as the principles of Christianity. Yet that is a common phenomenon. It is not, however, in my province to talk about religion, but rather to stress the power which great literature and the great personalities whom we meet in it and in history have to open and enlarge our minds, and to show us what is first-rate in human personality and human character by showing us goodness and greatness. Any education which neglects that is incomplete and a very inadequate preparation for life.



Will the present plan to rearm Western Europe against Communism bring a disastrous inflation and reduce the living standards of our allies? A foremost American economist, Lamont Professor at Harvard University, SUMNER H. SLICHTER believes we must recapture the vision and common sense that inspired the Marshall Plan. Drastic changes, he says, should be made in the huge outlays recently authorized by Congress.

REARMAMENT: TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

I

THE present rearmament programs of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the United States are reversing the philosophy and policy of the Marshall Plan.

The policy of the Marshall Plan was to build up resistance to Communism by helping the people of Western Europe to raise their standards of living and thus to give them solid hope for better things to come.

The Marshall Plan helped the United States to win friends and allies because it led the people of other countries to associate American policy with better living standards for themselves.

Since the fighting in Korea, the rearmament programs have been so large that they threaten the standard of living of the people of Western Europe. Hence, rearmament is causing America to be associated in the minds of Europeans with economic disorders and with austerity.

This is a serious blunder from the standpoint of the United States. Undoubtedly rearmament on a large scale is necessary to check the spread of Communism, but alone it is not sufficient. Indeed, rearmament must be regarded as only a secondary part of the program to defeat Communism. Men will not refrain from embracing Communism or from sympathy with it simply because they are well protected from attack by Russia. Communism appeals to men who see little or no hope for better living standards. Hence, a rearmament program that weakens men's hopes for better living standards is self-defeating. It plays into the hands of the Communists.

All of this means that the anti-Communist policy of the United States must be based upon the premise that Western Europe must have *both* guns and butter — that living standards must continue rising even in the face of rearmament. At a time when Russia is attempting to convince the peoples of the world that America is their enemy, this country

cannot afford to turn from the Marshall policy of raising their living standards and adopt new policies that undermine those standards.

There are three principal reasons why the rearmament program threatens the living standards of Europe. One is that armament demands considerable quantities of goods, leaving less of the product of European industry for civilian consumption. Proposed defense expenditures in 1951 or 1951-52 are 13.4 per cent of the national income in the United Kingdom, 9.3 per cent in France, and 7.0 per cent in Italy. In the United States, defense expenditures this year will be about 17 per cent of the national income, but it must be remembered that per capita real income in Britain is little more than half that in the United States, in France less than one third, and in Italy less than one fifth.

A second reason why the rearmament program here and abroad threatens the living standards of Europe is that it has raised the prices of Europe's imports faster than the prices of exports, so that more output must be used to pay for imports. By July, 1951, the import prices of Britain, for example, were 42 per cent above the 1950 average while export prices were only 22 per cent above. The problem of paying for imports is aggravated in the case of Britain by the fact that the metal and engineering industries, which in 1950 accounted for half of Britain's exports, will have to divert about one fourth of their capacity to defense goods.

The third reason why the rearmament program threatens living standards in Europe — at least the living standards of a large proportion of the industrial and white-collar workers — is that it is causing inflation. Between June, 1950, and September, 1951, the wholesale price level rose 25 per cent in Britain and over 20 per cent in France. Between June, 1950, and August, 1951, the index of the cost of living rose by 11 per cent in Britain and by 22 per cent in France. All of this has happened al-

ready, and yet on the Continent increased output of defense goods has scarcely begun.

Increases in living costs in turn stimulate wage movements that cause prices to advance still further. If prices outrun wages, discontent among workers is bound to be stimulated. In Britain, weekly wages have advanced 9 per cent in the last year while the cost of living has increased 11 per cent.

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WHAT should be done? More efficiency, a smaller proportion of output devoted to capital goods, control of international allocation of raw materials, loans or gifts from the United States — all of these would help, but they would fall short of being a solution. Let us examine their possibilities briefly.

1. More efficiency. Output per man in European industry has increased rather rapidly between 1947 and 1950 — by 20 per cent in Britain, 23 per cent in France, 30 per cent in Italy, 18 per cent in Belgium, 18 per cent in the Netherlands, 9 per cent in Denmark. In Britain output per man is 26 per cent above pre-war, in Italy about 6 per cent; in France and Denmark it is up to pre-war. Europe is benefiting from the large capital expenditures that have been made since the war as well as from progress in management methods. But gains in efficiency can hardly come fast enough to meet the needs of rearmament. Furthermore, rearmament itself, by creating bottlenecks, retards the rise in productivity. The most serious bottlenecks are coal and steel, and these are aggravated by rearmament.

2. Diversion of output from capital goods. Ever since the war about one fifth of the output of Western Europe has been devoted to the replacement and increase of capital, in comparison with around one eighth before the war. This high rate of capital formation has been necessary to make up for destruction and undermaintenance during the war. Could not the output of consumer goods be raised by cutting the proportion of production going to capital formation?

Undoubtedly the rate of capital formation will have to be reduced somewhat because part of the capacity of the metalworking industries will need to be devoted to armaments. Western Europe exports capital goods to pay for imports of food and fibers. So there is no real possibility of helping consumers by cutting the output of capital goods. Perhaps in France, Western Germany, and Italy a larger part of the output of the heavy industries could be put into housing. In these badly overcrowded countries nothing would improve the political climate more than the building of large numbers of new houses by next summer. Such construction would also help eliminate bottlenecks in production — shortages of coal, for example, resulting from too few dwellings in mining towns and too few men in the mines.

3. Control of the supplies of raw material. The International Materials Conference, now operating in Washington, cannot, of course, prevent large reductions in the civilian use of sulphur, zinc, copper, aluminum, tin, and other scarce materials, but it can help to bring about a fair distribution of the supplies and perhaps limit the rise in prices. Many times the world has learned that an economy with thousands of independent enterprises, each free to work out its own solutions of problems, adapts itself to shortages with surprising success. Hence, shortages may limit production less than has been feared. The British rayon industry, for example, seems to have carried on surprisingly well in face of the sulphur shortage.

4. Gifts and grants from the United States. Foreign military and economic aid from the United States, for which \$7.3 billion has been appropriated, will mitigate the impact of rearmament upon European economies. In order to protect Europe against inflation, it is desirable that military aid be broadly interpreted, that strategic materials and equipment, including coal, coke, and machine tools, be considered to be military aid and that military aid be available to finance housing for miners and workers in strategic industries.

All of the above steps would help protect the economies of Western Europe from being seriously weakened by rearmament, but these steps would not be sufficient. They would not avert a drop in the living standards of a large part of the population in Western Europe. Three principal additional steps should be taken. One is to place defense orders in countries which now have idle resources, thus giving them a chance to earn dollars and other foreign exchange. A second is to reduce the planned rate of defense expenditures in most countries of Western Europe for the next two years. A third is to cut the proposed increase in defense outlays in the United States in 1952 and 1953.

1. Placing defense orders where there are unemployment and idle capacity. In Belgium and Western Germany there is idle steel capacity, in northern Italy idle metalworking capacity; and in all of these places there are large numbers of idle men. The rearmament program gives Belgium, Western Germany, and Italy an opportunity to increase substantially their earnings of dollars simply by putting idle resources to work. But the United States must see that this happens. It has two opportunities to do so. One is by its grants of military and economic aid. The other is by purchasing for its own defense program. Tanks or guns for Britain may well be made of Belgian steel in northern Italian plants, thus helping Britain maintain her exports of machinery. If paid for by American military aid, the production would help Belgium and Italy earn dollars. To this extent the output of defense goods would strengthen those economies.

In addition, the United States should buy de-

fense goods or defense goods parts for itself from those sections of Europe where there are unemployment and idle capacity. Such a policy would do more than accelerate the output of military goods; it would help in the fight against Communism because it would enable European workers to earn a higher standard of living for themselves.

2. Reducing the planned rate of defense expenditures by Western Europe. This reduction is bound to happen. European countries, particularly France and Italy, have not yet recovered sufficiently from the war to undertake, for at least two or three years, a large rearmament program.

3. Reducing the rate of defense output in the United States for 1952 and 1953 below the planned levels — from about \$65 billion a year to about \$55 billion. This would mean an increase above the present rate of defense expenditures of \$15 billion a year instead of the planned increase of \$25 billion. But why would a reduction in the planned increase of defense expenditures in the United States help Europe? For the simple reason that the United States is such a large part of the world economy that a great rise in the demand for goods here considerably affects the prices that all other countries must pay. The output of the United States is substantially more than twice the combined output of Britain, France, Italy, Germany (Western Zone), Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Norway. The proposed rate of military spending in this country in 1952 is almost as large as the combined national incomes of Britain and France. A slower rate of defense expenditures here will help prevent the prices of Europe's imports from rising faster than the prices of her exports.

A sizable reduction in the large planned increase in defense expenditures in 1952 would not be incompatible with a step-up in immediate military effectiveness during that year as has been recommended by General Eisenhower. It would simply mean spending more on weapons and less on the make-ready for the production of weapons in 1953. Nor does a smaller rise in defense outlays in 1952 mean a cut in the ultimate size of the defense program. I am simply proposing that the program be spread over more years.

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CAN the planned increase in defense expenditures in Europe and this country be cut without inviting attack by Russia? I believe the answer is "Yes." Certainly there is great opportunity to increase the amount of effective defense obtained per dollar of defense expenditure. Furthermore, it is difficult to reconcile the proposed increases in defense spending with our best information about the strength of the Russian economy. The United Nations has estimated the output of Russia at substantially less than one third that of the United States. In other

words, the United States is economically the equivalent of more than three Russias. So inefficient is Russian agriculture that about 35 million male workers are employed there — one for about every nonagricultural worker. In the United States there are more than seven nonfarm workers for every farm worker. As a result of the use of so many workers in agriculture, Russia has 20 million fewer nonagricultural workers than does the United States. The effect of agricultural inefficiency upon Russia's military potential is obvious.

In the summer of 1950, Emanuel Shinwell, the British Minister of Defense, in a speech before Parliament, estimated that Russia was then spending about 13 per cent of her national income for military purposes. Let us suppose that Russia trebles the proportion of her national income spent on military purposes. She would still be spending only about 35 per cent as much as the United States proposes to spend in the coming fiscal year. Indeed, the proposed expenditures on defense by the United States in 1952 and 1953 are almost as large as the entire output of the Russian economy! Undoubtedly a dollar spent on defense in this country buys less real defense than an equivalent expenditure in Russia. The armed services of the United States, however, cannot be so inefficient that our security is threatened unless our defense outlays approach the entire national product of Russia!

It is time to halt the retrogression in the quality of thinking on national security and foreign policy that has characterized the United States for more than a year and to recapture some of the vision and common sense that inspired the Marshall Plan. The conflict against Communism will not be won by the military or by military strength. Necessary as great military strength may be, the military program is only of secondary importance. The principal instrument against Communism must be economic policy. No other instrument will help hundreds of millions of people in all parts of the world to raise their standard of living. And unless the poverty-stricken millions of the world have hope for a better life, they will be ready to accept a philosophy of revolt — it may be Communism there and it may be extreme nationalism somewhere else, but in any event it will jeopardize the peace of the world.

The new Mutual Security Agency, headed by Mr. Harriman, should be more an economic agency than a military one. If the plant increase in our defense outlet is cut by about \$10 billion during the next year, a part of the saving should be devoted to promoting economic recovery throughout the world. Henceforth it should be plain to all countries that the United States proposes to fight Communism primarily by helping to raise productivity, and thus living standards, in those countries that are willing to do a reasonable amount to help themselves.



Should the United States send an ambassador to the Vatican? The question has echoed up and down the country since President Truman made his last-minute appointment of General Mark Clark in the closing hours of the Eighty-second Congress. PAUL BLANSHARD, who spent the year 1950 in Rome, believes that such an appointment violates the traditional American principle of equality of all religions before the state, and special treatment for none. He is the author of two widely read books: American Freedom and Catholic Power and Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power.

ONE-SIDED DIPLOMACY

by PAUL BLANSHARD

I

THE national rumpus over the appointment of General Mark Clark as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the United States to the State of Vatican City has served to remind Americans that the issue of church and state is still one of the hottest issues in American politics. On this issue no one can be neutral. The cleavage revealed by the President's sudden maneuver runs to the very roots of our national life.

On one aspect of the affair the eulogists and the viewers-with-alarm are almost unanimous. It was bad theater. The appointment was badly timed and badly stage-managed. If the President wanted serious consideration for an important innovation in American foreign policy, this was not the way to get it. When you want genuine legislative deliberation on a man and his mission, you do not dump his name unceremoniously into the Senatorial hopper in the last few hours of a Congressional session and then announce that you cannot even make an interim appointment because a necessary enabling statute has to be enacted. The method of the nomination seemed to indicate that it was a political stunt, designed to attract Catholic votes and to appease the Catholic-dominated political machines in our larger cities. Its only virtue is that it will bring the problem of Catholic power out into the open where it belongs.

The tidal wave of opposition from American Protestantism startled even the most callous politicians. The Presidential appointment suddenly revealed a great, underlying mass of anti-Catholic sentiment which had lain dormant for many years. It was not a pleasant revelation for those of us who cherish national unity, but it had its compensations. It was not based on personal bigotry; it had none of the character of the Know-Nothing movement of the last century, or the Ku Klux campaign against

Al Smith. It was a spontaneous and amazingly powerful reaction in defense of the American tradition of the separation of church and state. It was opposition to any move that might entangle America in any church-state alliance. The force of the protest was so overwhelming that I doubt whether *any* ambassador to the Holy See will be confirmed at Washington during this generation.

During the weeks since the nomination of General Clark, the simple argument which has appealed most strongly to non-Catholic Americans is that this is gross religious discrimination. Why send an ambassador to the international headquarters of one religion and not to the headquarters of others? If this is not favoritism, why not send an ambassador at the same time to Mecca, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, to the primarily Protestant World Council of Churches? Why single out the Vatican for special prestige?

Behind this fundamental and primary charge of discrimination lies the basic argument that we believe in the separation of church and state. The man on the street does not always know what he means by that phrase — nor does the Supreme Court — but he is sure of one thing. The nation has achieved the separation of church and state the hard way, and it does not want to go backward toward medieval clericalism. The American experience of church-state separation has justified itself because it has helped to make America a land of equality for all creeds. Our people look at the European systems of church-state mixture with genuine disgust, particularly at the two chief clerical-fascist (and Catholic) states of Spain and Portugal. They are proud of the fact that the United States is one of the few great nations in the world where church and state are cleanly and clearly dis-

tinguished, where no church party interferes in politics, and no political official bosses a religious organization, and no tax dollar goes into religious coffers. This pride and this conviction have become part of the American definition of religious freedom.

The appointment of an ambassador to the Vatican has only a remote connection with this underlying loyalty to the tradition of church-state separation, but the connection is real. To most Americans the naming of a Vatican ambassador seems to threaten our church-state tradition because the Vatican is both a church and a state. The very appointment of an ambassador proves this fact. The fiction that we can send an ambassador to the 108-acre Vatican City State without recognizing the Roman Catholic Church is political eyewash. We do not need an ambassador to a territory the size of a golf course. The Pope is one man, and you cannot split him in two even to win both the Catholic and Protestant vote. He is head of the Holy Roman Catholic Church and the Vatican State, and the two are facets of the same thing. The Vatican's diplomats are priests and its priests are diplomats. It supports itself wherever possible throughout the world from public revenues, and preaches the duty of governments to give it special privilege and political advantage. Its supreme head is a sincere and saintly priest, but he has been a professional diplomat all his life, and he has never actually been the full-time pastor of a single church.

The President's schizophrenic philosophy of Pope-splitting will not work in practice any more than did Roosevelt's backhanded device for sending Myron Taylor to Rome as his personal envoy in order to avoid a Congressional veto. When General Clark kneels, as Myron Taylor did, before the Papal throne, and presents his credentials, will he be kneeling before the foreign sovereign Pius XII or the Catholic Vicar Pius XII? The sovereign and the vicar are the single, absolute dictator of one of the world's great empires, the semi-religious and semi-political empire of Catholic power which claims jurisdiction over certain vital aspects of the conduct of 350,000,000 subjects. The Pope himself does not make a clear distinction between the two facets of his power. Why should we?

It is true that a few non-Catholic nations manage to overlook the anomaly of a democracy recognizing a state which is a church, and a church which is a state. But the diplomatic representatives they send to Rome are not full ambassadors, and their philosophy of church and state is quite distinct from ours. There are only nineteen nations which send full ambassadors to the Holy See, and all of them are Catholic nations. If General Clark is confirmed, he will be the only member of his class, the only full ambassador from a non-Catholic power. The two leading non-Catholic nations of Europe which recognize the Vatican, Great Britain and the Netherlands, do not practice the separation of church and

state — they grant public revenues to religious enterprises, and they do not find in a legation at the Vatican anything opposed to their traditional policy. When our own government sent a *chargé d'affaires* to the Papacy from 1848 to 1868, he was strictly limited to nonreligious relations with a nation which does not now exist, the Papal States.

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THE chief official defense of the Clark appointment is that it is necessary and desirable in the war against Communism. I believe in collaboration with the Vatican in the struggle against Communism if the terms of collaboration are honorable for both parties, but this particular argument, that an American ambassador to the Holy See is vital in the anti-Communist struggle, strikes me as wishful thinking. The Vatican is in no position to deny us valuable information because our accredited agents do not wear plumes or white ties. Moreover, the importance of the Vatican as a listening post in the cold war has been grotesquely exaggerated. The Vatican's intelligence service of diplomats and bishops is widely diffused, but it is neither swift nor thorough nor professional. Many times in Rome in 1950 I saw the Vatican secretariat neatly scooped by the Rome newspapers which printed facts about Communist-Catholic relations behind the Iron Curtain of which the Vatican diplomats were still ignorant. The elaborately publicized Myron Taylor mission to the Vatican was informationally a farce. Its labors could have been more successfully performed by a small group of specialists in the American Embassy to Italy whose reports would not have been buried in Presidential files. Taylor himself was in Rome only thirteen times in a ten-year term, perhaps 10 per cent of his period of service.

In collaborating with the Vatican in the cold war we can demand coöperation on *our* terms, and it is time that those terms became self-respecting. We have repeatedly saved the Vatican's life in Europe since the end of World War II without demanding any real reciprocity. We have exported to Europe almost every feature of our democracy, but out of deference to the Vatican we have withheld one of its most vital elements, the gospel of the separation of church and state. We made no protest against the fact that the land-reform program in Italy exempted the nation's largest landowner, the Church. We have kept silent about birth control and allowed uncontrolled overpopulation to cancel out partially the benefits of our ECA millions. A one-sided recognition of the Vatican at this moment would be used as further evidence of continued and softheaded American approval for such practices and principles, for Vatican-supported fascist dictators, for the Vatican network of nine major Catholic political parties in Europe, for the separatist Catholic trade-union international, for

the world-wide system of segregated private schools. It is true that the Vatican is on our side in the war against Communism, but it is not on our side in the continuing struggle for democracy and cultural freedom — witness the Pope's indignant rejection in October of a mild proposal to establish a plenary world organization for Catholic laymen! — and it continues to support such Catholic anti-democrats as Franco, Salazar, and Perón.

The Vatican appointment raises many new questions about the dual citizenship and the divided loyalty of our 28,000,000 American Catholics, embarrassing questions which Catholic Americans do not like. They are loyal and true Americans, and they do not want to be regarded as subjects of a foreign power. But if the Vatican is fully recognized in American law as a foreign nation, how can they escape the legal and moral implications of that recognition? Whose directive should they obey when a Catholic mandate conflicts with American law? Why, for example, if the Vatican is a foreign political power — which the Vatican would acknowledge by receiving a purely political envoy — should not American Catholic bishops be compelled to register as foreign agents under our Foreign Agents Registration Law? These bishops are appointed abroad by a foreign sovereign without any ratification by an American assembly, and their political allegiance to Rome is clearly expressed.

After ratification, which nation will be considered the *primary* nation of an American Catholic bishop, the Vatican or the United States? The Vatican will reply loftily that there is no conflict between the "religious" zone of Catholic power and the purely "civil" territory of American law, but Americans know differently. They know that there are great areas of American civic life in which the voice of Rome and the voice of democratic America do not agree, and that in most conflicts in the past Rome has won by default because of our conventional taboos against "religious controversy."

The Clark mission would continue the old taboos. The Pope will refuse to discuss any of the major issues which lie between Catholic authority and American democracy, the issues of education, medi-

cine, marriage, divorce, birth control, and censorship, since he insists that these are matters of "holy faith," outside the scope of American determination.

Can anyone, for example, imagine Mark Clark discussing frankly with Pius XII the most important conflict between the Vatican and American democracy, the Catholic opposition to public schools? The Catholic law on public schools (Canon 1374) is distinctly anti-American. It directs American Catholics to maintain a segregated school system under clerical control in opposition to the public school, and it instructs them on pain of mortal sin not to send their children to public schools without special permission of the Rome-appointed bishop. It should be the first item on the agenda of any ambassador to the Vatican. It will be the last.

Similarly, if our schizophrenic diplomacy could be suddenly transformed into honest and courageous diplomacy, our ambassador would raise promptly the issues of Catholic marriage courts operating on American soil and handing down decrees in contradiction to the decrees of American courts, of Catholic pressure against American legislators who support liberal and honest divorce laws, of Catholic battles against the right of non-Catholics to receive information on contraception, of the Catholic edict (Canon 1399) against reading any literature which directly assails Catholic doctrine, of the organized Catholic pressure upon our press. All these are American issues which lie close to the heart of our democracy. Will an American ambassador to the Vatican dare to raise them?

The very asking of the question can evoke nothing more serious than hearty laughter. Washington is not ready for frank dealing with Catholic power. It visualizes an American ambassador as a courtly and pliant gentleman delivering our prestige and support to an anti-Communist Vatican front without demanding any concession to our democracy in return. We would not dare to propose such a one-sided deal with Communist power. We would never dream of sending an ambassador to any other nation while conceding that we were precluded from even discussing our basic national interests. Why should we have a double standard for Vatican diplomacy?





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RELATIONS WITH THE VATICAN: WHY NOT?

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

IF diplomacy is the art of dealing with external forces to secure national ends, and if the Vatican is one of the powerful external forces in the world today, then it would seem at first glance entirely sensible for the United States to enter into diplomatic relations with the center of Catholic power. Yet the recent announcement by President Truman of his intention to regularize such relations through the appointment of an ambassador has raised a storm of protest. To many sober and intelligent observers the dispatch of an ambassador to the Vatican seems an ominous move, fraught with incalculable peril for our national institutions. To this observer, after due study, research, and meditation, the fuss over the appointment continues to seem a spectacular case of much ado about nothing.

What are the advantages of recognition? If we concede the reality of Catholic influence in the world, it would seem wise for us to be able to talk frankly and continuously with the Pope on the most vital and delicate issues of policy. This can be done only through regular diplomatic contact on the highest level. The failure to have such contact has already hampered the conduct of our foreign policy.

To take one urgent example, there is the question of Yugoslavia. The integration of Yugoslavia into the Western defense system is a pressing necessity if we are serious about defending Europe. But one issue above all stands in the way of this integration. That is, of course, the hostility of the Vatican — a hostility bound up inextricably with the case of Archbishop Stepinac. There is solid reason to believe that Tito would be happy to come to some compromise on Stepinac. There is also reason to believe that the Vatican, for whom Tito's Yugoslavia stands as a shield against the possible Soviet invasion of Italy, might be willing to try for a settlement. But so long as we lack top-level

representation at the Vatican, we cannot take the initiative to resolve the Stepinac affair.

Another example is the case of Spain. There have been mounting indications that sections of the Catholic Church are increasingly unhappy about Franco. The Pope, for example, will receive Don Juan, the pretender to the Spanish throne; but he declines to negotiate a concordat with the Franco government. Certain Spanish prelates, above all Angel Herrera Odria, Bishop of Malaga, have been openly critical of the regime; the Catholic Action movement has been agitating about the wretched social conditions under Franco; the International Federation of Christian (that is, Catholic) Trade Unions has denounced the Spanish dictator. All this suggests that the Vatican does not regard itself as irrevocably committed to Franco. Indeed, where it has had the choice in post-war Europe, in France, Italy, Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, the Church has consistently backed the social-Catholic rather than the clerical-fascist alternative. In years past there has been a margin for maneuver in Spain; and, while recent American gestures to Franco have narrowed this margin shamefully, nonetheless the possibility still exists of gaining Vatican support for pressure which might transform the Franco dictatorship in the direction of a constitutional monarchy. But our lack of top representation in the Vatican has prevented us from exploring this possibility.

Of course, to those who suppose Vatican policy to be fixed and monolithic, it will seem idle to talk of bringing U.S. influence to bear on the formation of that policy. But this supposition is plainly false. In the field of politics, the Church's policy has always been, within limits, flexible and pragmatic — which is why the Church has survived so long as an institution.

There is ample evidence of factionalism within the Church on political issues. Some elements

favor De Gaulle in France, others the MRP; some want land reform in Italy, others prefer the status quo. *L'Osservatore Romano*, the official Vatican organ, has been far less reckless in its attitude toward the Soviet Union than most American Catholic journals. As for economic policy, *L'Osservatore Romano* recently observed of capitalism that "it is atheistic in its nature; and it is inherent in its structure that its god should be money" — a proposition not often heard on the lips of members of the American hierarchy. Archbishop Richard J. Cushing's singular belief that Tito is "even more Communistic than Stalin and a more diabolical gangster" is not likely to impress European prelates for whom the distinction between the Red Army and those who would be the first to oppose it remains an important one.

The Vatican is constantly in process of making political decisions. These decisions influence great masses of people. It is the injunction of elementary good sense that we should do what we can to make sure that these decisions support rather than obstruct our own foreign policy. It is this fact — and not the overrated and tendentious Vatican intelligence service — which makes the Truman decision, in my judgment, a sensible one — and one which should have been taken years ago. Great Britain, a far more robustly anti-Catholic nation than our own, has had a mission at the Vatican for years. Thirty-seven states currently maintain relations with the Vatican without suffering fatal contamination.

What are the disadvantages of the decision? The argument that the Vatican is a spiritual power and hence does not qualify for diplomatic representation need not long detain us — especially when it comes from the people who in other contexts insist most loudly that the Vatican is a temporal power, up to its neck in world politics. Nor need we linger over the argument that diplomatic relations with the Vatican somehow commit us to approval of the Roman Church. It no more commits us to Catholicism — to Catholic views of papal infallibility or of church-state relations — than diplomatic recognition of Stalin commits us to Communism, or of Franco to fascism. I had hoped that we had by now outgrown the view that the existence of diplomatic relations implies approval. Moreover, I see no issue of discrimination; I would be in favor of establishing diplomatic relations with any other spiritual leader who wields as much temporal power as the Pope.

A more serious argument is that the President's action, in the words of the National Council of the Churches of Christ, has precipitated "the kind of situation which our forefathers sought to prevent in the interest of the national welfare by constitutional separation of church and state." As a student of American history, I find this statement astonishing. I know of no evidence that the princi-

ple of the separation of church and state was ever considered to preclude the sending of a mission to a foreign potentate who happened also to be a religious leader.

In fact, we had a mission to the Vatican from 1848 to 1868. Anyone impressed by the National Council's invocation of our forefathers should examine the Congressional debates which led to the termination of that mission. He will find very little about the principle of separation. Mr. Williams, who first moved to strike out Rome from the bill for diplomatic appropriations, said explicitly: "It was on the score of the *political insignificance* [my italics] of the Papal Government that I moved the amendment." To this were added a general desire for economy (Mr. Morrill: "It is a useless expenditure, merely to provide a place for someone who wants the position") and a specific objection to a reported papal ban on Scotch Presbyterian worship in Rome. Separation of church and state is, indeed, a basic American principle, which I am deeply concerned to defend; but its application to the sending of a mission to the Vatican is entirely a latter-day novelty. It finds no warrant in the thoughts or actions of our forefathers.

The other argument advanced by the National Council of Churches is even less impressive. This argument, in essence, is that the President's proposal makes a lot of good people mad, and that therefore the President should not disrupt national unity by going ahead with it. This is the identical argument which Senator Smith of New Jersey made against the appointment of Philip Jessup to the United States delegation to the United Nations; it is the identical argument which thousands of Southerners make every day against the civil rights program. When any President begins to flinch from making wise decisions because they will enrage a section of the population, he might as well resign.

The professed arguments are so feeble that one can hardly believe they are the real arguments. Behind them lurks, I suspect, a feeling that the diplomatic relationship will give the Vatican a new and powerful voice in American foreign policy. This feeling represents the sheerest defeatism about America's role in the great world. It is a hangover of the old feeling that innocent and idealistic Americans will always be outsmarted by foreigners. If our representatives in the Vatican do not go there to assert and advance the national interests and influence of the United States, they have no business to go at all; and we have no business to have a Department of State.

On the contrary, the proposed relationship would give us what we have so long lacked and needed — that is, an opportunity to have direct and continuing influence on Vatican foreign policy. Properly carried out, it will strengthen the purpose and unity of the free world.



Late in 1942, Allied Intelligence became gravely troubled about the reports of the German secret weapons. Now, for the first time, the magnitude of the German V-bombs and the emergency measures the Allies took to nullify them can be told. JOSEPH WARNER ANGELL served as a historical officer with the Army Air Forces during the war; he was on the proving ground during the CROSSBOW experiments; and after the war he personally interviewed the German experts who had been in charge of the rockets. His article, of which this is the second installment, is based on material drawn from Volume III of The Army Air Forces in World War II, published by the University of Chicago Press. This history, officially approved by the USAF, is a collaborative undertaking directed by Colonel W. J. Paul of the Research Studies Institute, Air University.

GUIDED MISSILES COULD HAVE WON

by JOSEPH WARNER ANGELL

6

ALARMING underground reports of long-range "secret weapons," designed by the Germans to bombard England from Continental areas, reached the British with increasing frequency throughout the spring of 1943. Responding to the threat of new weapons that might, if used in time, turn the course of the war, British Intelligence discovered that the disturbing rumors were founded on fact. In a vast and hitherto secret experimental station at Peenemünde, on the Baltic coast, the Germans were perfecting revolutionary weapons: the V-1, a jet-propelled pilotless aircraft, and the V-2, a gigantic supersonic rocket against which there could be no defenses, once it was air-borne. And on the Channel coast of France huge labor forces were feverishly constructing a great chain of V-weapon launching sites.

Knowing that the new weapons must be stopped, the British decided to make the first attack on the more likely target — Peenemünde. The raid was planned with utmost care and secrecy, with Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris of the RAF Bomber Command in personal charge of preparations.

Late in the evening of August 17, 1943 — a day already made memorable by the Regensburg-Schweinfurt mission of the American Eighth Air Force — and in the brilliant light of a full moon, a great fleet of RAF heavy bombers began the long run to the Baltic coast. The thousands of airmen aloft over Germany were unaware of the actual nature of the Peenemünde installation. Fearful that revelation of the truth about Peenemünde would reach the public and arouse alarm and despondency in the homeland, Harris had briefed

his men that they were attacking a radar experimental station of such critical importance that they must be prepared to accept 50 per cent losses.

The attack against Peenemünde began shortly after midnight, and at the time appeared to be enormously successful. There is, however, wide and perhaps irreconcilable variance in final estimates of the success of the attack. The British and Germans at first regarded Peenemünde as "completely gone." Colonel Walter Dornberger, who headed the German V-2 installation and who was talking with his brilliant rocket technician, Wernher von Braun, in the Officers Club when the first alarm sounded, now takes credit for having seen, after the first shock of the raid, that damage to key installations was negligible; and for ordering, therefore, a hasty setting of fires and a blowing up of roads and unimportant buildings so that British strike-photos, taken on the following day, would give evidence of greater destruction than was actually accomplished. (The chapter "Day of Darkness" in his history of the V-2 gives a rather different impression, however.)

In any case, there were two important consequences of the August raid. The Germans were given full warning that massive efforts would be made to prevent or disrupt the use of their new weapons, and they proceeded to disperse V-weapon production activity from Peenemünde.

Ten days after the raid on Peenemünde the Eighth Air Force sent out its first CROSSBOW¹ mission — an attack by B-17s on the German con-

¹The Allied code-name for all matters — particularly air countermeasures operations — pertaining to the German V-weapons.

struction at Watten on the French coast. The extreme ends of the secret weapons axis, in so far as it was visible to the Allies, had thus been hammered by Allied air power in the opening blows of the CROSSBOW campaign. But continued aerial reconnaissance revealed new constructions of colossal size, seven in all, four in the Pas-de-Calais and three on the tip of the Cherbourg Peninsula.

Discovery of a second type of German construction on the French coast was made late in October. In response to reports from ground agents in the Pas-de-Calais a close photographic cover of the area around a heavily wooded hamlet revealed a series of concrete structures, the largest of which were two curiously shaped buildings, each nearly 300 feet in length, resembling gigantic skis laid on edge. By the middle of November, twenty-one "Ski Sites" had been identified.

As Allied reconnaissance of the French coast continued with unremitting effort, a significant relationship between the Ski Sites became apparent: the alignment of all the Ski Sites in the Pas-de-Calais indicated an orientation directly on London. It was impossible for British Intelligence to escape the conclusion that the closely integrated and rapidly growing network of installations — including the seven Large Sites — was to be used for some type of concentrated long-range attack against the world's most populous city — and the heart of the staging area for the forthcoming invasion of the Continent.

A few military and civilian analysts regarded the whole series of Ski Sites, together with the seven Large Sites, as a gigantic hoax by the Germans, a deliberate fraud of the first magnitude to frighten or divert the attention and effort of the Allies from their attempt to invade the coast of France. General Spaatz, for example, was not for many months convinced that these installations were other than an inspired German feint. A larger number of scientists and technicians, however, were of the opinion that the Large Sites were being prepared to launch huge rockets weighing as much as 100 tons and that the smaller Ski Sites were to send vast numbers of the Peenemünde pilotless aircraft, estimated to weigh 20 tons, against the civilians of London and against Allied troop and supply concentrations.

Rumor added other interpretations. The Germans, it was reported, were preparing to bombard London with huge containers bearing gruesome and fatal "Red Death"; the Germans were preparing to shoot enormous tanks of poison gas to destroy every living creature in the British Isles; the Germans, even, were preparing a gigantic refrigerating apparatus along the French coast for the instantaneous creation of massive icebergs in the Channel or for dropping clouds of ice over England to stop the Allied bombers in air.

The conflicting opinions of the experts seemed

nearly irreconcilable. But clearly the Allies must do something.

The Allies made their decision on the 3rd of December, 1943. The CROSSBOW sites must be neutralized, and if possible destroyed, by aerial bombardment. It was by no means an easy decision, for withdrawing the air power necessary to bombard the Large Sites and Ski Sites into uselessness might easily jeopardize the double strategy of the Allied Combined Bomber Offensive — destruction by air power of Germany's war potential and weakening of the German Air Force to the point where it could not hinder the Allied invasion. On the other hand, if Hitler could successfully employ new weapons before the invasion could be launched, it was possible that OVERLORD, the great cross-Channel operation, could never be executed. The Allied Air Forces, already committed to the greatest task ever given to air power, were therefore called upon to accomplish an additional objective.

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A few hours after the critical decision was made, the American Ninth Air Force was alerted to commence CROSSBOW bombing operations with the highest priority. Simultaneously, another more intensive aerial reconnaissance than any conducted before was begun.

The whole of a belt extending 150 miles in width from London and Portsmouth was covered. At the end of the first week's reconnaissance operations sixty-four Ski Sites had been identified, an increase of twenty-six sites over the number reported before the decision of December 3. As the sustained reconnaissance continued, every foot of land from Ostend on the Belgian coast to the tip of the Cherbourg Peninsula was photographed from the air. The huge task of photography and analysis, completed by the third week in December, revealed in addition to the seven Large Sites a chain of Ski Sites, 10 to 20 miles in width, extending more than 300 miles along the French coast. Sites in the Pas-de-Calais were all oriented on London, those in the Cherbourg Peninsula on the port of Bristol.

The Ninth Air Force, hampered by bad weather, could not begin CROSSBOW operations until December 5, and for the next two weeks continually unfavorable weather prevented the execution of more than a limited number of ineffective attacks.

At the beginning of the third week of Allied CROSSBOW operations, the number of identified Ski Sites had risen to seventy-five, none of them significantly damaged by air attacks. With the weather continuing in their favor the Germans were clearly winning the first heat in the race against time. Considering the dangers in the situation if it were to continue, Allied authorities

agreed that an all-out attack on the entire CROSSBOW network by Eighth Air Force heavy bombers would, when weather permitted, be the most effective means of slowing down the Germans. But the weather continued to favor the Germans. It was not until Christmas Eve, 1943, that the Eighth Air Force struck its first great blow against the vast chain of Ski Sites.

Operation 164, the largest Eighth Air Force operation to date, put more than 1300 American aircraft over the Ski Site network. The crews were told only that they were attacking "special military installations" of critical importance, but the outside world learned for the first time of the new German threat. Bold headlines in American newspapers announced that U.S. and British fliers had hit the "Rocket Gun Coast," and editorial writers spoke of the possibility that the Germans had at last created their long-sought and "ultimate" diversion of Allied plans. Allied authorities continued to be silent on the significance of the Christmas Eve mission, but in London and Washington there were prolonged and intense discussions on the importance of the CROSSBOW threat and on the scale and type of effort necessary to preserve the safety of England and ensure that the forthcoming invasion of Europe would not have to be postponed or disrupted.

Until December, 1943, the British had hesitated to convey to their American partners the full measure of their alarm over the threat of the new German weapons. The principal American air commanders were themselves in the dark, for even as late as the Christmas Eve raid the British had withheld some of their own Intelligence estimates on the possible dangers of the new German weapons. American authorities in Washington were understandably disturbed, inasmuch as American air power was bearing the brunt of Allied CROSSBOW operations.

When he had become fully aware of the gravity of the threat, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson appointed a committee of experts from all the military services and from key civilian agencies to study reports flown in by special courier from London to Washington. After some days of close consultation the Americans were indeed gloomy. The committee agreed that without "some stroke of fortune now unforeseen" there was "no real solution to the problem." The Germans might be on the verge of using unforeseen types of biological and gas warfare, of throwing against England revolutionary explosives of "unusually violent character." Hitler might be preparing to achieve one or all of three grandiose objectives: postponement or disruption of the Allied invasion of the Continent; cessation of the Combined Bomber Offensive; a truce in consequence of a stalemate.

Among the varied proposals for countering the threat of these disasters was the suggestion that

the Allies might launch a gas attack against the Ski Sites, but this was dismissed, as was a proposal to attempt a reconnaissance in force of the French coast. Serious thought was given, also, to proposals for redrawing the entire OVERLORD plan.

These and others were discarded in favor of a simpler solution, the employment of more air power and the improvement of the bombing techniques against the Ski Sites. General Arnold was particularly interested in the proposal to employ air power more heavily and more effectively. He felt that thus far the Allies had indulged in too much guesswork and pure speculation. Arnold was determined, in so far as possible, to place at least one phase of the CROSSBOW problem on a pragmatic basis.

On January 12, 1944, General Marshall approved a recommendation that the Army Air Forces be given, as a project of the highest priority, the development of a new method of attacking the CROSSBOW sites. Major responsibility for the task, which might normally have been assigned to forces in the theater of operations, was given to the AAF Proving Ground Command at Eglin Field, Florida.

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CONVENTIONAL directives would not do in so urgent a situation. On the morning of January 25, Arnold telephoned from Washington to Brigadier General Grandison Gardner, in command at Eglin Field. At first General Arnold spoke in evasive terms: "Must be careful what I say, but maybe you'll recognize what I mean when I say that about 150 of them located North Coast of France . . . shaped like skis." He then indicated the purpose of his call: "I want some . . . reproduced. I want to make simulated attacks with a new weapon. I want the job done in DAYS not WEEKS. It will take a hell of a lot of concrete . . . give it FIRST PRIORITY and complete it in days — weeks are too long."

General Gardner immediately mobilized the full resources of the 800,000-acre Proving Ground and its thousands of personnel. With utmost secrecy the Army Air Forces duplicated in the remote pine barrens of the Florida Panhandle the activity so closely observed on the Channel coast of France. The task assigned to the Proving Ground was absorbing and exacting: the reproduction in exact detail and the destruction, by various means, of a series of German Ski Sites.

Building materials were scarce, and neither time nor security permitted conventional negotiations for construction priorities. Proving Ground purchasing agents roved the country for hundreds of miles around. Construction materials were rushed by air, train and truck and boat, into the secret ranges of Eglin Field. Working in twelve-hour shifts, thousands of civilian and military personnel

—many of them drawn from offices and house-keeping tasks — assembled concrete, steel, lumber, brick, and building blocks into a series of key target buildings and entire Ski Sites. The Army Ground Forces sent camouflage units and a full antiaircraft battalion to prepare the Eglin Field CROSSBOW sites for effective tests of German defenses.

Within minutes after the first concrete had hardened, every type of weapon available to the AAF was thrown against replicas of the German installations. As additional target buildings and sites were finished, the success of each variety of munition and the efficiency of every type of aircraft were scrupulously checked by teams of military and civilian experts. Daily, General Gardner relayed the test results to General Arnold by telephone. From Washington detailed cables were immediately dispatched to the theater.

When it had been conclusively proved, after exhaustive tests of every weapon and method of attack, that one technique was superior to all others — minimum altitude attack by fighter aircraft especially equipped to pinpoint very heavy bombs on the most vulnerable point at each site — General Gardner and a team of Proving Ground officers flew to England to demonstrate the new method of knocking out the Ski Sites. The Proving Ground Mission discussed the Eglin Field tests with General Eisenhower and with every leading British and American air commander in the theater. A motion picture of the tests, prepared by top Hollywood experts, gave most of those to whom it was shown their first detailed view of the massive sites, as well as conclusive evidence of how they could most economically and efficiently be rendered useless.

To the Americans, it seemed evident that the Eglin Field tests demonstrated how to neutralize the Ski Sites without jeopardizing the Combined Bomber Offensive. There would be no further need, they reasoned, to divert the great numbers of heavy bombers that were still carrying on, with uncertain results, the Allied CROSSBOW offensive.

The efforts of the American CROSSBOW mission provoked, however, a controversy over bombing methods that was sometimes bitter and never resolved. Differences of opinion — between the Americans and the British — on the best method of knocking out the Ski Sites before Hitler could use them were at best regrettable, at worst an advantage to the Germans.

The conflict over bombing policy increased as D Day approached. While the British held firmly to their refusal to adopt the Eglin Field technique, and heavy bombers were diverted in increasing numbers from the Combined Bomber Offensive, a new alarm swept England.

In February, ground agents had reported the appearance of a new type of site, apparently de-

signed to launch the "Peenemünde projectiles." Designated "Modified Sites," these were very simple constructions as compared with the Ski Sites. They could be quickly built, easily camouflaged, and because of their small size were very poor targets. For the third time the entire French coast was subjected to a "total" reconnaissance, which revealed an alarming number of the new type of sites. The Germans, meanwhile, continued to employ thousands of workers repairing bombed Large Sites and Ski Sites — whether in a desperate attempt to prepare them for use or as a means of drawing Allied bombs from targets in Germany, the Allies did not know.

A few weeks before D Day — and notwithstanding a report from General Doolittle that, on the only theater mission (May 7) employing the Eglin Field technique, single fighter-bombers had achieved, with a 2000-pound bomb, damage equivalent to nearly 2000 tons from heavy bombers — Eisenhower ruled that for such time as it would require the heavy bombers to strike a final big blow against the Large Sites and Ski Sites, CROSSBOW would have priority over all other air operations. The Modified Sites would, for the time being, be left alone. And whatever Hitler might — or might not — have up his sleeve, OVERLORD would begin on the day appointed.

In May the big bombers pounded CROSSBOW sites for the last time before D Day, and returned to their primary task of giving the final preinvasion punch. On the morning of June 6, OVERLORD began. At the end of the first day's operations, Allied forces had crossed the Channel and were holding the beachhead they had won that morning. And as the long last minute of D Day passed into history, the great network of CROSSBOW sites — strung out along the French coast for hundreds of miles — remained shrouded in silence.

9

FOR six days after the launching of OVERLORD, the CROSSBOW areas in the Pas-de-Calais and on the tip of the Cherbourg Peninsula were quiet. No Allied aircraft bombed CROSSBOW targets, for the vast network of Ski Sites lay in ruins and the seven Large Sites were visibly shattered.

The tense days of anxiety and alarm over the CROSSBOW threat to the safety of England and the execution of OVERLORD appeared to be over. But on the night of June 12, 1944, the silence of the Pas-de-Calais was broken. Catapulted from the steel rails of a Modified Site launching ramp, hidden near a farmhouse on the French coast, the first German secret weapon fired in combat began its noisy, fiery journey to London. Four V-1s, or "flying bombs," struck London that night. During the next few days German CROSSBOW batteries remained inoperative.

And then, on the night of June 15, there began an entirely new phase of the war in Europe — the Battle of the Flying Bomb. In little more than twenty-four hours the Germans fired nearly 300 V-1s against England. Clearly CROSSBOW was not a hoax.

Once again, in London and Washington, there were intense and prolonged consultations. At a most inopportune moment CROSSBOW had become a dismaying actuality — worse yet, a potential threat of the first magnitude. With OVERLORD little more than a week under way, with every plane and bomb that could be employed already committed to the land battle, and with the safety of England itself apparently in jeopardy, the decision was critical, if not desperate. But Allied heads remained cool.

Early in the morning of the 16th, as V-1s continued to strike London, Churchill assembled his entire War Cabinet, together with Air Chief Marshal Tedder, Field Marshal Brooke, chief of the British Imperial Staff, and others who were to have a voice in one of the war's fateful decisions. Though little was known about the number and capabilities of the Modified Sites, it was agreed that London would have to withstand whatever was in store for it — the Battle of France was to remain the primary concern of the Allies. Nevertheless, General Eisenhower would be asked to take all possible measures to neutralize CROSSBOW sites, and long-standing plans for the deployment of balloons, fighter aircraft, and radar-controlled antiaircraft against the flying bombs would be put into effect at once by the Air Defense of Great Britain.

General Eisenhower's response was swift. On his orders, a comprehensive plan was drafted for the bombing of CROSSBOW sites by units of the American Eighth and Ninth Air Forces and by the RAF Bomber Command. An informal order, first given on June 16, was reaffirmed by a memo from Eisenhower to Tedder, dated the 16th, in the following explicit terms: —

In order that my desires, expressed verbally at the meeting this morning, may be perfectly clear and on record with respect to CROSSBOW targets, these targets are to take first priority over everything except the urgent requirements of the battle; this priority to obtain until we can be certain that we have definitely gotten the upper hand of this particular business.

At once fleets of RAF heavies struck against the CROSSBOW network, principally the Large Sites, from which, it was presumed, the giant rockets would be launched. Having withstood the best efforts of "conventional" 2-ton bombs, the huge installations were soon being pounded by the British with their monstrous new "Tallboy" bombs, 12,000-pounders. The American Eighth struck repeatedly at the supposedly "neutralized"

Ski Sites and other targets presumably related to the firing of V-1s. But for all the combined efforts of Allied air power — efforts that in July and August cost the Allies a fourth of all their combat sorties and a fifth of all their tonnage — the flying bombs still continued to rise in only slightly diminished numbers from their launching ramps hidden along the coast of France.¹

Meanwhile, it had been absolutely verified that the V-2 was in mass production. And against this weapon, which traveled far in advance of the speed of sound, there could be no defense, once it was airborne. Only by stopping the rockets at their firing sites or at production and transportation centers could the Allies prevent Hitler from using his now actual wonder-weapon. The Eighth, therefore, struck Peenemünde repeatedly and with outstanding success. The RAF sent fleets of bombers to V-2 production centers deep in Germany, and from its bases in the Mediterranean the Fifteenth Air Force joined in the attack.

While pursuing their effort to prevent, or diminish, Hitler's use of the V-2, the Allies learned two facts about the highly touted weapon that gave a kind of negative hope. For one thing, several of the Large Sites had been captured when Allied troops drove the Germans from the Cherbourg Peninsula. The American air commander, Lieutenant General Louis H. Brereton, toured these monstrous enemy installations late in June. Though he estimated the Cherbourg sites to be only half-finished — a reassuring finding — General Brereton described them as "more extensive than any concrete construction we have in the United States, with the possible exception of Boulder Dam or similar waterway projects." The second negative reassurance came from the examination of a V-2 that had misfired at Peenemünde and landed, virtually intact, in Sweden. It was regarded by Allied scientists and technicians as a marvelous mechanism technically, but it was apparent that the V-2's war head — barring use of a revolutionary explosive — was no greater than that of the simpler and less costly V-1.

However, if Hitler had vast quantities of V-2s, he could, the experts said, blow London off the map. The Allies therefore prepared a bombing plan, to be used when rocket firings commenced, that would require their entire bombing forces, in order to demolish in one great blow more than 250 V-2 targets in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France. Simultaneously, plans were drawn for a mass evacuation of London.

The last V-1 fired from a launching site in France struck England on the afternoon of September 1, 1944. Allied ground troops, advancing rapidly up the French coast, had forced the flying bomb firing

¹ The number of flying bombs that actually reached their targets in England was, towards the end of the summer, greatly reduced by new techniques of defense against air-borne V-1s.

units to withdraw northward into Holland. Thereafter, the greatly reduced numbers of flying bombs that hit England were fired from Heinkel 111s equipped to air-launch V-1s or from ground sites in Holland.

On the day the last V-1 was fired from France, British civil defense authorities halted their planning of precautionary measures against V-2 attack. On the 3rd of September all operational air commands in the European Theater were ordered to suspend every type of CROSSBOW operation pending further notice. Three days later, on the assumption that there would shortly be no further danger from either ground-launched V-1s or the still silent V-2, all Allied bombing attacks against CROSSBOW targets were canceled, except for occasional strikes against airfields that might be used for the air-launchings of V-1s. On the 7th of September a member of the British War Cabinet announced to the press that the "Battle of London" was over, except "possibly . . . a few last shots." As had been the case during the week following D Day, the CROSSBOW danger appeared to be over.

But the cycle was to repeat itself, for at the dinner hour on the evening of September 8 the first of more than a thousand 12-ton V-2 rockets that were to strike England fell soundlessly and exploded in a London suburb. Six seconds later a second V-2 struck another suburb. That same day the Germans fired several of their giant rockets against Paris.

But spectacular as was the scientific achievement apparent in the V-2, the weapon had been committed to battle too late, its military effectiveness was more limited than had been anticipated, and reliable intelligence reports indicated that the Germans had not produced sufficient quantities of the weapon to make it a long-continuing danger of great significance. Moreover, the steadily advancing Allied ground troops would, in time, deny Hitler the use of both V-2 factories and firing sites. This combination of evidence, all quickly evaluated in the Allied deliberations on the morning of September 9, led to the decision — and it proved to be a sound one — that only limited measures should be taken to meet the CROSSBOW threat in its third and penultimate phase.

The final phase of the Allied CROSSBOW campaign involved a series of discussions in December, 1944, and January, 1945, regarding the policy to be adopted following intelligence reports that the Germans were preparing to use a third V-weapon, variously designated the V-3, V-4, and the "final weapon." Early in December, American agents in Argentina and Turkey reported that "reliable sources" had revealed the Germans would, within thirty days, begin bombardment of American cities on the Atlantic seaboard with stratospheric rockets capable of demolishing 40 square kilometers

around the point of impact. After painstaking investigations, the War Department and AAF Headquarters in Washington concluded that while such rockets and war heads might be in the experimental stage in Germany, it could be assumed that they were not ready for use in combat. In Europe, General Spaatz came to a similar conclusion. And thus ended the Allied discussion of policy concerning the German V-weapons.

10

AFTER September 8, 1944, the Germans fired some 1100 V-2s against England, together with approximately 800 V-1s. Against Continental targets, principally Antwerp, they concentrated a heavy fire of V-1s and V-2s. Belgium suffered far greater damage, proportionately, than did England. In both countries the loss of life and destruction of property was appalling, considering the essentially limited numbers of V-weapons fired by the Germans.

Although only about 2500 V-1s and fewer than 1000 V-2s exploded in England, nearly 10,000 British civilians were killed and some 25,000 were seriously injured. More than 200,000 buildings (principally dwellings) were totally destroyed or damaged beyond repair; 1,339,000 buildings, less seriously damaged, required some type of repair. At least 4,500,000 British civilians were rendered homeless or to some degree inconvenienced. In the second week of September — following the cessation of the major V-1 offensive — a labor force of more than 60,000 — many of them drawn from the armed services — was engaged on repairs to buildings capable of reconstruction.

In Antwerp the damage was even more intense. During the V-weapon attack, which lasted — with only one day's interruption — for 175 days, two thirds of the buildings in the greater Antwerp area were damaged. The dead in Antwerp were nearly 5000, and the number of wounded was in the tens of thousands. The American Consulate General estimated that a fourth of all the buildings in Belgium had been damaged to some extent by the time the last V-weapon was fired, late in March. The cost of replacing Belgian buildings destroyed or damaged was set at approximately \$2,000,000,000.

It is impossible to do more than speculate on what Germany might have done with its long-range weapons, notably the V-2, had they been produced in far greater numbers and been committed to combat in the earlier years of the war. Dornberger and von Braun have stated that the V-2 would have been ready for combat as early as 1942 if Hitler had not canceled Peenemünde's first priority in 1939. The A-10, or transatlantic rocket, could have been operational by 1946, Dornberger suggests, if work on it had continued after the outbreak of war. As to Germany's capacity to

manufacture great quantities of the V-2, Willy Messerschmitt, Germany's outstanding aviation authority, is known to have informed Hitler that with an all-out effort at the proper time, German industry could have produced 100,000 V-2s per month.

Though the major responsibility for the German failure to use the V-2 must rest with Hitler, and to some extent with his advisers in the High Command, it cannot be denied that once Hitler decided — in May, 1943 — to use the weapon, there remained unforeseen technical difficulties that had something to do with the failure to use the V-2 before D Day, when it would have been more effective. Von Braun would have it that Hitler's belated decision was doubly wrong, in that he demanded the use of the weapon before it was technically ready.

To what extent the destruction of the original launching sites along the French coast was responsible for the delay in the inauguration of the V-1 offensive is difficult to determine with absolute accuracy. One absolute fact is known about the original CROSSBOW sites. From the vast network of steel and concrete spread out for hundreds of miles along the coast of France — probably, in its entirety, a construction effort as large as any yet undertaken in peace or war — the Germans launched only *one* missile, a V-1 that misfired. All other V-weapons were fired from mobile sites, developed after the beginning of Allied CROSSBOW bombings. In some degree, the continued — and large-scale — construction at the CROSSBOW sites after the opening of Allied bombing attacks was a purely diversionary operation on the part of the Germans — perhaps Hitler's one good guess in the whole affair. Nevertheless, there is evidence that Hitler, and to some extent the leaders of the Todt Construction Organization, continued building operations at the Large Sites until the very moment they were overrun by Allied ground forces, only because of the German penchant for the colossal. Dornberger explains the long-sustained, grotesquely wasteful, and "fantastically costly" operations at the Large Sites — planned to shelter 200,000 personnel and monumental quantities of machinery and supplies — by referring to "a fatal German weakness — feats for the sake of feats."

In his last gigantic moments in the underground bunker in Berlin, with the thunder of Russian guns and British and American heavy bombs penetrating the buried recesses of steel and concrete,

and with final knowledge that Allied tanks and foot soldiers were closing in from the East and West, it is not impossible that Adolf Hitler remembered certain words he had spoken to a German colonel of artillery two years earlier.

On that day in 1943, ten years after his first visit to the little rocket station at Kummersdorf, Hitler had summoned Dornberger and von Braun to his Personal Headquarters, to tell them that he might use the V-2 against England. When — after seeing the motion pictures that changed his mind, and hearing Dornberger's account of what might yet be done — Hitler emerged from his brooding silence into the storm of words, he furiously rejected Dornberger's modest apology, "The judgment of its psychological effort, of its usefulness, and of its possible strategic results in this war was not our task. At the beginning of the development we didn't think this rocket should have an all-destroying effect." Fiercely, Hitler turned to Dornberger and screamed, "*You* didn't intend that, but *I* did!!" And then, in a moment of quiet, Hitler stared searchingly into Dornberger's eyes, and said: —

If only I had had faith in you earlier! In all my life I have owed apologies to two people — only — General Field Marshal von Brauchitsch, who repeatedly drew my attention to the importance of [the V-2] . . . for the future, and yourself. If we had had this rocket in 1939, we would never have had this war. Now and in the future, Europe and the world is too small for war. . . . War will become unbearable for the human race.

Since 1945, when in Europe Hitler and his Germany died and in Asia the first atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima, the forthcoming era of rocket-atomic warfare has steadily advanced on mankind. No one can know whether Hitler's last words to Dornberger were prophecy or requiem.

The world knows, however, that rocket and atomic research continue, under governmental control, in America and in Russia. Since 1945 the Russians have had Peenemünde, and America has had Dornberger and von Braun and — with one exception — the key members of their great team of rocket experts. What the Russians now have, or have under way, is perhaps a better guarded secret than is some of our own activity in rocket and atomic research. But it is no secret that Joseph Stalin and his associates have their dreams. Unlike Hitler, they are inclined to keep the details to themselves.

(The End)



An Atlantic Story



Artist, sportsman, and country gentleman, JAMES REYNOLDS is a painter of murals, an expert on Palladian architecture, and a connoisseur of Irish ghosts. His beautifully illustrated volume *Ghosts in Irish Houses*, which combines his two loves, has met with an enthusiastic reception in this country, as has his second volume, *Gallery of Ghosts*, which goes further abroad to find its themes in India, Restoration England, and in Maine. Mr. Reynolds's first novel, *The Grand Wide Way*, was published last winter.

THE TOWER

by JAMES REYNOLDS

ONE day a few years ago I was returning from the Kenmare Races to my house in County Kildare. The day was fine. So consistently cool and sunny had a long chain of early autumn days been, that this one might easily prove to be the last before rains set in. I turned to a stable lad who was driving for me. "Bingo, I feel the urge, so strong it is not to be denied, to return to Ballykileen by way of Inchigeelagh, following the River Lee to Macroom. I know full well that 'auld ancient acre,' as the bards sing of the source of the River Lee, is as favorite with you as with me."

Bingo Lacey, who just escaped being a Gaelic bard himself by an eyelash, smiled broadly. "Ah, sir, and ye do be always rakin' me over because ave the auld tales I like to tell. But as a spalpeen I always loved the story ave the tatarara kindled be auld Mac ave Croom. We turn off the highroad here, sir."

For a while the car bumped over tussocks of grass and a tortuous byroad which caused Bingo to grind out between his teeth, "Be the holy, the rough side ave nature grasps ye be the throat on this devil's switchback." Then the car slid out of chaos into a scene as near Paradise as this earth affords.

Backed by the misty emerald reaches of the Derlynasaggart Mountains rose a tall stone tower on which highly burnished ivy clung in breeze-rippled swags. An allée of twisted bog oaks, ruddy bronze in the last blaze of autumn leaf, formed a gigantic lattice wall on either side of the pointed entrance door set in a wall facing the river source. It is at this secluded glade, shadowed by soaring plane

and oak trees, that "the pleasant waters of the River Lee" become a broad, gently flowing stream meandering through farm lands into Cork Harbor. True, the river actually stems from hidden springs under the mountain-girt lough of Gougane Barra, scarcely reflects the sky at all, running silent and hidden until, as marshes, the waters spread like a burnished silver shield to mirror Inchigeelagh's Tower.

I remember how hushed was the landscape. A legendary quiet of middle mist, where one seems suspended in time, midway between fantasy and reality. The only sound was the high-wheeling rooks, caw-caw-cawing, as they prepared to settle along the corbels of the broken battlements for the night.

Hands folded on his chest, almost I thought in an attitude of adoration, Bingo stood contemplating the tall triptych window at the top of the tower. This was the only window left wide to the elements. Centuries ago a tyrant had caused all other windows or crossbow slits to be stoned up blind. Quietly, for I know Bingo Lacey's moods full well, I waited. A few minutes passed. Then he sighed, turned, and saw me regarding him. He walked towards me. "I was thinkin' how, fer half the years ave her life, Inchigeelagh sat at that high window, the length and breadth ave the day. Off and away she'd cast her eyes towards Kinsale and the memory ave Desmond Healy, braidin' her fingers in longin'."

As Bingo and I walked back to the motorcar in the shadows of approaching night, I thought deeply on what the boy had said. The way he phrased the legend was sheer poetry, surely, but

then he had a great subject to play upon with imagery of words. The poignant love story of the Lady Inchigeelagh and Desmond Healy of Healy's Pass in Kinsale has tremendous stature. A great "love death" the like of Paolo and Francesca or Tristan and Isolde. The day after my visit to the Tower of Longing at the headwater of the River Lee I drove into Macroom to consult with a man, a noted historian of the countryside. While I knew in part this epic story of thwarted love, I wanted to round out the theme. So I present it here, in all its sound and fury.

2

SOMETIME in the eleventh century a huge, bull-like man rode out of the glens of Antrim, in the mid of a dark, demented night of "all winds and worse weather," to the portcullis of a castle belonging to the Bannots of Cree. A small, scraggily built, and ill-manned affair of stone and timber, the defenses soon crumbled. Within an hour after the attack by pikemen shaggily clad in animal skins, Castle Cree was reduced. Mac Croom of Croom put every living thing found within the shattered walls to the sword or flames. The rising sun after the storm looked upon hundreds of hands clearing away the debris and commencing to erect a great fortress-place which one may see today as Macroom Castle.

And so, as far as one may learn, started the reign of a tyrant, a tribal chief as these men were known at the time, of such ferocity, such dark deeds of cruelty, as put even the Black O'Flaherty of Menlo to shame. Although this man styled himself The Mac of Croom he called his fortress tower, and the village which endured to become the thriving market town it is today, Macroom. The Mac ruled his family and followers by a tyranny of fear. It is said there was no torture to which he would not subject anyone who aroused his anger. Old tales say he decapitated his eldest son in one fell swoop of his sword for failing to rise from the battlefield when a glancing blow knocked him out. It was later found the youth was imprisoned to the knees in bog mud as treacherous and lethal as quicksand.

Of all men alive The Mac hated the Tribe Healy of Healy's Pass. This powerful family had won great glory in the Battle of Clontarf and had ruled, by might of arms, most of Cork and lands along the River Lee. This power, flaunted far and wide by Colum Healy and his three sons, caused the gorge to rise in the throat of Mac of Croom to the point of choking him. He lived only to raise an army powerful enough to destroy the Tribe Healy. Twice did The Mac raid the village of Healy's Pass which guarded the narrow entrance to the gorge of that name which shut off the Castle of Kinsale from the sea road. If ever man found an

impregnable barrier to his aims it was this fortress rising on ramps of living rock, as does Dunluce Castle in the western reaches of Antrim.

After each abortive attempt to annihilate the Healys, The Mac gathered his disheartened soldiers together, limping back to Macroom to shut himself away to lick his wounds. It was during one of these periods when a dank pall of depression draped the castle and bailey, that furtive word was brought to his ear that his daughter Inchigeelagh was secretly meeting Desmond Healy, youngest son of his despised enemy, in a savanna of trees which surrounded an ancient garrison tower a few miles to the west. This had been built long ago by Kel, a Danish chief, and was sometimes used by the ladies Healy as a bower, for cool breezes from off the river tempered the hot days of south Ireland summer.

When The Mac heard this gossip he strode to the ladies' bower at Castle Croom and nearly choked the girl Inchigeelagh into confession. At first she denied this story as that conjured by some jealous malcontent. "You lie," thundered The Mac. "Your beauty is a lure. You are to be shut away where no man can see it." But that night when The Mac sent men-at-arms to imprison his daughter they found that she, accompanied by a tirewoman, had fled his demesne. Had Inchigeelagh ridden straight to Healy's Pass it is probable there would never have been this story. But she rode to the tower where Desmond was to meet her with armed escort. Under a starry sky, now and then darkened by scudding clouds, the women rode in blind fear until, on the slight rise of ground, they came to the dark tower where Inchigeelagh had spent long hours of ecstasy with Desmond. But to her dismay no Desmond Healy waited for her. All was silent and dreadfully lone. She turned to Garda, the tirewoman. "We must wait for a time. If Desmond does not come soon, we will ride along the road to Kinsale to meet him."

"Ah, lady, 'tis a clutch at me heart ave an old foreboding that I have. Listen — listen. Barking dogs and hoofs on the flinty road." The woman commenced to sob.

At a sweeping gallop was borne the sound of many horses. The listening women sensed that the sound came from the west, not the road that Desmond would take, but from the direction of Macroom. In frantic haste the women remounted, urging their horses along the sea road to Healy's Pass. Scarcely had they settled into the saddle before they were overtaken by The Mac and his men. In silence the mouths of Inchigeelagh and Garda were sealed against outcry with scarves torn from their wimples. Then The Mac pushed the two women into the shadow of the tower. Turning to his men-at-arms he bade them deploy to ambush among the thick spinney of alders fringing the road.

Wide-eyed, aching with watching for the approach of her lover, whom she knew her father planned to murder, Inchigeelagh wept through the night. As the sun rose on a still morning, the sound of horses' hoofs clacked sharply from the direction of Kinsale. Suddenly the loud barking of a boarhound, followed by sharp cries to silence the brute, caught the wary ear of an outrider scouting ahead of Desmond Healy's retinue. Instantly the gallowglass wheeled his horse as pikemen leapt from ambush to drag him down. His warning cry was heard. Desmond reined his horse on a knoll, taking in the number of men wildly breaking cover. Not seeing any sign of Inchigeelagh, captive in the lower part of the tower, he shouted to his followers: "To me, to me! A Healy, a Healy! Fly to Kinsale, we are outnumbered." Hearing this battle cry, the heart of Inchigeelagh seemed turned to stone.

So began one of the strangest of recorded imprisonments of a human being. Ruthless beyond belief or reason, The Mac of Croom set immediately about his plan to torture, by parting them, his daughter and the son of his mortal enemy. First he had Inchigeelagh and Garda taken to the top of the tower. Then every window or doorway in the walls was sealed with stone, leaving only the tall pointed window, forming a triple opening, which gave a clear view off and away to the opening of Healy's Pass. He then set up a garrison of fifty men to guard his daughter. When all work was done, The Mac stood well away from the foot of the tower. Wrapping himself in a thick homespun mantle against the cold, wet wind raking up the valley, he called loudly.

"Come to the window, Inchigeelagh of the Longings, as you will be called from this day out. Never again shall you leave this tower. You and your tirewoman are walled up against rescue. Fifty gallowglasses, strongly armed, will stand always in readiness. Food and clothing will be hoisted to you. You must not starve nor die from cold. A long life of waiting and watching for a lover who will never come will bow your deceitful head and break your heart. But it will pleasure me to watch. For it will be long and lone that you will hope."

And so, old chroniclers wrote, did the wayward daughter of The Mac of Croom live for twenty years imprisoned in the tower. Daily, food was lifted to her bower by a rope. In winter warm mantles and gowns of heavy stuffs were given her. No fire was allowed her. Only a cold empty hearth to sit beside. After a few years Garda died. From then out Inchigeelagh looked after herself. As her father had predicted, hope of release by Desmond sustained the woman in her dreadful loneliness. Sometimes he would appear with a band of armed followers. A fierce skirmish would ensue, but always the powerful, heavily armed gallowglasses of The Mac routed Desmond and his men. Then he set a new plan to let Inchigeelagh know he was stead-

fast, that his great love for her had not waned. Sometimes at night, in the radiance of a full moon, the man would appear on the knoll overlooking the tower. Across the withers of his mount was a bronze shield upon which he would beat out a message. As time went on, Inchigeelagh learned to understand that Desmond sounded his undying love in this shield music. Often he was interrupted by forays from the garrison, but this infrequent message was all she had to hearten the endless monotony of her days.

3

THE years dragged on. Border wars of varying moment were fought up and down the coast road and over the undulating fields bordering the lovely Lee. It was the days of the baronies. Every baron was a robber, a usurper of another's lands. Only the strong survived or kept their holding intact. The Mac of Croom, ensconced in his river-girt castle, was the strongest baron for many miles.

By the same token the Healys were weak in fighting men. The ancient pile called Kinsale Keep, rising so stark from troubled water, was strong in itself; but once the Healy banner of a yellow leopard coursing a green field appeared outside the bailey walls it was more by the speed of stout-hearted horses that they were able to escape their enemies than by fighting strength.

Famine was rife in the south counties because of a barley and millet blight from mold which had appeared first in Waterford soon after the defeat of the Danes at Clontarf. Ranks of men-at-arms were decimated by this hunger scourge. Children died without reaching baptism. An old boding, foretold in 800 by a monk called Ennisfa the Prophet, that bloodshed and famine, unholy linked, would exterminate the Gael, seemed about to be fulfilled.

Then one day the old gods seemed to look with compassion upon Desmond Healy and his once lovely Inchigeelagh, now withering in beauty and racked with ague. A violent storm swept the south coast of Ireland, casting many ships upon the shaley beach of Kinsale Head. The Healys saved hundreds of mariners. Many stayed on to settle in the fertile land just now emerging from famine. In gratitude to Gain Healy, eldest of Desmond's brothers, head of the tribe, the men agreed to fight for him, to forever reduce the Tribe Macroom.

A few weeks after the storm, word was secretly brought to Desmond that The Mac of Croom had been set upon in a surprise attack by gallowglasses in the pay of Brian O'Moyle of Muckross Abbey in the reaches of Killarney Water. The Mac was heavily engaged defending his own stronghold as well as trying to reduce the Abbey, which he had long coveted. When a second message was relayed by Healy spies that the victorious Mac had planted his black and crimson banner on O'Moyle's battle-

ments, at terrible cost in loss of men, Desmond reached a quick decision. With the aid of his brother Gain he impounded every able-bodied man in the demesne of Kinsale. With the hundred-odd mariners from Brittany and his own stalwart farmers to swell the ranks of standing garrison, Desmond believed he had an army worthy to confound the depleted ranks of The Mac.

As so often happens in cases of this kind, the malcontent, the malingerer over real or fancied insults, spoils the best-laid plans. A jailer at the tower, called Morto Garry, had one day breached the doorway leading from the top of the steps to the tower room. When he had tried to force his attentions upon her, Inchigeelagh had stabbed Morto in the thigh. Soon after this he was relieved of his post by the captain of the garrison. Swearing vengeance the man slunk away. Before he left he arranged the stones at the breached door loosely, hoping the prisoner would escape. But Inchigeelagh, worn by imprisonment, had not the strength. In disguise Morto had joined Gain Healy's ranks. Always casting his fortunes in the highest quarter of advantage, Morto overheard a group of drunken bowmen discussing the impending raid. He slipped silently from the guardroom and, stealing one of the horses tethered in the paddock, rode breakneck to tell The Mac what he knew.

Desmond, believing his enemy to be still engaged, agreed with his brother that the time had come to march to the Tower of Longing. Nearly one thousand men-at-arms, on horse and afoot, set out. Horses were ridden cross-country so that this time no sound of hoofs slamming on flint would herald the arrival. Bow and pike men, feet wrapped in folds of sacking, followed the bohireens on either side of the road. So deep were these ditches that a skulking man was effectively concealed. Forewarned by Morto Garry, The Mac, followed by a weary, battle-scarred few thousand men, moved stealthily towards the tower from the opposite direction.

The battle that took place this windy night was terrible to behold. Down the centuries it has been extolled in rune by bards singing at the crossroads or traveling the roads of Ireland. Women in lone coteens have crouched over cradles singing softly of the splendor of Inchigeelagh's last sleep. Come-all-ye's, the intriguing narrative poems sung at village gatherings, set to whatever tune the singer wishes to carry, have come down the centuries by word of mouth.

For a space of hours the tides of battle eddied back and forth. First a transient victory would go to The Mac of Croom. Then down would fall his banner of crimson displaying a black boar. Springing up against the sky, the yellow leopard would flaunt triumph for Gain and Desmond Healy. Although The Mac constantly brought up fresh detachments of archers and swordsmen, Gain

Healy was able, by dexterous advances and withdrawals, to keep them at bay. As false dawn painted the east with brightness, Desmond gathered half a hundred swordsmen about him and succeeded in entering the tower. Swiftly he sped up the crumbling stone steps which clung to the angles of the wall. Up to the loosely piled stones which had once sealed the only door to the top of the tower. It was only when he bore a fainting Inchigeelagh in his arms, and leaned out of the window to signal to his men, that Desmond saw he had been trapped. Warily The Mac had waited, withdrawn, in a small clump of alders. He had summoned a group of reserve swordsmen to stand at the ready, for he had anticipated and carefully planned the maneuver which would decoy his enemy into a false sense that Macroon forces were bested. Now he swung mightily into action. Bronze armor gleaming dully in the early morning light, crimson banner whipping like flowing blood against the opal sky, The Mac challenged Healy men at the foot of the tower stairs. Dreadful was the carnage wrought by great two-handed swords. The dead sprawled on every hand. Most of the dead were Healys, for Macroon swords cut them down the like of scythed wheat.

Gain Healy lay clutching his blood-streaked banner; and with the sight of their leader whipped away out of life, the spirits of his men fled down the wind. The last that Desmond, shouting from the battlements, saw of his scattered forces, they were haring it in desperate retreat along the sea road towards the Pass.

Then came the triumph of The Mac's long-awaited revenge. Roaring orders right and left, he caused huge bundles of faggots and bundles of logs which had been hidden for his purpose in the woods to be piled about four sides of the tower. When this grim task was done, he grabbed a torch from the hand of a retainer. With feverish impatience he strode round and about the tower base setting the dry wood alight.

As false dawn faded and night fell darkly for the few minutes before sunrise, the flames leapt higher and higher, the like of bloody fingers, to clasp the two lovers in the tower even as they, silent in reunion, clasped each other. The sun rose on an angry scene. Dirt-grimed, hollow-eyed survivors of The Mac's garrison were appalled by the horror of watching this gigantic pyre. That a father could be such a monster seemed, even to their dull brains, to be tempting the chancy gods. Dreadful and drear were the omens of such a deed. Fearfully the men slunk away into the forest.

The fire died down to embers. Acrid smoke spiraled high only to drift away on the wind. A black-maned man, arms folded across his breastplate, stood alone regarding the tower. Much later, when the riven stones had cooled enough to allow his entering the tower, The Mac of Croom, tyrant and double murderer, slowly climbed the steps.

Muttering to himself, he gazed vengefully upon the smoke-blackened bodies of the lovers he had so long persecuted. A wind from off water rose, sighing among the battlements. The musk and amber of revenge lay sweet upon his tongue. Kicking charred rooks' nests out of his path, The Mac descended slowly, leapt into the saddle, and rode, shifty-eyed, ever watchful, back to his castle of Macroom.

4

COUPLED with notable Irish imagination as well as a curious illusion, somewhat similar to mirages seen in the vast stretches of the Hungarian Puszta, the flames of The Mac of Croom's revenge seem never to totally die out. All manner of tales are related by farmers or villagers, even travelers who visit the source of the River Lee and environs. The version most often heard is that always at sunrise and again at sunset Inchigeelagh's Tower glows with red-gold light as if reflecting devouring flames. I have seen this at sunset, particularly after what had been a demented day of high wind and lowering weather. Red, gold, livid yellow, the sun's rays shot up against dissolving inky clouds. Whether it is the reflected image of the tower in the misty atmosphere of flat water spread in front, or the clearness of air in the valley of the Lee, I cannot say. In any case the tower vibrates in shimmering flame color. Let the moon flood the valley with cool rays and the tower becomes remote, silent, silvered stone, starkly confronting the centuries.

Once I was told that two archaeologists were spending the night at a farmhouse a quarter of a mile from the tower. At sunset the two set out to see the effect created by sun rays on the stone. Sunset was a particularly magnificent pageant put on by Helios as he drove his fiery chariot downward to escape descending night. Here I will tell this as it was told to me.

"We stood a few hundred feet away from the tower, watching the undulating play of radiance on the ivied stone. Suddenly, when the brilliance was almost unbearable for the naked eye to watch, a sound of shrill crying seemed to issue from the arched window just under the corbels. Mingled with the cry of a woman, actually a sound of glad reunion we thought, was the commanding shouting of a man. Then as the color commenced to recede we were conscious of the silhouetted figures of a man and woman in ancient garments swaying in the window, close in embrace. We learned, when returning to the farmhouse, that this phenomenon of dark figures framed in light was often seen."

A few years ago I chanced to be out of Ireland in Italy. A letter was forwarded to me from a friend in Pennsylvania. This letter said my friend planned to come to Ireland from the Continent later in the summer but, alas, had only five days to spend before she embarked at Cobh to return to America. What trip could I suggest for her to take wherein she would see as much of Gaelic Ireland as possible? I immediately answered: "In Dublin hire a motor-car and follow the sea road out of County Dublin into Wexford, Carlow, along the dramatic cliffs of Waterford. Then strike inland to Cork. Visit Gougane Barra, following the River Lee to Belvelly Castle and so to Cobh."

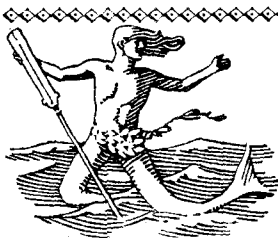
A few weeks later I received an enthusiastic letter from this woman. Words of wonder spilled out of the pages. "Never would I believe I could have seen so much of interest and beauty of countryside as in those four days motoring over the landscape you told me of. My greatest moment was when, at sunset, after a day of light rain and mist, my driver took me to an ancient tower. A prison, I believe, for some unhappy Gaelic queen or other. The sun set in tremendous color, and I was sure I heard shouting. Cries of anguish or surprise, I could scarcely make out which. There high in the tower, I was convinced, I saw two figures embracing one another. As we drove away when the sun had set, I distinctly heard the sound of battle at the foot of the tower. Swords clashing, and angry shouts of men. My head was in a whirl."

A year or so later I saw this friend in Philadelphia. We were discussing her trip to Ireland. She said, "I never told you of the rather odd thing that was said to me when I arrived at my hotel in Cork after visiting Inchigeelagh's Tower. It was much later than I had wired I would arrive. I explained my tardiness to the manageress of the Victoria Hotel, saying I had gone to the 'haunted' tower at Lee source. The woman eyed me quizzically, her pen balanced in mid-air.

" 'And you saw?' she inquired.

" 'I believed for a moment the tower was in flames and that a battle was in progress at its foot. Though I saw no one other than two shadowy figures in a high window. All most odd,' I replied.

"Looking at me through half-closed eyes the manageress nodded her head sagely. 'So — the old Mac of Croom and the Healys were at it hammer and tongs again. It's a great class of lather the two stir up. I'm glad they do, for it entertains foreign visitors to County Cork. And that,' she smiled engagingly, 'is good for my business, surely. Ye'll be in Room 16.'"



The Atlantic Serial



This is the fourth installment of the Atlantic's abridgment of AGNES DE MILLE's autobiography, Dance to the Piper. Our serial comprises only about a third of the rich and spirited book which is to be the February selection of the Literary Guild. The granddaughter of Henry George and the daughter of William de Mille, the playwright, Miss de Mille had a long but not inglorious fight as she struggled to establish herself first as a dancer and then as a choreographer of American ballet. Pavlova started her on her course; she studied at the Kosloff School, composed her own dances before she was twenty, made her New York debut (but could get no steady backing), worked for six years in England under Marie Rambert with Hugh Laing as her partner. Then, with her European reputation made, she came home to renew her efforts on the American stage. With her ballet Rodeo, she scored the first of what were to be a series of successes in Oklahoma!, Bloomer Girl, Brigadoon, and Allegro.

DANCE TO THE PIPER

by AGNES DE MILLE

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NOTHING succeeds like failure," said Rebecca West to me. And sure enough, back home in New York a little later, I was given a chance to do a stage show called *Hooray for What*, directed by Vincent Minelli, the scenery and costume designer, his first directorial assignment. It was written by Lindsay and Crouse with a score by Harold Arlen and lyrics by E. Y. Harburg. Ed Wynn was the star. Kay Thompson and Hannah Williams (Mrs. Jack Dempsey) were the leading ladies. This is a notable group of names, and one would think they might ensure a high degree of professionalism. It turned out not. The project began decently enough with a telegram from Vincent Minelli. The salary was small but adequate. I came gladly.

The Business Manager, since deceased, I did not care for. It is the custom to speak kindly of the dead; but having entertained nothing except loathing for him when alive, I see no reason now to veil my opinion. He it was who set the dancers' salaries. "Thirty-five dollars a week and a little loving on the side." Plain and frank like that. I insisted on having two girls I knew, Mary Meyer and Dorothy Bird. He thought they were hideous. Mary had done a part for Thalberg and Cukor and had modeled for Hoyningen-Huene and *Harper's Bazaar*, while Dorothy was one of Graham's chief soloists

and looked like something off the Parthenon. But they were not the Business Manager's type and he didn't want them around. Fortunately, Arlen and Harburg and Crouse disagreed.

The Business Manager's type, or the type of the men who put up the money, or their henchmen's type, I was to learn well as time passed. They did not assemble all at once; they drifted in day by day as rehearsals progressed — faded, jaded, raddled with drink, hawk-eyed, hard-mouthed, and insolent. And for every one of these, I had to let a trained dancer go. I had to take them, and I couldn't fire them, not if they fell down dead-drunk at my feet, not if they were three hours late. They wore fine furs over their bathing suits, and diamonds, and platinum slave bracelets, and they talked about how they wished they were Barbara Hutton. Great limousines with liveried chauffeurs fetched them at the stage door. They didn't know their left knee from their hair dye. One astonishing girl, fresh back from Australia or South Africa, allowed as how she always got a job whenever she blew into town. It didn't matter how far along rehearsals were. They didn't dare not hire her. She didn't specify why. She thought I was nuts, but she liked me. They all thought I was nuts, but Girlie was the only one who liked me. I committed the indiscretion of making the ladies bend their

backs the first day. The next rehearsal none of them could walk and complained to the management. I was asked to be reasonable. I also haughtily refused to give the favorites special things to do, although I knew very well what powers stood behind them. I might have played ball just a little, but I scorned to, and I worked my own ruin and knew it but would not change.

Right off I got into trouble. The management wanted the girls exposed as much as possible, face front always, bosom bared, legs just visible to the waist. Minelli had all sorts of trick costumes planned, gas masks on their faces, barbed wire wrapped around them (made of rubber, forty-five dollars a yard). He was stressing irony. Business Manager was more interested in sex. Neither gave way. I took my instructions from Minelli since he had hired me.

Rehearsals were a horror, and there was never ten minutes of privacy or quiet. When I sat on stage I knew that the bosses had sneaked in and were prowling the aisles whispering. I developed a tic from snapping my head to see who was spying behind me. When I sat out front, I knew by the sudden inattention and heightened chattering and giggling that you-know-who had entered through the stage door, and was sitting just out of sight teasing and snooping. I pleaded for privacy. I denounced. I warned. No use. The evening rehearsal was the after-dinner fun of all the bosses and their lawyers and their lawyers' guests, and all visiting bigwigs from Hollywood, and all backers, and backers' wives; and all my little adventuresses primped and giggled and studied the guests with experienced eyes and paid me not the slightest mind. Naturally, I was on the way out already. Only I didn't know it. The management had never wanted me. They didn't like what they saw. It was Minelli who had forced me on them along with his damned gas masks and rubber wire. They got along busily with their plans at the back of the orchestra while I sat on stage and tried to compose something good and tried to see who was walking back there and why. And very soon the great dance director of musicals, Robert Alton, made his appearance and I was told that he would divide the work with me. I had no agent. I accepted this without a word, but I chilled to the last nerve. Thereafter, I got the troupe only now and then.

We went to Boston. The dress rehearsal lasted without break three days and two nights. We went into the theater on a Tuesday and came out Thursday noon. Minelli had altered the sets for his own reasons without telling; and whereas I had been given to understand there would be four exits, at the corners, I now found there was one, directly center. Also the stage was not square but pie-shaped. Dancers were given trains, hats, and swords they had not counted on. Several numbers became disasters.

And now the henchmen arrived in a body, together with the backers and agents, and walked up and down the aisles and selected what girls they wanted and gave advice indiscriminately to everyone about whom to fire and what to cut, a very handsome, upright group of men, as helpful in this time of stress as they were entertaining and refreshing.

The book wasn't going too well and we were all treated to the spectacle of our chiefs screaming and reviling one another across the theater. Harburg, who had just gotten out of a hospital, denouncing Minelli; Minelli, his eyes bulging from his head with fixed fury, turning on Wynn; Wynn taking his time. B.M. harassing and chivying Crouse and Lindsay. Hannah Williams in tears. Jack Dempsey wanting to poke someone but not rightly knowing whom; Kay Thompson grim-lipped and sardonic. The chorus boys began to fall over like ninepins. The girls, of course, were indestructible, but they were not happy. As for me, I knew I was licked. I hoped only to save something of my work.

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WE opened. Most of the show was lousy, some was good. That night after the performance my girls were called on the phone and ordered up to a party. Mary and Dorothy refused to go; Mary was fired later at the first pretext. Two of the singers they were rooming with did go, and came back very soon weeping. The hospitality upstairs was of the real old-fashioned kind.

The next morning I was fired. The following day Hannah Williams and the leading man. Two days later Kay Thompson. B.M. fired me in the middle of the Touraine lobby. He forbade me to re-enter the theater or speak to my dancers. I did go to talk to Paul Haakon, who had been a most sympathetic worker, but B.M. came hurrying after, called him aside, and Paul slunk away to the other side of the house. Minelli had taken to his bed and seemed unable to cope. The others were busy tearing one another's throats open. I went alone to the railroad station. Someone had given me some red roses and I said good-by debonairly at the theater, handing them out to whoever was still brave enough to risk a nod and smile. A few broke from duress and stole away to the station, Haakon among them, and just as the train left, her face streaming with tears, came my Mary. "They're tearing your work to pieces. Every lovely thing you did. I couldn't save one thing. It's all wasted and destroyed. They wouldn't wait until you got out of town." I said something terse and four-lettered, kissed them all and climbed aboard. I was free of it. My New York phone rang at 2.30 the next morning. It was Kay Thompson and she said, "I have good news for you. B.M. has just fallen off the stage and broken his back."

"This isn't true," I said. "You're just saying this to make me feel good."

But it was true. His back was broken all right. He had been scrabbling up over the footlights to tear the pretty dress I had allotted Dorothy Bird from her back and give it to one of his harpies, his face distorted with hate, his fingers clutching for the hooks, when his foot slipped. Not one person on the stage moved to help him for appreciable seconds. But even from the hospital, he wove his spell. Thompson was fired — just tapped on the shoulder and told as she went from the stage, "That will be your last performance, Miss T."

Equity has made most of these abuses impossible. I am sure a great deal of the reform stemmed directly from this unseemly and disreputable production. This was typical for its time. This is what the musical theater was like, full of glamour and things.

The only pleasant episode connected with this experience was a conversation I had with Robert Alton, my successor. One day, toward the end, he sat me down in the theater and told me what mistakes I had made. He was neither pompous nor boasting; he spoke out of friendly good will and a vast experience. I have profited by his remarks ever since and I remember him with gratitude for a gesture of what I consider true generosity. His rules for rehearsal are as follows; I repeat them for the benefit of all young choreographers: —

1. Begin with something technical and definite.
2. Begin on time. Be prompt.
3. Do not let the chorus sit down.
4. Never let them make a mistake. Do not pass over a fault. Stop them in the middle of a bar if necessary and correct.
5. Polish as you go along.
6. Never seem in doubt.
7. Never let the bosses see anything unfinished.

If you have only eight bars to show them, show them this much and no more. If you have not this much, get up yourself and demonstrate.

There is one alternative to this set of restrictions: to wit, work in private. The first four rules I still observe carefully, except sometimes number four. Alton was referring to chorus dancers. He did not often work with artists. The mistake of an artist may be a godsend. The last rule, number seven, applies to the old-style producer. It has no reference to people like Rodgers and Hammerstein, Langner and Helburn, who have understanding of the creative process and who have, moreover, a sense of courtesy; who have — let us put it this way — common sense.

As for never seeming in doubt, that's ridiculous. Every choreographer disembowels himself, and every experienced dancer knows it and expects it. But Alton worked the other way — at a speed suggestive of a radio sports commentator, with a whistle between his teeth. The dancers adored him. No time was wasted in his rehearsals. Slick,

finished, and speedy, the work went together. There were no great moments of dramatic revelation, but each routine was solidly built and effective.

This was my last brush with Broadway until *Oklahoma! Oklahoma!*, I believe, was the first musical show where every dancer was hired for just one reason — that he or she was the best available performer for the role. I stand on the record that this system, although prissy, worked.

One last word about *Hooray* and I have done. I am pleased to be able to close on an exhilarating note. Later my incredible mother assembled these same chorus girls for a class in Single Tax. They came not once but often.

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AT NIGHT in the little personal hours I did the dreadful arithmetic. Youth gone. No husband. No child. No achievement in work. I used to wake cold and consider the situation. Time was passing. My prospects had over a decade ago ceased to be bright. When I was asleep and defenseless, nightmare took over. There was no answer to reflections of this nature but the lonely breakfast and again barre beginning with *pliés*, as barre had begun for the last twenty years.

In the meantime the world rocked and convulsed with war. If my dynamics had slowed to an imperceptible pulse, the temper of nations quickened. My partner was drafted and in the army, and for the third time I lost a dancer it had taken years to train. I packed up the costumes carefully. I have never unpacked them. Concert work was finished for the duration. I could earn nothing teaching. Broadway was closed, Hollywood impervious, the Metropolitan as always sealed off, the ballet world cool.

I could not go on bleeding Mother white. She was aging and had suffered a frightening heart attack which laid her up for months. She had driven herself to the breaking point and, as always, resisted doctors' help. It was in rushing to snatch the phone from my sister's hands and to declare she was perfectly fine that she fell senseless between us. And as we labored to carry her to her bed, she moaned and muttered, "Don't stop your work. Don't think of me. Go back to your dancing. I have Margaret's dress to finish." Small luxuries counted now. She must have help although she seemed bright enough and, despite all medical warning, was pacing herself as before.

I had been given a fair, long chance to prove my mettle, and I seemed only to drain off her resources dollar by dollar. Plainly I hadn't made good. But I had done my utmost. I must rest on this and accept God's will. There was, however, one further thing I could do. I could quit.

I intended to go down to Macy's, where my sister Mag, now divorced, had been learning merchandis-

ing, and get a job at a ribbon counter or wherever they'd take me, and earn a stipulated weekly salary, no matter how small. I would not continue to wear my sister's cast-off clothes as I had done for the past eight years. I would budget myself and live on my own earnings. At the end of a year I would be able to hand in an income tax — something I had done only once in my life.

On the subway one day, I met Irving Deakin's wife. The Russian Ballet was to have a new work, she said, and Irving was trying to persuade them that it would be a novelty to have an American ballet by an American and not by Massine. Irving was pulling for me, and had I a scenario? I said yes promptly. I hadn't. I went home and locked myself in for three days. I'd better use dance steps I was sure of. It would be horrible to get stuck with all those fancy Russians standing around, so I decided to enlarge on the *Rodeo* studies which had been performed in London earlier and use sections of choreography already worked out. Draining great pots of tea, I wrote it all out, and then it seemed simply awful. But in a spirit of total despair I submitted it anyway and was summoned to my first interview with the boss of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Sergei Ivanovitch Denham.

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CERTAINLY I had never dealt with anyone like him. He had been a banker, he told me, but he looked like an Old World diplomat, slender, suave, and silky. He tiptoed through large circumventions and maneuverings with pussy-cat elegance and, while never losing track of the grave involvements, bent to all the little attentions with the zest of a courtier. There was a sense of timelessness about him, ease and leisure. He almost gave the impression that nothing at all mattered except beauty and the grace of human relationship. His long aristocratic hands lay serene on the desk or fluttered in delicate accentuation, his dark eyes gazed deep, his dead-white unwrinkled brow bent in gentle courtesy toward you just as though, behind that bland forehead, were not wheels within wheels within wheels. The soft voice rose and fell in sing-song monotony with the caressing rubato of enthusiasm as he talked of grandiose monetary involvements, or Michelangelo, or the advisability of accepting an insupportable salary. His business exploits were a kind of saraband, and he wore protocol and prerogative like gold lace. The chair he sat in while the company warmed up backstage had his name painted on it and was always placed center-stage square in the middle of rehearsal. He had the right to stand in the wings with his guests no matter how crowded or hectic, or to walk with his guests into any rehearsal. He was always, even on these occasions, a charming conversationalist. He said to me, "Alexandra Danilova is

the Russian Ballet. She is *The Star*, *The Ballerina*, the only one left in the *Grand Tradition*, but she rises whenever I enter a room because I am *The Impresario*. I am a democrat, but that is nice, no?" He considered for a minute the beauty of her deference. "That is tradition," he breathed, like an Amen.

Although the situation I found myself in was ornate and rich with treacherous personalities, I had these advantages: —

1. I said just what I meant, which baffled the Russians to a standstill and set them to figuring at length what lay behind my seeming naïveté. Nothing lay behind it. But they didn't realize this for several years. I was to them a figure of mystery.

2. They spoke Russian, so I could not understand their objections.

3. I thought they were a down-at-heel, shabby company who had got by with hokum for far too long, so I was not hampered by awe or any such restricting emotion.

4. I believed that I could do something good.

5. This was to be my last job, so it didn't matter anyway.

"Whom do you want for a composer?" said Denham in his high voice.

"The best, Aaron Copland."

"I have heard this Copland is good."

"You have heard correctly."

"Now, supposing we cannot arrange this with him? Who is your second choice?"

I had fifteen dollars in the bank, and I was now shopping for the world's great composers. I adjusted my sister's hat with a languorous gesture and drawled, "Let us decide that when Copland definitely refuses." And I put my heels hard on the floor to keep my knees from trembling.

"Now, Miss de Mille," Mr. Denham cooed and sighed, "let us do this thing with lyricism and with beauty."

At the mention of this dangerous word I set my teeth. It was going to be a tough fight on money, I could see. "Talk to my lawyer about the aesthetics," I muttered.

"Naturally, naturally." His hand described an eighteenth-century parabola. "But let us not have just American brawn and vim. Let us not have only the American hotcha. There is also lyricism. There is also poetry." (He's going to try to get away with four hundred dollars for the whole job, I thought.) "There is the tender side of life."

"Mr. Denham," I interjected, "have you ever seen a running set?"

"Frankly, no, I have not."

"Or any native American dance not devised by Leonide Massine?"

"To tell truth, no."

"Then," I said, "relax. You have in mind the Cossack version of our native forms, which differs from the Colorado."

"Ah-ha!" said a voice in the corner. A large-domed, bald, egg-shaped gentleman by name David Libidins had seated himself behind me. "A young lady who knows her mind. This I like. This I like verrry much." And he went into a mouthful of Russian which sounded like hot chocolate and whipped cream mixed with teeth. Libidins was business manager and comptroller. He was enormous. He was male. Part llama, part bull. He was also very smart. Every so often he giggled with a high piercing Russian male giggle that boded no good for someone. At the moment he told me he was writing his memoirs and submitting them not to an editor, as one might suppose, but to his lawyers, and he was right to do this. It is virtually impossible, he told me, to write three consecutive sentences about the Ballet Russe without infuriating colleagues. Evidently his lawyers were firm. I wish, indeed I wish, they had not been.

"Now, Miss de Mille," he said, "continue. Speak out all what you wish." Later he called me Malinki, which means "small." I don't know why he took my part. But he did, right from the beginning. He said I had a back like Fedor Chaliapin. He also said that Chaliapin's torso when stripped was the finest in the world. But it is my impression he was comparing us dynamically.

Sergei Ivanovitch Denham continued, "Let us have a large red barn for the party scene."

"But, Mr. Denham," I said, "there are no barns in the Southwest. I have a relative who owns eight thousand head of cattle, an average amount. They do not go into a barn at night."

"But a barn is so interesting, so picturesque. Benois once designed me an enchanting red barn. You cannot imagine what an effect was the deep red behind the dancing."

"Square dancing?"

"No, *moujiks*, but the reds were incredible."

"No barn, Mr. Denham." I glanced at David Savielovitch Libidins.

"*Dal*!" he said and his ponderous head chopped forward as though decapitating Denham's idea. "It is her cattle. This she knows about." He muttered in Russian. "There will be no barn," he said airily to me.

"But, above all," Denham continued in his high hypnotic tone, "let us seek to keep all beautiful and lyric."

I hastened out to hire the toughest lawyer I could find.

On the bus home I met, of all people, Martha Graham! "This is a mighty strange adventure I've embarked on!"

"At last," she cried, "one of us has breached the impregnable. Now, Agnes, you listen to me. Be arrogant. You're every bit the artist any one of them is. This they won't know because they don't know art from a split kick, but they will recognize arrogance, and for your sake, for our sakes, show

them what it is like, once in a way, to be on the receiving end."

I took the pledge. She kissed me. "Remember," she called. I pranced down the street waving the roses in my, or rather Margaret's, hat.

But although he may not have understood all he was bargaining for, it was Denham and Denham only, a Russian and an alien, who gave me my real chance, supported and furthered my efforts and lent the resources of the Ballet Russe at the height of their power. Deakin and Libidins could have urged until kingdom come; Denham listened and Denham agreed.

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WE SETTLED on Aaron Copland for music, and Oliver Smith and Kermit Love to design scenery and costumes. Toward Denham I continued to evince a Bismarckian assurance. I might wake in the night shuddering with fear — but I dared not show him a crack in my conceit. A more opinionated and disagreeable girl he had never dealt with. I may have overdone it, but the role was new to me. In any case, the discipline worked. Once the word secretly came to me that Copland had signed, I put the heat on. The lawyer and he grappled and struck for terms far higher than Mr. Denham hoped. Upshot: five hundred dollars for the work. (It took five months, a guarantee of twenty-five dollars a week, just about the ribbon saleswoman's salary I'd hankered after.) Twelve-fifty royalty for the first ten performances of every season, ten dollars for the next ten, seven-fifty thereafter. I was to dance the opening night. He balked at this, but I stood firm, and he yielded at last with the understanding that I would accept the minimum union wage — fifteen dollars. That was my salary per performance for the opening season in New York.

I began to show some of the dance steps to Frederic Franklin and Lubov Roudenko — I insisted on privacy — and the three of us behind locked doors tried out the hoe-down. The *régisseur*, Ivan Ivanovitch Yazvinsky, uneasy outside, put his eye to the keyhole and froze with dismay. He rushed to the telephone and warned his master. I was, he said, reducing the Ballet Russe to the status of a night club. All this was going on in the hall right behind me, but in Russian, so I never knew. Denham lost no time in getting to my lawyer. There must be a clause, he said, guaranteeing him the right of veto; otherwise, how could he count on my taste? I might put a mustache on a Rembrandt.

"Never," said I. He was buying my taste and no one else's. He could call the whole deal off if he wished.

With this statement I came of age. This was, I believe, professionally speaking, the first brave and

independent thing I ever did. But this was my last job and I intended to have fun and do exactly what I pleased.

The contract was signed. No veto clause. I had final word on every artistic matter. This was important, for into their stronghold of tradition enforced by an almost Prussian discipline I entered to break down all their cherished habits, to awake instincts curbed and warped by inflexible techniques, to disturb the balance of power, to question their authorities, authorities which had brought them international success, champagne suppers, and glamour — not money, of course, they never expected that, but unstinted adulation.

No doubt they muttered a good deal. Russians do. Luckily, as I have remarked, it was in Russian and no trouble to me.

But they stood whenever I entered the room and allowed me to precede them through the doors. Even Danilova, the great ballerina, adored on three continents and with an immortal reputation, even she stood and followed after. I was the choreographer, in my sister's borrowed dress and hat and my sister's shoes, and with a necklace lent by my sister. I knew very well what I was facing. Behind me, too, was a lifetime of discipline, no success, but discipline, nonetheless. In my home-made embattled way, I felt ready. We joined forces.

29

THE Russians entrained for the Far West. I went on the same train, but not with them. I had to live on my twenty-five dollars a week and pay my New York rent. I got besides three dollars a day traveling expenses to cover everything — hotels, food, taxis, and so on. Mr. Libidins put into my hands a round-trip transcontinental railroad ticket, first class, which I promptly turned in and rode coach. The difference in fare balanced my budget. I carried my clothes in a light wicker basket to obviate porters' tips. I ate only sandwiches, and drank coffee in cartons. Four and a half days is a long time not to be out of one's clothes, but at the other end was a clean bed waiting at Father's. When we came into stations, I hid behind the luggage until the troupe had cleared the platforms. It would not do for them to see their choreographer coming out of a coach; Massine had traveled in a drawing room.

This was July, 1942. At every station, groups of drawn and pallid young men came aboard leaving women with obliterated faces and whimpering children on the station platforms. We finally reached the Coast.

The first rehearsal was held in what had been Carmalita Maracci's studio, now in the hands of Maria Bekefi. I asked for the men first. If I could break them, I would have the whole company in my hand. As I walked down the flowering drive

I heard the music of *Gaité Parisienne* and a good deal of stamping and shouting. Shoura (Alexandra) Danilova and Freddie Franklin were standing on chairs yelling the counts and clapping. The men, the great thick-muscled men, and the stringy-muscled girls were stamping and swooping and clenching their fists in a miasma of sweat. It was not a very large room and Shoura and Freddie were up to their waists in Parisian abandon. I glanced in and I went pale. *Gaité* finished, the girls hung about, streaming sweat, their shoes and towels under their arms, very curious. Danilova was collecting her slippers.

"You would like this room empty? No?"

"Please." I nodded faintly.

She clapped her jeweled hands and stilled the hubbub. "Madame would like this room empty. Emediately! Get out," she said with dainty succinctness. "Get out. You! All go." Then she turned to me and grasped my hand. "Now I go too because that is more convenient for you. I have great excitement for this. We hope much. *Bonne chance!*" And with a twinkling smile, she walked neatly out on her long, silken, fabulous legs and her turned-out feet, leaving a breath of delicious and expensive perfume behind her.

I turned deliberately and faced them. There they were — nineteen of them. Male. Great muscled brutes leaning against the barre and staring with watchful, smoldering eyes. Behind them were Paris, Covent Garden, Monte Carlo, and, in three cases, the Maryinski. And behind me? A wall. It occurred to me at this precise moment that, with the exception of five soloists, I had never worked with men in my life. Never more than one man at a time.

I took a deep breath. "We are going to begin," I said in a scarcely audible treble, "with men riding horses in a rodeo. For instance, if you were riding a bucking horse and were thrown, it would look like this." And I rode a bucking horse and was thrown the length of the room on my head.

"Darling!" said Freddie rushing over to me. "Darling, you'll hurt yourself!"

"Did it look good, Freddie?"

"It looked wonderful! But you'll kill yourself."

"Not me. It's you who are to do it."

The young men, around the room, looked non-plused.

"Well," said Freddie, "no help for it. Come on, boys, let's have a try. Ee —"

The riding movements were neither realistic nor imitative. I had worked for a year in London to make them intrinsically beautiful. When performed correctly they suggested the high vigorous emotions of riding. But they were very difficult because the dancer had always to look as though he were propelled by an unseen animal. He hung off balance in the air. He did not jump, he was thrown or wrenched upwards. His feet never touched

earth, it was the horses' feet that clattered in the pebbles. The very essence of the movement was shock, spasm, and effort.

Alas, although big boys, they had been trained to move like wind-blown petals. "Raise your arms," I begged them. "You have men's arms, they have striking power, they can control a heavy, moving rope, or the brute furies of an eight-hundred-pound animal."

Up came the delicate wrists and the curled fingers of the eighteenth-century dandy. "Move from the solar plexus and back," I shouted, "not from the armpit. Think of athletes," I entreated. "Think of throwing a ball, from your feet, from your back, from your guts." But it was a long time since they had thrown balls. They had forgotten. They had not used the ground since they were children except to push away from it. Their arms rose up and down but they themselves looked absolutely stationary.

"Don't *plier*. Sit your horse," I implored. "There's a difference." But the strain was too much and they relaxed back into bad second position, where they felt eminently at home.

A few Russians lolled on the barre and considered the matter poorly. "It is not dancing," they said. But I had never said it was, and I was delighted to excuse them. They picked up their towels and left in haughty silence. The ranks thinned quickly. I had planned to have eighteen men in the cast. I settled for ten. Those that stayed were ready and able.

For two hours, I rolled on the floor with them, lurched, contorted, jackknifed, hung suspended, and ground my teeth. They groaned and strained. I beat them out in impact, resilience, and endurance. I broke them to my handling. I broke them technically, which was where they lived and worshiped.

At the end, I suggested we walk. We what? We walk like cowboys. They looked at me in dumfoundedness, their clothes matted to their bodies, their hair all on end and dirty from the floor. They walked. "Not that way," I shouted.

By this time I was feeling pretty frisky. "Crotch-sprung, saddle-sore, with rolled-over high heels and sweat-stained leather, ill at ease and alien to the ground, unhorsed centaurs."

"Look," I said. "The sun in Colorado beats on your eyes like blows. You can't hold up your heads that way in the sun."

"Why, that's right," said a couple nodding in recognition. They began to squint, their gait slowed, they grew hot and dusty and weathered before me. One could almost, as my sister said later, smell them. Out of this comes folk dancing, and out of nothing less.

I dismissed rehearsal. The survivors, mostly English and American, thanked me. Next day they couldn't even walk. They sat in the sun and rubbed one another's muscles with oil. And they all had cracking headaches. I had won.

Two days later I took on the girls. We walked, giggled, whispered, and looked to the far horizon for two hours. They thought this unreasonable. "Oh, Madame, we will be funny when we have costumes."

"You be funny right now on count eight." And I set my lips in a merciless line and waited.

We worked for four hours on a boy kissing a girl at a dance. This was the kind of effort they had put into high jumps or turns. They thought I was perverse. They thought I was insupportable. Well, not all of them, perhaps. Lubov Roudenko was breaking her back for me. She had perpetual headaches from the lurching and bucking. Freddie believed. A few of the American boys and girls, although perplexed, began to hope. Even in rehearsal some of it looked good, even to them. And there was always Freddie barking the counts and snapping at their feet. And dancing, dancing until the sweat poured from his back and head. "Oh, darling," he would say gasping, "this is impossible. Well, there's no help for it. Come on boys, let's try. Ee —"

He was the first great male technician I had ever had the chance to work with and I tried everything I thought the human body could accomplish. He was as strong as a mustang, as sudden, as direct, and as inexhaustible. There was no slacking off at the end of a long effort, no dawdling, no marking. He came into the room briskly, dressed and ready at the first minute of the rehearsal, and he worked full out without a second's deviation of attention until rehearsal finished, and the last lift was as precise and as vigorous as the first. With the exception of Massine, he has the most exact sense of timing of any man in the dance world. (He can pick up a difficult tap routine at a single rehearsal — as quickly in fact as he hears it. Only very great tap dancers can do this.) His verve galvanizes an audience as it does a rehearsal. He is the inner motor of the Ballet Russe, the reason they get through the sheer amount of labor involved in each tour.

Luba Roudenko came to me. She was very happy with the role but her friends had told her she had a great technique and might she please, Miss de Mille, might she please do some *fouettés* in the hoe-down? I said no.

In San Francisco we got into the second scene. In Seattle, the third. All along the way I dropped Russians from the cast.

"Dear Agnes," said Sergei Ivanovitch one night in the wings. "I hear you threw Sasha out of rehearsal today. That is unfortunate. To tell truth, I am pained. He is a fine young man, a bit impetuous, wild like all young men, but we must be indulgent. Appeal to his class, dear Agnes, appeal to his class." I gasped in astonishment.

"He is a Count, Agnes, a Count."

At this point I threw back my head rudely and simply hollered. Sasha had been surly, insolent,

lazy, slow, untalented, demoralizing, tardy, and extremely hung-over.

"Agnes," continued Denham persuasively, "I am the last person not to be democratic. I understand very well your ideals. But he is good material."

I said no.

"And now," continued Denham not unreasonably, "may I not see some little part of the ballet?"

I said no.

"Agnes, dear Agnes, you treat me as though I were an outsider, an amateur in this business."

I said no.

Nor would I allow the dancers to watch one another. Whenever more than four got in the same room pandemonium developed. Obviously, no choreographer before had explained clearly. After each suggestion there was a United Nations Assembly at the back of the room. I stamped, screamed, and howled for silence. I promised to ask their help when I was stuck. There was a good deal of surprise at this; no choreographer had ever acknowledged the need for help. Again, I criticized my own work sharply. Dumfoundment! All choreographers had hitherto been infallible.

Occasionally I was the one surprised. "Bob! Bob!" I yelled, urging them to dip and curtsy on the beat. The hubbub grew to a roar. "For the love of God, be quiet!" I howled. "And bob!"

"But Madame," said a Russian as spokesman, "we cannot understand who you mean. Which Baub, please?" Four Roberts stepped forward with inquiring faces.

Throughout this tour, Danilova, like a princess godmother, threw her arm about me, introducing me to the best restaurants and the most charming hostesses. She had made this trip seven times annually; and inasmuch as she and Massine were the biggest box-office names in ballet, she was in a position to introduce me where and as I had never been introduced before. "Our choreographer," she would say, pushing me ahead of her into a salon.

We traveled from city to city while the ballet performed its summer tour. Sometimes we stayed a week and sometimes one night. We spent a great deal of time together on the trains.

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EVERY evening on tour I do a barre with the boys and girls hanging on to the costume trunks. I change my practice clothes in the star dressing room shared by the two great ladies of the troupe. They sit at opposite tables, fitted out with their dainties, and they quarrel delicately and precisely over precedence, choice of roles, and the other paraphernalia of their trade. Mia's mama rummages in her trunk. Twysden, the lady helper, knits and practices scorn with unmodified English assurance.

Behind every great star there is usually a sad

quiet woman mending or knitting. Some of them are quite horribly young women. Being a ballet mother is a *métier* in itself and different from any other function in the theater, and they develop occupational symptoms like extreme aggressiveness, extreme nervousness, extreme jealousy, and, as regards their own persons, extreme selflessness. They spend their youth sitting in smelly practice studios; they spend their middle age standing in the wings. They are drudges and do all manner of menial and selfless service forever underfoot, in daily oblivion. A few of the ballet boys have mothers too. These are rarer, but I believe more formidable.

The hour before performance is a visiting time in a ballet theater. Outsiders are not welcome, but the girls and boys go back and forth between dressing rooms, gossiping, chatting, relaxing, letting go the outside, integrating more and more closely within their group. They seem to be wasting time. Actually they are undergoing a change. They are warming up, quieting down, cutting off from daily life. None of them will stay away from the theater and miss this hour; it is very important to them.

I visit the corps to go over tomorrow's notes with some of my girls. The corps girls dress in barrack rooms at long trestles. Their tutus hang overhead like large inverted flower corollas. They make up nearly always stripped to the waist, the complicated tapes which pull up their tights dangling loose from their thighs. They are a very pretty sight as they lean forward to apply their enormous false eyelashes or put the markings around their eyes as elaborate and formal as a Japanese actor's mask. Their hair is greased flat and nailed to the head with bobby pins so that they could be shaken like a rat in a terrier's mouth and not a strand would be loosened. With the foliage of tarlatan fluff overhead, the candles for mascara twinkling in front of the glasses, and the naked pearly young bodies stretching and moving, the scene suggests a kind of grotto. They have the most beautiful bodies in the world and they are all pre-adolescent. There is not a hip or a bust among them. But that's all right. It's better for dancing and they all, whenever it suits them, have babies with the greatest aplomb, showing that everyone, but chiefly Mother Nature, is wrong. Between the nymphs move Madame Pourmel and wardrobe women with freshly ironed costumes. They say nothing. Their tired, raw fingers zip and hook and fasten. Their faces are bleached and faded. They are reminders of what lies ahead.

I hang around mostly backstage during performances. I rarely go front for the pertinent reason that from this aspect the spectacle is depressing, and I think it helpful at this moment not to become depressed. If I have spoken of all this with excitement it is because I know toward what the dancers are striving and what lies behind them.

And because I have grown enormously attached to them. The plain fact is that from where the audience sits the performances are often poor; they are under-rehearsed, paltry and tired, and rely for their success on the glittering efforts of a few great soloists and the splendid heritage of their name. Is this company just another dingy troupe of acrobats? Does their fascination rest chiefly on nothing but good press-agenting? What distinguishes them from any traveling stock company?

Stand backstage at curtain rise and you will see. Their three-hour preparations are completed. They are ready now in full costume and make-up. They try steps nervously, complaining of the floor, complaining of the new batch of shoes, invoking the Madonna while cracking their tights, scolding the conductor while rosining their slippers, having indigestion from a too cheap dinner behind the electrician's box, having love and heartbreak with finger pirouettes, receiving Denham's benediction center-stage like a lump of sugar. The boxed-in space hums with pandemonium in three Slavic languages, peppered with French. The lights raise the heat to baking point. There is a sudden quiet from the pit and then a roll of drums. The company stops talking and stands. The girls smooth out their tarlatans. The boys run softly in place easing their insteps. The stage manager made up for *Scheherazade* continues to whisper to the electrician. The national anthem is being played — not their national anthem, a good proportion of them are homeless. They stand this way for "The Marseillaise," "God Save the King," "Maple Leaf Forever," "The Star-Spangled Banner." Nearly every one of them was born in a land whose anthems they will not hear in a hurry. The orchestra starts the overture. They move into place. They spit over one another's shoulders. They do this every night throughout the tour. They say "*Merde*" or "*Ni poukha ni péra*" or whatever. They cross themselves three times right shoulder first and touch the wood of the floor. Denham takes up his folding chair and moves to the wings. The lights turn blue. Everyone's mouth goes suddenly purple; their eyes glitter unnaturally. The grease in their hair takes on bright blue reflections. "I beginning," yells Yazvinsky. "Kourrtain!" The curtain moves up. There is a rush of air from the front.

And they are Sylphides, and the music is Chopin. This is their native land. Every head is bent to the line. Every breath is bated. From toe tip to trembling fingers they are at attention. They move down the stage, these scrapping youngsters, in the oldest living tradition of our theater.

They share all the characteristics and faults of other theater folks with this difference: behind each turn of the head and footfall stand a lifetime of effort and three hundred years of experimentation. There is a glory carried by these poor, dingy,

travel-worn waifs. The cost of this effort is isolation and abnormality. It constitutes blood sacrifice; they are dedicated people. They are bound together in common need like blitz victims. They are bound together by training and heritage. They are bound together, poor, deluded fools, by pride. Notwithstanding they are treated like bastard members of a family and are given the disadvantage of every doubt in all practical matters — in dressing-room arrangements, newspaper releases, legal documents, leases, charge accounts, sales agreements, savings and lending, and insurance policies — they are most unnaturally proud. They think they are doing the most difficult and interesting work in the theater.

31

JULY moved into August, August into September. We knitted and rehearsed and gossiped back across the continent in cars that were shunted aside to let trainloads of tanks take the right of way, and trainloads of men, some in uniform, but all with intent lost faces. In New York we settled to three weeks of straight rehearsing, six hours a day. At night I prepared the final plans.

All of America was quickening, was affirming itself, was searching its heart. There was high challenge in every face one met. I used to stand in my studio on the hot summer nights and it seemed to me I could feel the quickening energy around me, the gathering of the force of remembering.

In some ways this was the happiest period of my adult life. I worked tranquilly between lives. I hoped not greatly; I feared nothing. It was very like the delicious expectant moment when one knows one is about to fall in love but has not yet hazarded the furies and commitments of the enterprise. I was in love with the haunting legends of my land. I was in love also with a soldier. And somehow the one became mysteriously a symbol for the other. I opened the great French windows of my studio to the New York night and walked and walked in the warm dusk lit only by the windows across the way, and played the lovely Texas songs Copland had set and thought of the prairies I had crossed as a child. I thought of the men leaving, leaving everywhere — generation on generation of men leaving and falling and the women remembering. And what was left of any of them but a folk tune and a way of joining hands in a ring? And I searched my heart for the clues to remembering.

In the morning I screamed for three hours at the Russians to shut up and be simple, and in the afternoon I screamed for three more hours to be quiet and be simple. We finished the ballet in ten days.

Then came the show rehearsal. Denham, Libidins, Franz Allers, Irving Deakin, Yazvinsky, with their wives, and my mother attended. No one had

as yet seen any of it. The company assembled in immaculate black tights and white shirts. "Who told them to do this?" I asked delighted. Tradition. They stood quietly. They did not even whisper. They danced without a fault.

There was a cry from the spectators at the end. Libidins roared loudest. "Thanks God, Agnes, Malinki. Thanks God. What a ballet! Ham and eggs! Let me kiss you!"

"What's that?"

"Ham and eggs! *Scheherazade*, *Gaité*, *Rodeo*: ham and eggs. Our meal ticket for the next season!" Denham kissed me. Mrs. Denham kissed me. Allers kissed me. Mother kissed me. This was the first time she had seen any of the ballet. She was a trifle giddy.

"Now," I said turning to the dancers, "we will really get to work." But the room was empty. They had left on their vacation.

Since I was to dance the *première*, I used the time to brush up on my own dancing. I had practiced every night with them before performances and they were considerably alarmed. Before God, I was no technician. I shut myself in a studio and labored on the comedy.

The company reassembled three weeks later. Massine was about. Because of overlapping contracts he found himself at this time the husband of both the Ballet Theatre and the Ballet Russe. Ballet Theatre was housed also in the Metropolitan and their two-week season preceded ours. The two companies of dancers passed one another on stairs, in dressing rooms, rehearsal halls, lavatories, with the chill reserve and uncommunicative politeness of enemy officers about to join issue in a contest for survival. The following season they were most of them working for the opposite group and passed their former bedmates with the same hostile condescension. This behavior is a ballet tradition as old as the five positions, and dates from the time when the French despised the Italians and both decried the Russians and Danish. Even within Russia, there has always been ugly feeling between the Moscow and St. Petersburg schools; and considering that the dancers always ended up in the same theater, it made for a liveliness of atmosphere.

When our season began, the same audience returned in the same evening clothes. One noted the same cheering, the same lining-up on the lobby stairs to see who had come, the same promenading of dress and manner and presence, the same greetings, the same wandering, inattentive eyes, the same babbling of technical jargon by would-be initiates, the same drinking away of half the ballets in Sherry's bar by the real initiates — to wit, Sol Hurok of the Ballet Theatre and his weary staff. During the American season one half the group murmured praise, the other half scorn — the parts were reversed the next week. It made no great

matter. It all happened between dinner and supper. Differences may have been noted by the people who were there because they loved dancing. Their opinion has always been less conspicuously expressed. But the young men prowling at the back of the auditorium were undisturbed. From their point of view nothing had changed.

32

ON Monday before the opening we showed the ballet to Aaron Copland and I, not Lubov Roudenko, for the first time danced. Massine practiced a barre at the back of the room throughout. He had no business in that room, but bald curiosity compelled him to stay. Deakin came up to me at the start and whispered, "I see Bela Lugosi in fourth position back there." I didn't mind. I had so grown in confidence I didn't mind. There were only five guests, but there was a small ovation at the end. Massine came to the front of the room without comment to take charge of the next rehearsal, his *Rouge et Noire*. He sat on a chair with his back to the mirror.

During the hoe-down I had kicked off one of my slippers, and it had shot under the chair on which he was sitting. To retrieve it I had to get down on my hands and knees and fumble long-armed behind his feet. He did not move. He looked down at me with his staring enormous expressionless eyes. "I see you have done a lively ballet!"

"Haven't I?" I said, wiping the dirt off my hands and straightening up. "Yes, I think maybe I have."

We had an orchestra reading. Aaron Copland sat in the front row. I sat beside him until about the twelfth bar; then I shot up and down the aisle. The cleaning women wiping the red velvet seats stood up now and then to listen. Some of the dancers came between the crack of the great gold curtain to hear what their cues sounded like on the instruments.

Then, the afternoon of the opening, we had dress rehearsal. That is, the scenery was up, Oliver's lovely sets. Because of union prices, we only had one hour. There was no time to figure out entrances or exits or spaces. But those surprising ballet dancers figured everything for themselves. This was the moment experience paid off. They solved on the instant every spatial and directional problem. I kept my entire wits on myself and my own performance. Out in the red velvet auditorium in the endless scallops of empty seats sat Denham and Libidins and apart, very small and alone in a black tricorne, sat Mother.

I believe I didn't eat.

I was in the theater at six. I shared a star dressing room with Nathalie Krassovska. I had my costumes because I had personally gone to Karinska's and taken them away. I checked over every

detail — bow, boots, belt, hat — again and again. I did a careful barre. I put on my make-up. And then who should come into my dressing room and sink into the armchair but Mrs. Massine. She conversed with Krassovska in Russian, but as I stripped and redressed, she cast long appraising looks at my body. And she was a great beauty with the elegance and arrogance of a woman who has known since girlhood that things would come easily to her.

Mrs. Massine did not stop talking for a minute. On and on and on she chattered. In Russian, thank God, but noisily. I had only a few minutes to make my peace with heaven. *Rouge et Noire* had been on for a quarter hour. I stepped to the door partly dressed. Danilova beckoned me across the hall. "Agnes, I can help you with your hair. I will show you how to fix so it not come loose. These little secrets I learn through many years." She sat me at her dressing table and got to work with pins in her mouth. On the night of my debut Alexandra Danilova maided me — hairnets, barrettes, bobbies, elastics, and ribbons.

Rouge et Noire was over. I went back to my room. Mrs. Massine raised languid amused eyes to my taut face. "Are you *nairvous*?" she drawled.

"I am," I said. "I am sick at my stomach."

"Good luck! Success!" she said punctiliously.

I turned to her quietly. "I hope we have success. The success or failure of my life depends on the next half hour. And I hope, for the company's sake, there is success. Much depends on this ballet for them, too. If I have failed them they are in a bad way. And they have worked hard, harder than you can imagine."

Under the façade Mrs. Massine, like most people, has a heart. She was confounded. "As you say," she murmured, "for all — success."

33

I WALKED ONTO the stage. Everyone I knew was out front. Mother had seen to that. She herself was in a box in black lace. And in another box, not by accident, sat Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild. I had heard they were contemplating a play on Western cowboy life and I thought I could do good dances for them.

Mother alone was not nervous. "This is the first time I have not had to worry about the box office," she said serenely. "And I didn't have to spend the afternoon trying to impress my friends into coming." The house was sold out.

Behind the gold curtain we stood in our cowboy pants, I among my men, nearly every one of whom has since become an important soloist. Beside Franklin stood Harold Lang, Casimir Kokic, James Starbuck, Robert Pagent, and David Thimar, and waiting in the wings for a walk-on was

Maria Tallechief, and beside her Betty Low, Dorothy Etheridge, Milada Mladova, and Vladimir Kostenko, who was to play Jud in the *Oklahoma!* ballet for six years. We were in our pants because the Karinska cabs had begun to arrive filled with hysterical seamstresses and pins. There was a great rustling of tissue paper in the wings. On one side flowers were being unwrapped; on the other, dresses and hats no one had ever seen. There was also a great deal of whispering as to who was to put on what. Behind every piece of scenery the company in tights and dressing gowns crouched watching, head on head, with painted and elongated eyes like the larvae of insects. On folding chairs behind the tormentor sat Danilova and Slavenska, crossing themselves, spitting, and looking on me with shining eyes. Franz Allers, the conductor, kissed me. "Here we go, Malinki," said Libidins. "Ham and eggs!"

Denham gave his blessing.

"I'm going in," said Allers, and he left to enter the pit.

Freddie spat over my shoulder and bumped his knee against my rump. He didn't say anything. He was tightening his belt and figuring out the spacing within the new set. His eyes darted back and forth. I moistened my lips. This was a terrible moment, but I had company. I was no longer alone. There were men standing all around me — very great dancers. I looked at their thighs and their shoulders and the intensity of their faces, and I knew I would never again be alone.

The large descending octaves sounded from the brass, sharp as sunlight on rocks. We flexed our insteps and breathed deep. The gold folds contracted. The music was suddenly clear under our feet. The naked, living dark yawned.

"This is it, kids," said Freddie, without moving his lips.

If it is possible for a life to change at one given moment, if it is possible for all movement, growth, and accumulated power to become apparent at one single point, then my hour struck at 9.40, October 16, 1942. Chewing gum, squinting under a Texas hat, I turned to face what I had been preparing for the whole of my life.

This was not a great performance; we gave better later. Neither was it a great ballet. The style, as I always feared, did break. But it was the first of its kind, and the moment was quick with birth.

There was applause on my first exit. An unexpected bonus. There was applause or response on every phrase. Did the audience laugh on count eight as I had promised in July in California? They laughed, not just female titters, but real laughing with the sound of men's voices, and the laugh turned into handclapping. This happened again and again. The dancers were elated but not surprised. I had promised them laughs. The pantomime was spaced to accommodate them.

There were mishaps. At one point, Kokie grew confused with his new costumes and failed to make an entrance, leaving me to improvise a love scene, alone, and exposed for sixty-four bars of music on the Met stage. Lines were crooked. Some of the girls clapped off beat. It didn't seem to matter.

The pace of the performance rushed us like a wind. The audience was roused and urging us on. Great exchanges of excitement and force and gaiety were taking place all around. The dancers rushed and whirled, grabbing the right person, because the right person was there, though unrecognizable in an unexpected dress and hair-do. And throughout the pace which was too quick for me, beyond my understanding, faster than could be savored or appreciated was Freddie's hand, Freddie's arm, Freddie's strong back, propelling, pushing, carrying, and Freddie's feet like bullets on the wood. It was beyond endurance. It was beyond help. It was slipping away too fast, too fast. Also my collar was too tight.

"Freddie," I said at the back of the stage, "I'm fainting. Loosen my collar."

"No time, duckie. Here we go."

And as though we were blown out of the mouth of a gun, he propelled me to the footlights. We separated. Bob, bob. (Which Robert, Madame?) All the trumpets and horns threw their shafts between us. We hung on the brink. The music tore open. We rushed. We clashed. We were lifted. And all the girls had faces like stars with their hair dropping over the boys' shoulders. The great curtain fell. There was dust in my nostrils from the dusty lining of the curtain. It was over. It was done. And I had made so many foolish mistakes. So many hasty things gone wrong. Once more I had been incapable of the perfect effort. "Oh, Freddie," I said, "what a stinking, lousy performance. We must rehearse like demons tomorrow."

I looked at him wistfully but we were walking forward and we were all holding hands and bowing. A large bunch of American corn was put in my arms tied with red, white, and blue ribbons. More flowers came, more flowers. The Russians did things this way. They also clapped and called out. Hadn't I stood grinding my teeth at the back of the house for years while they cheered bogus nonsense? We bowed and bowed. At the eighth bow, I looked into the pit. The fiddlers were beating their bows on their instruments. The others were standing up yelling. No one gets the union boys to do this easily. I looked at Freddie in amazement. "Freddie," I said, "this is not a claqué. This is not Libidins's contriving."

"Darling, darling," said Freddie, kissing me, "this is an ovation. This is the real thing. Take it." He pushed me forward, and all the company backed away to the edge of the stage and stood there clapping.

We had twenty-two curtain calls.

The grips and members of the company helped me carry my flowers to the dressing room. They filled half the floor space. The doorman could not hold my friends in check.

In the hall between dressing rooms, I met Mas-sine. He bowed formally, and then apparently thought he must say something. He stared at me with his binocular eyes. "You have done a characteristic ballet." I struggled to follow this. "And in Europe I think it will have success." We bowed.

Mary Meyer sat at my dressing table crying and crying. "I can't stop," she said, mopping her nose. "It isn't that this is the most wonderful ballet I've ever seen. I've seen better. It's just that I can't stand you making a success after all these years."

"Aren't you proud of her?" said the friends to Mother. And Annie drew herself up to their shoulders and, looking at them steadily with her penetrating blue eyes, answered, "I've always been proud of her. Always. When no one hired her. I'll go home now and start the coffee."

And in the lobby Billy Rose was marching up and down shouting, "But where has she been? Why haven't we known about her? How could we have overlooked this talent?"

And Terry Helburn was phoning in a wire to Western Union: WE THINK YOUR WORK IS ENCHANTING. COME TALK TO US MONDAY.

I did some phoning of my own. I called the Officer Candidate School at Aberdeen Proving Grounds and spoke to a soldier. "It is a success. It has made a furor."

"Oh," he said, "that does not surprise me. I knew it would."

He knew it would! He'd known me six months and seen nothing of my work at all. He took this evening for granted. Well so, miraculously, did my mother. But she had waited fourteen years, had sewn costumes, sold bonds, nagged at her friends to attend her girl's concerts, run errands, done without all luxuries, and hoped, and hoped, and hoped, steadily and without default in the face of reason and proof unlimited that her efforts would meet with no success. She was home now, serving coffee and chocolate cake and salad to all and sundry. This time the doors were wide open. Anyone could walk in.

(The End)



Books and Men



A Pulitzer Prize winner in poetry,

PETER VIERECK has had two poetry

books published by Scribner's, *Terror and Decorum* and *Strike Through the Mask*, with a third, *The First Morning*, appearing later this year. This spring the Beacon Press will publish his selected political and literary essays, reapplying the ideals of his "humanistic new conservatism." He is known on a dozen American campuses for his guest lectures on European history and for his poetry readings.

TECHNIQUE AND INSPIRATION

A Year of Poetry

by PETER VIERECK

I

CRITICS today rarely use the adjective "inspired." Why? Partly because it sounds pretentious. Partly because it is an embarrassing word, like "ecstasy," "heartbreak," and "soul." Partly because the most fashionable critical equipment copes best with irony, ambiguity, and allusion, not with magical inspiration. Partly because the human race has produced so few consistently inspired lyricists. Yet to this very rare genre of sheer intensity belong the two most exciting poetry events of 1951: the posthumous edition of Yeats's *Collected Poems* (Macmillan), and Theodore Roethke's *Praise to the End* (Doubleday).

Every sin, probably even obscurity, can be forgiven to a poet who exalts and exults. To convey ecstasy, not by explicit denotation but by rhythm and connotation, has a lucidity all its own, a meta-communication, a fourth dimension that transcends — in a way that 99 per cent of obscure poets fail to do — the issue of clarity versus obscurity. Roethke belongs to this obscure but felicitous 1 per cent. He is a poet of "fine phrenzie." Admittedly I am making grandiose claims for him. They can be substantiated not by my prose but by his verse: —

I could watch! I could watch!
I saw the separateness of all things!
My heart lifted up with the great grasses;
The weeds believed me, and the nesting birds . . .
And I walked, I walked through the light air;
I moved with the morning.

Any man who can write like this may well become a great poet of that same utter exaltation once sung by Rimbaud and Hölderlin.

Of a more contemplative genre but equally impressive is W. H. Auden's *Nones* (Random House). Its felicitous technical, intellectual, and musical triumphs justify his well-deserved eminence. He is often spoken of as a cerebral poet rather than as a pure lyricist. To some extent that is true — for

example, in his new book, the wit and insight of "Under Which Lyre." But other new poems, like "In Praise of Limestone," "Song," and "The Fall of Rome," show that high IQ is no bar to High Song:

Altogether elsewhere, vast
Herds of reindeer move across
Miles and miles of golden moss
Silently and very fast.

Richard Wilbur, born in 1921, is the youngest of America's leading contemporary poets. He is also their outstanding perfectionist. Few surpass him in sensitivity of simile and in delicacy of rhythmic modulation. He has all the qualities of a great artist except vulgarity. By that I mean: he seems often to lack the human-all-too-human quality that gives a poet universal earthy humanity. That is the price he paid in his first book, *The Beautiful Changes*, for too serene a poise. But his second book, despite its characteristic title of *Ceremony* (Harcourt, Brace), advances beyond the impasse of what seemed a sterile glass-flower perfection. At its best, *Ceremony* adds the terror of an under-ground Dionysus to the decorum of the above-ground Apollo.

Wilbur's new capacity for a lurking ferocity will save him from his greatest esthetic danger: blandness. This compelling tension between surface sunniness and subsurface storms makes his deceptively bland title an ironic "double-take." The subsurface Dionysian storm is most typically suggested by the closing lines of *Ceremony*: —

What's lightly hid is deepest understood,
And when with social smile and formal dress
She teaches leaves to curtsy and quadrille,
I think there are most tigers in the wood.

Four and a half years ago I wrote in the *Atlantic*, "Robert Lowell may become the great American poet of the 1950s, for he seems the best qualified to restore to our literature its sense of the tragic and

the lofty." Though these words were written of his more substantial earlier book, yet I am pleased to see them quoted on the jacket blurb for his most recent book, and to let my words stand unrevised. This latest work, *The Mills of the Kavanaghs* (Harcourt, Brace), is neither an advance nor a decline. Therefore, my partly skeptical emphasis ("may become") still holds true. So does my wholly admiring emphasis on "tragic and lofty."

The Mills of the Kavanaghs is Lowell's third book. By now, his style is beginning to freeze in its particular "fine excesses," so that its surprises, though ever more skillful, are ever less surprising. This is a loss and a gain. We lose the thrilling immediacy with which this fire-trailing comet of faith and torment first swam into our ken in the 1940s. But we gain the minute, objective observations of the telescope we meanwhile had time to construct for revisiting an outstanding poet.

Technically considered, *The Mills of the Kavanaghs* is an exaggeration of all the peculiar Lowell mannerisms that we noticed in the earlier books — only we never really noticed them until now. For example, it was always noticeable, but until now not obtrusively so, that the author has a harmless but obsessive tic of beginning a new sentence on the very last word of a rhymed couplet. The abruptness of such extreme *enjambement*, such overflow into the next line, is not a fault but a triumph of style when it deepens the mood and meaning. This indeed is the function normally performed by alliteration, accentual shift, and onomatopoeia. Here the function gets transferred to *enjambement* by a blend of innovating audacity and traditional effect. But what happens when this is used once too often? What happens when it is used automatically, as a mechanical conditioned-reflex for its own sake, instead of functionally for mood and meaning? In such cases, its abruptness is that of the guest who, after the most un-gauche conversation all afternoon, suddenly spills (with a tremendous crash) the teacup on his knee, in his hurry to begin a particularly urbane new sentence.

The Mills abounds with examples of this. "In the end of my line" (to adapt Eliot) "is my beginning." Note the end-of-line, new-sentence abruptness of the monosyllabic "Then" — note the distracting pop: oops, there goes that teacup! — in the following typical couplet: —

"Horns of the moon," they chant, "our Goddess." Then
She wakes. She stacks her cards, and once again . . .

Yet elsewhere Lowell writes best in this allegedly outworn form of the rhymed iambic pentameter couplet. Through the centuries of English prosody, it still outwears that succession of schools who try to discard it as "outworn." And of this ancient form, as his new book confirms, there are few modern practitioners more masterful than Lowell. Hence the truth of a remark made by Richard

Wilbur to refute free verse and to justify the confinements of formal discipline: "The strength of the genie comes of his being confined in a bottle."

Meeting the challenge of formal confinement with the response of attractive idiosyncrasy, the genie-strength grows inwardly in range and variety. Its range, as proved by Alexander Pope at his best, must not be confused with certain more conventional eighteenth-century misuses of the heroic couplet. And the range and compression give tragic finality to the best eight lines Lowell has ever written. I quote the closing lines of his title poem, a reverie of childhood, marriage, and heart-emptiness, in which Kavanaugh's widow is soliloquizing: —

For neither conscience nor omniscience warned
Him from his folly, when the virgin scorned
His courtship, and the quaking earth revealed
Death's desperation to the Thracian field.
And yet we think the virgin took no harm:
She gave herself because her blood was warm —
And for no other reason, Love, I gave
Whatever brought me gladness to the grave.

2

IN HIS third book, *The Seven-League Crutches* (Harcourt, Brace), the highly gifted poet Randall Jarrell has reached a crossroads. It is a book of hot and cold showers. It alternates between emotion and wit. His emotion, in turn, alternates between terrific power and corny bathos. In his future development, he must choose between exploring further either his satiric daytime poetry or his emotional nighttime poetry. Only the former alternative, the daytime choice, can guarantee him success. He cannot help but be brilliant if he chooses to be a cerebral poet. But though he cannot fail, neither can he in that role succeed in being more than "successful." The second alternative, the nighttime choice, has no such unconditional guarantee. To show emotions, to be unashamedly wild, is little understood and easily ridiculed by the particular critics he must face. But I hope he will risk taking that risk. The stakes of that greater game are worth the candle.

Again and again after poetry lectures, I am asked: "Is any one book available to introduce the general reader to a cross-section of the newer and younger poets?" The answer is: *Mid-Century American Poets* (Twayne), ably edited by John Ciardi. Fifteen poets are represented, each by a generous sampling of about ten poems along with a prose statement of his poetic credo. The credos are sometimes instructively controversial, with both sides of the New Critic debate represented. Read *Mid-Century American Poets* before you decide which books of younger poets you want to buy. Only thus can you know ahead "what you are getting." Since tastes vary, you might as well judge for yourself, via direct samples.

The poets included are Delmore Schwartz, Karl Shapiro, Richard Eberhart, Roethke, Lowell, Wilbur, Jarrell, Ciardi, W. T. Scott, Muriel Rukeyser, E. L. Mayo, John Holmes, Elizabeth Bishop, J. F. Nims, and Peter Viereck. Its next edition should be expanded. Besides Eaton, Simpson, Nemerov, Spingarn, Rodman, Bette Richart, and others, it ought to add the youngest poet first published in 1951: Adrienne Rich. *A Change of World* (Yale University Press) by this 21-year-old senior at Radcliffe won the annual contest of the Yale Series of Younger Poets. She is more than a "promising younger poet." Some of her book not only promises but fulfills.

1951 witnesses three books of superb translations: a book apiece by Rolfe Humphries and Roy Campbell and a new Rodman anthology of many different translators. Humphries's *The Aeneid of Virgil* (Scribner's) is the best-written translation (its scholarly accuracy I cannot judge) this reviewer has ever read by a contemporary American, with one possible exception: the English version of Lorca by the same author. For the Pulitzer Prize, I should recommend — in addition to Auden, Roethke, and the other non-translations — the *Aeneid* of the honored but insufficiently honored translator and poet, Rolfe Humphries.

The translation of *Poems of St. John of the Cross* (Pantheon Books) by London's South-Africa-born Roy Campbell, with its valuable preface by Father M. C. D'Arcy, is the first satisfactory Englishing of this Spanish saint of the 1580s.

Even better is Campbell's translation of a single brief song by Lorca: "Somnambulistic Ballad." This song is part of Selden Rodman's international anthology, *One Hundred Modern Poems* (New American Library). To know the poetry in our own language, it helps to know its world setting, its heritage from such foreign — but not "alien" — movements as French symbolism. Rodman brings out these relationships not by pedantic prose criticism but by the living example of American and foreign poets read side by side. No book quite like it is available. It includes a dozen nationalities in really readable translations. All this and Parnassus too — for the pocket-book price of 35 cents! Another unusual anthology of 1951 is *Man Answers Death* (Philosophical Library), edited by Corliss Lamont with an introduction by Louis Untermeyer. Its 350 poems, reflecting the esthetically perceptive sensibility of Dr. Lamont, represent attitudes towards death in modern cultures as well as ancient Athens, Israel, and Rome.

3

As Frost is the greatest poet produced by the New World, so Yeats is the greatest of the Old World (with the usual qualification of "since Shakespeare and Dante"). Read and live and

reread the new edition of Yeats's *Collected Poems*. The experience can revitalize your own imagination, your own everyday language, your whole range of sensibility.

The most important new inclusions are the irregular, savagely musical rhythms and the bitterly passionate sexuality of *Last Poems* and *A Full Moon in March*. The misprints in the older poems are now corrected. But some poems from magazines and earlier collections are still unjustifiably omitted. So are the beautiful lyrics, self-sufficient poems in their own right, that spangle Yeats's somewhat unplayable plays. Above all, why is "Purgatory" omitted? Presumably because its dialogue form gets it classified as belonging in some future edition of his *Collected Plays*. Yet this short poem, now unavailable, is one of his strongest and is obviously not a play at all unless you quibble. It experiments with unrhymed four-beat lines in a way new to our language. It builds tetrameter into a more flexible vehicle for realistic emotional intensity than even the blank pentameter of Marlowe. Once it becomes more accessible, "Purgatory" — the final point of Yeats's technical development — may become the starting point for a new generation of poets.

This volume still remains a volume of selected poems, not of the full collected poems we have been impatiently awaiting from Macmillan since the rump *Collected Poems* of 1933. Even so, no poet will be without it. No textbook or course in so-called creative writing can teach a poet so much as reading and re-experiencing Yeats's advance through his three successive stages: (1) the languid languishings of the 1890s, in the spirit of Pater, Wilde, and the *Yellow Book*; (2) the unlush, sinewy toughness of diction of Yeats as man-of-action on the Irish national scene; (3) the ballad simplicity and violent, spondee-rich tautness of style of the "crazy old man," spurred by "lust and rage" — "What else have I to goad me into song?" To this third group belong the new inclusions of the new edition. And of these, the wisest revelation of the psychological twilight origins of all poetry is "The Circus Animals' Desertion": —

I sought a theme and sought for it in vain,
I sought it daily for six weeks or so.
Maybe at last, being but a broken man,
I must be satisfied with my heart, although
Winter and summer till old age began
My circus animals were all on show,
Those stilted boys, that burnished chariot,
Lion and woman and the Lord knows what.

Those masterful images because complete
Grew in pure mind, but out of what began?
A mound of refuse or the sweepings of a street,
Old kettles, old bottles, and a broken can,
Old iron, old bones, old rags, that raving slut
Who keeps the till. Now that my ladder's gone,
I must lie down where all the ladders start
In the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

OUR home on Beacon Hill is twenty-eight miles from our summer cottage in its three acres of woods on the Gloucester Branch. On those border Saturdays after Thanksgiving and before winter locks us out we like to drive down to chop wood for the town fireplaces and to see what we can of our wilder neighbors whose lairs had been hidden in the heavy foliage of summer. Our wood lot adjoins an undeveloped estate of some two thousand acres, and so we enjoy the benefit of a preserve; the first thing we look for is the sharp thrust-prints of the deer who come down the trail from the ridge and who leave their calling cards in the soft mud of the courtyard.

Then as we circle the house we note the wasp's nest under the eaves which explains why Mother was so plagued in the guest room last summer. In the bittersweet over the screen door is the nest of the most stubborn robin we have ever known. She built it three springs ago before we arrived, and ever since has made us feel that we are the intruders. The door, which is on a spring, has annoyed her constantly: I should think her brood would be a nervous outfit but this is where she wants them. As we unlock the stone-cold living room (is anything so grimly cold as an unoccupied house?), we see that the squirrels have renewed their winter sport of unstuffing the old red leather chair whose dents have already provided them with nest-lining.

In the dense thicket below the living-room windows was where "Racey" lived. Two summers ago in the early morning hours we heard through our sleep the clanging-to of the iron cover of our underground garbage container, and in the daylight was the clear evidence that someone was helping himself. A smart dog, we thought. The visitor, growing bolder, came earlier until one night my wife stationed herself behind the door with a flashlight. When the lid clanged she darted out on the back porch and aimed the beam at the bin. Nothing

was there. She covered every shadow within the enclosure—the place was deserted; and as she raised the light to go in, there on the top of the fence four feet away sat a big raccoon, smiling, his tail gently weaving. We put this on a friendly footing: our next step was to leave things for him.

This summer Racey came at dusk. There is a small window at the midpoint of our cellar stairs, and sitting there in the fading light we could watch him get his paws under the lid and then brace with his hindquarters as he forced his head in; he'd take his time choosing and then in a whisk he'd be gone and the lid would fall. Once he came in broad daylight; and being detected, he scooted for cover behind the fence—all but his bushy tail, which was in full view. In his hurry he had dropped the fat he was carrying. As this was pointed out to him his tail acknowledged our trust. He emerged into full view, came up to the steps, retrieved his dainty with a bland expression, and streaked across the lawn to disappear in the thicket.

That was the last we saw of him. We heard him once or twice, but now it was a habit. Then silence. The final explanation my wife listened to in the village drugstore. "I trapped three raccoon last week." "What sex were they?" asked the clerk. "I didn't bother."

On these border days no expedition is complete until we've climbed the trail to the ridge and entered the silence of the pines. The aisles are so clear, the quiet so secure, you think you might detect those who live here. This is where the chicken hawk takes refuge in July, when the smaller birds gang up on him: then we hear his rusty "creek" of indignation; this is where the owls proclaim; but on a half-winter's day you see only the cleft rocks, the natural dens, the small burrows which might have been home place. Years ago when Ted was ten, he was scouting ahead and came to an earth tunnel that looked interesting. Big enough to put his hand down it, and he did. Whoever was there bit. Ted came running back to us holding out his forefinger with its two red incisions. "Animals are my friends," he sobbed.

Animalizing

There are so many questions about the animal world for which one would like a plausible explanation. Do trout and salmon distinguish the colors in a fly? John Hutton, the great English angler, thinks they do, and his favorite flies all have blue in them. Again, on Sunday afternoon the

crows were having a most talkative session over something in the swamp. But do they really talk? **Alan Devoe**, who is certainly one of the most charming naturalists I have ever read, has prepared his new book for just such curiosity. *This Fascinating Animal World* (McGraw-Hill, \$3.75) equates lively observation and human reasoning with curious facts of animal behavior. He calls his process "animalizing," and I find it great fun.

His method is to ask a question we have all wondered about and then to follow it afield. "Why do birds sing?" he asks. That leads to an examination of a bird's windpipe, then to an identification of bird vocabulary, then to a discussion of whether they prefer to pour it out from the treetops or on the ground. The wood thrush, he reminds us, will sing his evening song after foraging over a lawn; and as he says so, back comes my earliest memory of that beautiful sound. On another brisk page he gets to talking about the speed of animals: a jack rabbit, he says, can hit forty-five miles an hour — so can a startled buck; a charging lion can get up to fifty; and the fastest animal of all is a cheetah, which has been stop-watched at seventy. He writes a minute account of a chipmunk's comings and goings; he explains the porcupines' passion for salt and how they will chew up a sweaty ax handle for the trace of salt that is in it. I like his rationalization about snakes, and I think I like best the opening pages where he explores the evidence of animal suffering and where he has such pleasurable things to say about the mating and courtship of the highest and most familiar animals. His accounts of the enticement of the female gnu, the giraffe, and the llama are laughable; the tigers, as he tells it, have the greatest intensity in their love-making. Mr. Devoe's information is graphic and wisely related, a quiet stimulant for any age as one waits for the coming spring.

Curiosity about wild life and an instinctive desire to paint inspired those two great books, the *Quadrupeds* and the *Birds*, by John James Audubon, which when they first appeared were valued quite as much for their identification as for their art. Audubon's youth at Mill Grove near Philadelphia where he trained his hand, his impecunious marriage to Lucy Bakewell, the middle years when he struggled so hard to be free, and his long-anticipated expedition to the Upper Missouri, on which he made so many of the famous paintings of the quadrupeds, have been nicely told by **Alice Ford** in her handsome compilation, *Audubon's Animals* (Studio-Crowell, \$12.50), a beautifully illustrated volume which sets the record clear and which brings to light a number of unknown originals.

The decline of Mr. Wog

In the years following the First World War **Joyce Cary**, now successfully established as a

novelist, was stationed in Africa as an officer of the British Colonial Service. In this experience he found the source material for one of his best novels, *Mister Johnson* (Harper, \$3.00). Mister Johnson is a warmhearted African clerk who has left the jungle to serve with the British administration. His figuring is not too scrupulous; his badge of office is his pair of patent-leather shoes which he wears more often around his neck than on his feet. He has many creditors, for he cannot resist spending; he is cocky, reckless, and seventeen.

For a time Mister Johnson lives a charmed life. He engages in a successful dicker for his beautiful wife Bamu, and the song which he improvises, "Dat King of England is my King . . ." in celebration is a thing of beauty. He persuades the administrator to give him a salary advance and with it buys an extravagant dress for his bride which she will not wear. The world is so full of promise that Mister Johnson can resist the bribes of the Waziri who wants him to rifle the safe. But not for long. His debts pile up and in desperation the boy, knife in hand, steals into the administrator's office for the confidential files. Mister Johnson's official life and the story might have ended there, but he gets away with it. With the bribe money he is off to a fresh start, and when a young administrator with an obsession for road building takes command of Fada, Mister Johnson has another chance for his initiative. His tragedy is that he can never keep out of trouble. His spending, his generosity, and his boasts entrap him; and after his assault on Sergeant Gollup, Mister Johnson is on his way out. His romance has turned into tragedy, and the final stages of his defeat are humiliating and pathetic.

This book is written to disturb, not to decide. It is disturbing to see how Blore, Rudbeck, and Tring, the British officers, administer the native community of Fada, and equally disturbing to see the ignorance and cupidity with which Mister Johnson — Mr. Wog as he is endearingly nicknamed by one of the English wives — betrays both himself and the system. As the novelist says, Mister Johnson is "a poet who creates for himself a glorious destiny." The pity of it is that he falls so short. His songs and his dancing when the beer is flowing, the charm with which he helps to snarl up the account books, the recklessness with which he sweeps aside his friend Benjamin's caution, his dream of England learned in the Mission School — these we remember as we last see Mr. Wog on his knees.

Democracy at its best

Denmark Is a Lovely Land (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.75) is the first line of the Danish national anthem and, in **Hudson Strode's** words, proof that the Danes of today are an admirable, versatile democracy. Mr. Strode has made excursions to the country both before and after the war and so is able to compare current conditions with those of 1939,

reporting with the satisfaction of an old friend that despite "the five damn years" of occupation, the loss of Germany as a market, and the poverty of England (Denmark's largest consumer of exports and just now a rather unprofitable customer), the Danes have lost none of their good humor and highly civilized outlook. He makes the reader share both this liking and his indignation that these kindly and intelligent people should be caught in the squeeze of international economy.

Mr. Strode covers the pleasures (and they are impressive) of Copenhagen and the beautiful landscape of Fyn; he describes the private industries and the coöperatives and the remarkable system of pensions and medical insurance. He meets and talks with Danes of all ages and most levels — farmers, fishermen, businessmen, hard-working country nobility, artists, and teachers. He makes you appreciate the Denmark of Hans Christian Andersen, Kierkegaard, Niels Bohr, and Isak Dinesen, author of *Out of Africa* and *Seven Gothic Tales*, whose portrait is the best in the book.

The adventure of archaeology

Archaeology, the treasure hunt of the ages, is the most adventurous of modern sciences, and it is a fact that the most dramatic discoveries have been achieved quite as often by intelligent laymen like the American consul, Thompson of Chichén-Itzá, as by the more strictly professional scientists in the field. This is the story, the very human story, which C. W. Ceram has fairly assimilated and skillfully told in his well-illustrated, fascinating book, *Gods, Graves, and Scholars* (Knopf, \$5.75).

Here are the spectacular, unorthodox exploits of Heinrich Schliemann, who in defiance of scholarship insisted on following the clues in Homer and by so doing uncovered the nine cities of Troy, the royal tombs of Mycenae, and the dead city of Tiryns. Here is the story of the French physician Paul Émile Botta, the French consul in Mosul, who discovered the first Assyrian palace of Nineveh. Here are Grotefend, who cracked the cuneiform writing on the Babylonian tablets; Major Rawlinson, the young diplomat who deciphered Nebuchadnezzar's "dictionary"; and Austen Henry Layard, who at twenty-eight, and with the backing of £60 and a friendly tribe, excavated the great mound of Nimrud. The book highlights the dramatic events of archaeology, but it seldom makes you feel the prodigious energy involved (the statement "Schliemann's workers had moved more than 325,000 cubic yards of earth" does not convey the exhaustion); and it minimizes the really bitter opposition, at times almost amounting to official censorship, which the divine amateurs encountered in the academic world. What the book does give you in its swift and readable pace is the almost incredible adventure which the nineteenth century afforded to those who were seeking for the past.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Great Americans

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES by *Merlo J. Pusey*. (Macmillan, \$15.00.) This authorized two-volume biography of the Chief Justice is a judicious study of a towering personality, whose career is a great American success story embracing half a century of our political and legal history.

TURN WEST, TURN EAST by *Henry Seidel Canby*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50.) After the manner of Plutarch, Dr. Canby has written "parallel" lives of Mark Twain and Henry James. His urbane critique seeks to show that they had a common theme — American "innocence" — and were both by way of being innocents themselves.

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT edited by *Elting E. Morison*. Volumes III and IV. (Harvard University Press, \$20.00.) Here is the second installment of T.R.'s spirited and often amusing *Letters*, which now cover his first four years in the White House, 1901–1905.

Glamour and Grease Paint

SHOW BIZ by *Abel Green and Joe Laurie, Jr.* (Holt, \$5.00.) Ranging from "Vaude Socko — 1905–1913" to "Video Era," a couple of the top scribes on *Variety* have turned in a slangy, encyclopedic history of vaudeville, burlesque, the drama, the movies, radio, and television.

THE MAGIC CURTAIN by *Lawrence Langner*. (Dutton, \$6.60.) The founder of the Theatre Guild chronicles, with many a good anecdote, his lifelong involvement with plays, playwrights, and stage folk, and his successful career as a patent attorney.

BALLET by *Cecil Beaton*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) Beaton's love affair with the ballet — from the days of Pavlova to Fonteyn, from Diaghilev to Sadler's Wells. Illustrated with drawings by the author and a gallery of his photographs.

Restive People

THE VOICE OF ASIA by *James A. Michener*. (Random House, \$3.50.) A thoughtful and engrossing, though gloomy, report of a swing through the Far East, Burma, Pakistan, and India. Michener found the area aflame with hostility to the white man, and he proffers some ideas as to what must be done.

THE PERÓN ERA by *Robert J. Alexander*. (Columbia University Press, \$3.50.) The history, policies, internal strategy, and ambitions of the Perón dictatorship are trenchantly set forth here, with the warning that U.S. attempts to appease Perón won't pay.

CARAVAN by *Carleton S. Coon*. (Holt, \$5.00.) A well-known anthropologist supplies a popularly written account of the people of the Middle East, the heartland of Islam, from their remote beginnings to the explosive present.

STRANGE LANDS AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE by *William O. Douglas*. (Harper, \$4.00.) The human problems and political dynamite in the Middle East keenly observed and fairly interpreted by an American Justice who lived with the people and talked to the rulers.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



CULTURE, Aldous Huxley once observed, is really a classy form of "family gossip." Huxley's remark furnishes a pointer to the special character and appeal of **Van Wyck Brooks's** richly textured "history of the writer in America," the fifth and concluding volume of which has just been published, *The Confident Years: 1885-1915* (Dutton, \$6.00). Mr. Brooks's series — and this is not said in a spirit of depreciation — is not essentially a work of literary criticism but a cultural history or a classy piece of "family gossip."

In Mr. Brooks one finds united, to an unusual degree, the talents of an indefatigable scholar, historian, psychologist, biographer, genre-painter, sociologist, critic, and literary artist; and though he is possibly not pre-eminent in any one of these capacities, his combination of gifts, and the immense powers of assimilation and synthesis that go with it, make him pre-eminent as a chronicler of American cultural activity. He brings the cultural past to life in all its interrelated aspects; illuminates it by an act of vivid re-creation.

Mr. Brooks tells us what forces in their background, experience, and reading shaped the writers; how they looked and what they wore; where they traveled and why and how their paths crossed; what they tried to express in their work and how they were received by their contemporaries. And always the writer and the book are seen within the larger context of the times, concretely evoked in telling dabs of local color.

The Confident Years covers a period of intensive cultural ferment and Mr. Brooks has to crisscross a wide area, including the Atlantic Ocean. His chronicle — fashioned with magnificent fluency, coherence, and learning — moves from New York across the continent, lingering in the West to focus on Ambrose Bierce, then Frank Norris and Jack London; shifts to England, where Bret Harte and Henry James are living ("though one positively heard the silence of non-intercourse between them"), where Henry Harland is editing the *Yellow Book* and Frank Harris is in the limelight; returns to O. Henry's New York and then moves into Edith Wharton's; discusses Dreiser and the growth of naturalism; visits James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow south of the James; scrutinizes the cultural upsurge in Chicago just before the First World War, the heyday

of iconoclasm in Greenwich Village, the broadsides hurled at the "Booboisie" by the sage of Baltimore. Finally it surveys the great stirring in American thought and letters that was under way around 1915.

The weakest strand in Mr. Brooks's history is the straight literary criticism. His treatment of Henry James in this volume, as of Melville in a previous one, shows a certain alienation from complexity and the tragic vision, from work with the richest depths; and he is apt to overvalue crude energy and fiction with a crusading or uplifting bent.

Mr. Brooks's concluding reflections on the trends in American writing have a signal pertinence at this moment. He shares the fairly prevalent feeling that the novelists of our time present an inordinately murky and defeatist picture of American life, but unlike some commentators he does not proceed to the deduction that the novelists are guilty of a sort of *trahison des clercs*: that they are, in the fashionable cliché, "un-American." Quite the contrary. He suggests that the bitterness of the novelists grows out of the peculiarly American faith that the world can and must be improved — a faith whose opposite he sees and deplores in the pessimism about human nature and the nostalgia for medievalism represented by T. S. Eliot. The American writers' anger and seeming despair, argues Brooks, are a protest which implies an affirmation — which implicitly affirms a "forward-looking dynamism," democratic in temper and hostile to the constrictions of any orthodoxy. And this outlook, in Brooks's final summation, is held to be the very essence of the American tradition in letters.

U.S.A. revisited

John Dos Passos's new novel, *Chosen Country* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00), retraces, with a different outlook, much of the ground he covered in *U.S.A.* In place of the radical protest — the vision of the American "system" as an impersonal, inexorably destructive machine — there is now an affirmation of "The American Way."

Chosen Country closes with the marriage, in the nineteen-twenties, of two admirable young people who, as the saying goes, are "made for each other"; the story, which reaches back to the eighteen-fifties, shows what has gone into the making of these two Americans, Jay Pignatelli and Lulie Harrington (whose union clearly symbolizes the harmonious merger of two diverse strains in the American nation).

Jay's father, Jim Pignatelli, the son of an Italian immigrant, is helped through his law studies by the commander he fought under in the Civil War, and he rapidly rises to be one of the country's most highly paid attorneys. Married to a sickly woman, he falls in love with an impoverished young widow from one of the first families of Kentucky; she becomes his mistress and bears him a son. Ezekiel

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Harrington, Lulie's father, is a college professor, who comes from a family of dissenting ministers established in America since the Revolution. After his wife dies, he immerses himself in scholarship, and his children grow up in Chicago under the care of an aunt. These family histories, unfolded in all their ramifications, encompass a large and varied segment of American life.

After describing a summer in Lulie's happy adolescence — days filled with canoeing, fishing, and the exciting companionship of "The Tribe" — the story follows Jay to the First World War. His wartime experience and subsequent involvement in the radical movement, which enlists him in the defense of two Italian anarchists accused of a bomb outrage, strikingly parallel parts of *U.S.A.* But now Dos Passos's protagonist is never seduced by the Comrades and the whole radical movement is seen from a critical perspective.

Chosen Country is a greater success than the three other novels which Dos Passos has written since his political switch from Left to Right. It has not the oppressive sourness of *The Grand Design*. There is more *élan* in the narrative, more warmth in the major characterizations, more concern with really *showing* the attractive aspects of American life. The troublesome thing is that Dos Passos's change in outlook does not suffice to prevent a sense that he has done all this before, and, from the artistic standpoint, more impressively. I was continually reminded of the far greater power of *U.S.A.*, which is surely one of the masterpieces of American fiction since the First World War. The affirmation of Dos Passos's maturity lacks the passion of his earlier revolt — the passion that gave *U.S.A.* its pulsing vitality.

Brownsville and "Beyond"

"Now let us try," says Louis in Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*, "before we rise, before we go to tea, to fix the moment in an effort of supreme endeavor. This shall endure." To fix the moment and (in Mrs. Woolf's phrase) "compose the truth of it, the whole of it," the writer must capture, with infinite exactitude, a given set of sense impressions and the thoughts and emotions they arouse; and this, precisely, is what **Alfred Kazin** brilliantly achieves in many of the pages of his memoir, *A Walker in the City* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00). The book as a whole is symphonic in pattern:

a symphony in four movements in which a variety of motifs are subtly orchestrated.

In *A Walker in the City*, Mr. Kazin, one of our most gifted literary critics, evokes a fragment of his adolescence in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn. The book's circumference (to drop the symphonic metaphor) is the concrete texture of life in an all-Jewish tenement district. Its center is the search for identity of a young American Jew — the son of poor immigrants from Poland — intensely aware of his Jewish roots and aware, too, of a separation from the tradition of his parents.

At the circumference, then, this is a book of images and sounds and smells: the great line of pushcarts on Belmont Avenue, with its reek of herring and pickles in great black barrels, with its market women crying, "Oh you darlings! Storm us! Devour us!"; the old women squatting in front of tenements in shapeless flowered housedresses and ritual wigs, like the priestesses of an ancient cult; the rich Sabbath dinners in the gleaming kitchen, with the candles lit; then the evening gathering around the cut-glass bowl of fruit and nuts and the elders' talk of remembered pogroms and the shining promise of Socialism; Kazin's father gasping with delight at records of Caruso — "Oh that *Italyener!*! What a power he has, that *Italyener!*!"; Kazin's wonderfully courageous mother, forever toiling at her sewing machine, guilty when she lingers a moment at the window to enjoy the bustle of the street as evening sets in.

To young Kazin, Brownsville was the end of the line: everything outside it was the awesome and glamorous "Beyond." Gentiles were creatures "as fantastic as albinos"; and the *alrightniks*, the middle-class Jews who inhabited the "Beyond," were as alien and remote as Gentiles. Voracious reading fired Kazin's imagination with the American past; and, as he passionately attached himself to this past, he began to feel his way, slowly and with bewilderment, back into the American present, into the great world beyond Brownsville.

A Walker in the City, clearly, is written out of a deep necessity — a mixture of tenderness and rage — and written with a kind of fanatical integrity. This makes it seem (to the outsider) a bit overintense and too self-conscious. I also felt, perhaps unjustifiably, that in spite of the strain-

ing for truth and the artistic perfectionism, some sentimentality and overcoloration creeps into Kazin's vision. Even if this is so, his small, beautiful memoir is an impressive achievement, which transcends the particularity of its subject. For the yearning, so poignantly expressed by Kazin, to enter into a larger and seemingly alien world is a characteristic drama of adolescence, irrespective of place or social setting. Every adolescence has its "Beyond."

The Dark Continent

It is a far cry from the sidewalks of Brownsville to the mountain recesses of Nyasaland, but there is a distinct kinship of theme between *A Walker in the City* and *Laurens van der Post's Venture to the Interior* (Morrow, \$3.00) — a memorable account of exploration in the dark continent of Africa and the dark continent of man's inner being. Like Kazin's book, Colonel van der Post's has as its central strand a man's quest to understand and harmonize two divergent strains in his life.

After an adventurous stretch of soldiering in the British Army, Colonel van der Post, a South African, had settled in his home in England, when the British Government asked him to investigate the possibilities of growing food in two unmapped areas of Nyasaland. He accepted, conscious that his decision was prompted by an unresolved conflict. He had spent one half of his life leaving Africa for Europe, for which his father, a transplanted Dutchman, had an exile's yearning; he had spent the other half leaving Europe for Africa, the home of his mother and her Boer ancestors.

The Colonel's mission took him up the towering mountain, Mlanje, then to an escarpment known as Nyika, which few other white men have seen. His description of these treks is an enthralling adventure and a haunting evocation of the physical face of Africa. The mountain — with its antique cedars, its blinding mists, its sudden murderous storms or "Chiperones," its mystery and sinister beauty — becomes a living presence, seen and felt in all its awesome majesty. It becomes, too, a symbol of the continent and its black-skinned people; and this continent, these blacks, are seen as representing a side of life (the side D. H. Lawrence honored as "the dark God") which the white man has locked out of his awareness at the cost of a baneful split in his

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being and his civilization. The white man's repressive treatment of dark peoples reflects, van der Post suggests, a repression of unconscious truths about his own nature.

This insight, deeply experienced in the venture to the interior, furnished a resolution to the author's personal conflict. He returned with the understanding that Africa, which had stood apart from him as a disturbing magnet, was something within him and within every man, and that it could and must receive its due.

Colonel van der Post belongs in the select company of contemplative men of action — adventurers with a streak of mysticism, such as Lawrence of Arabia, Orde Wingate, and Saint-Exupéry. His beautifully composed book catches the spirit of a continent and imprints it on the reader's mind. It casts a beam of light, too, into the sources of the hate which is bedeviling the West from Suez to uttermost Asia.

A civilized man

Two Cheers for Democracy (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00), a collection of sixty-eight pieces on miscellaneous subjects, is the first full-length book to come from **E. M. Forster** since *Abinger Harvest* in 1936. The opening section deals with the political and moral issues raised by the Nazi brand of totalitarianism. The second and much longer part contains essays on "Art in General"; essays on a wide diversity of individual writers — from Gibbon to Gide, Voltaire to Virginia Woolf — and reviews ranging from Auden to Eliot to *Mrs. Miniver*. The book closes with articles on "Places," in one of which the author of *A Passage to India* describes a brief return visit to India in 1945.

Few of these papers rank with Forster's finest work; a good many

are, for a writer of his distinction, rather routine stuff or so slight as to be little more than notes. But the easy grace and lucidity of his style; his humor, his good taste, the wise humanism of his outlook, make the going consistently rewarding. And the book, taken as a whole, is far more impressive than its individual components. It is an eloquently modest statement of a supremely civilized credo: of a liberalism quietly aglow with moral courage.

His mentors, says Forster, are Erasmus and Montaigne as contrasted with Moses and St. Paul. He deplores the recrudescence of a yearning for certainty — of what Koestler has called "the bug of longing" — which has made men fanatically embrace absolutes and party lines. The virtues Forster prizes are those which the high tension of our time is tending to do away with: tolerance, good temper, kindness, intellectual honesty. "This is an age of faith," he writes, and to him "faith [is] a sort of mental starch, which ought to be applied as sparingly as possible. I dislike the stuff." He dislikes Causes, too, and Programs (which usually "mean pogroms"), and he distrusts Great Men — "they produce a desert of uniformity around them and often a pool of blood." He believes not in "people" but in the individual; the individual is invariably his touchstone.

Forster finds his solid sources of value in personal relationships and in art — in personal relationships, because they are founded on the supreme value, love (he would sooner betray his country than his friend); in art, because "it has to do with order, and creates little worlds of its own, possessing internal harmony, in the bosom of this distorted planet."

Democracy gets two cheers — one for admitting variety, one for permitting criticism — but Forster withholds a third because democracy encourages the cult of mediocrity; encourages that anti-snob snobbery which fosters vulgarity by making mass approval the supreme arbiter. There is, Forster firmly believes, an aristocracy among men (which has nothing to do with birth or success) — an aristocracy of the sensitive, the courageous, and the humane. There could be no clearer, no more inspiring example of the worth of this kind of élite than a man like E. M. Forster.

Potpourri

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE by *Erich Fromm*. Rinehart, \$3.50.

Like Dr. Fromm's *Escape from Freedom* and his *Psychoanalysis and Religion*, this "Introduction to the Understanding of Dreams, Fairy Tales and Myths" is a lucid exposition of psychoanalytic doctrine addressed to the seriously interested layman. The belief that dreams contain significant communications in sign language is as old as recorded history. After surveying the attempts at dream interpretation Ante Freud, Dr. Fromm takes a close look at Freud's theory and Jung's. He differs in part with Freud's view that dreams are invariably expressions of the irrational (garbled wish-fulfillments of repressed impulses originating in infancy); and also with Jung's view that dreams represent man's highest intuitions, the wisdom of the unconscious. Fromm argues that dreams are expressive *both* of our irrational strivings and of our reason and morality; of both "the worst and the best in ourselves"; and he shows the application of his view to the interpretation of dreams. In the latter part of the book, Fromm challenges Freud's analysis of the Oedipus myth, and he offers a new and provocative exegesis.

LEFT BANK RIGHT BANK by *Joseph Barry*. Norton, \$3.00.

Mr. Barry's book (which grew out of articles written for the *New York Times Magazine*) might loosely be described as "The Intelligent American's Guide to Paris and the French." The author takes you into the flea market, the *grandes maisons de couture*, the post-war American Colony. He briefs you on the state of politics and the state of prostitution. He explains the strength of the Communists and the subtle tyranny of the Concierges. He makes you hep to Epiphany and Lettrism; the new French painters; the *boîtes à la mode* with the intelligentsia. There is a quick course on Sartre, the adventurous pedagogue. There are visits to the masters — Colette, Matisse, Picasso,

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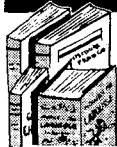
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Le Corbusier. Mr. Barry, in short, covers a lot of territory, with the brisk knowingness of a competent journalist.

THE UPROOTED by Oscar Handlin. At lantie-Little, Brown, \$4.00.

This stirring written book is sociology treated in the manner of the poet — a distillation of the crucial experiences of the 35 million people who emigrated to the United States in the past century and a half. Professor Handlin's story shatters the rosy myth that the newcomer to America has found it the Blessed Land; and in so doing he contributes a deeper insight into what has made America great. The promise of America has fulfilled itself in the lives of the immigrant's children and descendants, but the crucial experiences of the nineteenth-century immigrant himself, usually a peasant, were alienation, suffering, and disillusionment. He found himself a foreigner, often despised and discriminated against. He had to wrestle desperately for a living in a more industrialized, more competitive economy. He lost life-giving ties with a clan and a cultural tradition, and watched his children growing away from him as they grew into Americans. Out of this background of terrific struggle and harrowing "apartness," there emerged, in response, qualities of independence and enterprise which have played a significant part in toughening and vitalizing the fiber of this nation.

THE HAWTHORNES by Vernon Loggins. Columbia University Press, \$5.00.

This "Story of Seven Generations of an American Family" is one of those rare instances in which the findings of somewhat specialized scholarly excavation have been fashioned into a readable and human chronicle, written with crispness and gusto. Professor Loggins has, of course, received a considerable assist from the Hawthornes (Hathornes until the novelist adopted the more euphonious spelling), whose family saga is generously charged with the ingredients of drama. The first Hawthorne to settle in Salem (around 1630) became a dreaded magistrate, who, in the name of righteousness, heaped whippings and direr punishments on his constituents; and his son, witch-hanging Justice John, took after him. These early chapters give a very lively picture of the ethos of the Puritan Era and its barbaric cruelties.

A later Hawthorne, Daniel, sea captain and privateer, is honored in ballad for his exploits against the British. Of the novelist's three children, the son wrote forty books which made more money than his father's, and eventually was involved in a commercial scandal which landed him in jail. One daughter suffered much from unrequited love, and the other joined the Dominican Order. The section on the great "romancer" himself adds new material to the record.

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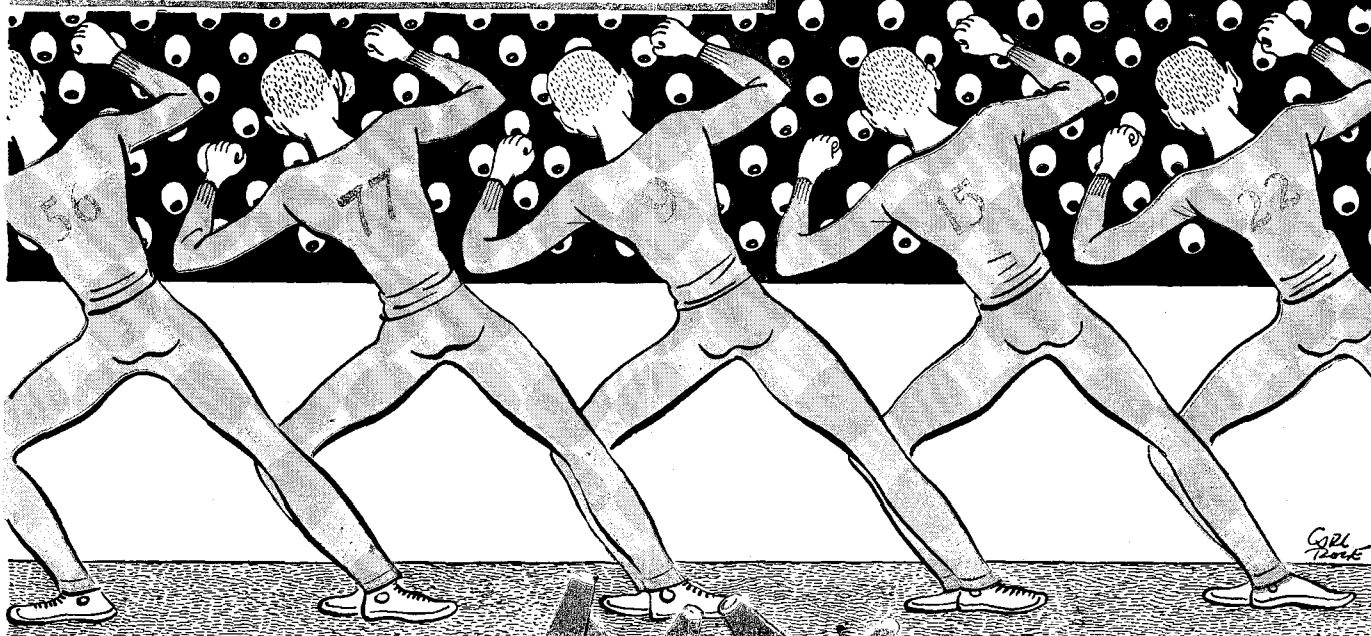
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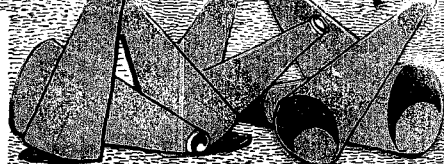
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ACCENT ON LIVING



FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
WINGDING! WINGDING!
YE-E-E-A-A-A-AY!!!



On mulling over this typical college cheer — the famous Wingding War Cry of the Wingding School of Mines — I wonder whether cheerleading has kept pace with the general forward movement in college athletics. Is there a lag in cheering? Is the “rooter-king,” as the handbooks of the subject describe the head cheerleader, muffing his larger responsibilities? Are we neglecting the new reservoirs of uproar?

The answer to these questions must be an unequivocal yes. Cheerleading, and consequently cheering, are right where they were twenty years ago. They have clung to the concepts of the campus while college games have overflowed into the ball parks and arenas of the outside world. Organized cheering still depends on students and alumni, a minor fraction nowadays of any Garden or stadium crowd. The rest of the spectators are on their own, even though it has long been established that undirected enthusiasm, which sometimes comes down to no enthusiasm whatever, has

no place in American sports. The situation is abhorrent, and we should not be misled by the prancings of however many young women in white boots, vestigial skirts, hussars’ jackets, and shakos. Their connection with college sports, putative at best, is usually most conspicuous between the halves; they are not to be counted on for crises in the game, although some of them can drum very loudly indeed.

In proposing a wider participation in college cheers, I think it is safe to assume that no great difficulty is presented by the cheers themselves: their form is simple, the vocabulary austere, the ideas stripped down to stark essentials. Nothing in the Wingding War Cry, for example, should defy the reading capacity, or the memory, of the average football or basketball crowd. Read it over and see how readily the scheme of reiterating the single word *fight* (sometimes spelled *fite*) could be mastered by the slowest-witted in the Wingding section, or even by those not witted at all.

The same can be argued for the

Rah Yell of Wingding’s traditional rival — *foe* in most college songs, because it’s awfully hard to make anything rhyme with *rival* — Berserk College. The Rah Yell is simplicity itself: —

Rah! (Pause)
Rah! (Pause)
Rah! (Pause)
Rah! (Pause)
BER-serk! BER-serk!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Here we have two basic cheers complete, yet requiring only a three-word vocabulary, *fight*, *rah*, and *ye-a-y*, beyond the name of the college concerned. Astonishingly few additional words are needed for almost all the other yells: *go*, *win*, *hold*, *hit*, *team*, and *beat*. (Those who do not know the name of the college for which they are cheering should ask the usher at the end of the first period.) The whole thing can be rounded out by “We wanna touch-down (basket)” and some elementary phonetics — *siss-ss-s-s-s*, *bo-oo-m*, *ba-a-ah*, *grrr-r-rr*, etc.

Thus, while “Go! Berserk! Go!” is quickening the pulse of the invaders (or “The Baboons” as all Berserk teams are affectionately known to sports writers), an equally formidable incantation inflames the men of Wing-

ng ("The Woodchucks"): "Fite! Wingding! Fite!"

I shall omit consideration of the ore complex cheers, those which ell out the name of the college and ose using really hard words like agazam, kilikilik, hellabalu, wah-o-wah, whiskum-biskum, and such.

would be premature, at this time, expect the kind of new rooters hom I have in mind to yell these ords effectively. Similarly, this is ot the point at which they should e introduced to college songs: "All ail, Wingding," to the tune of *Finndia*, seems to wander a good deal d to come off somewhat raggedly en with the Wingding Glee Club lidly behind it in the stands. These finements could come later, once e cheering is in hand.

How then to make a beginning, the first step towards 100 per cent crowd-response with every voice raised in the Wingding War Cry? In answering this question, the key figure, we find, is the head cheerleader, the rooter-king himself. His status needs a radical overhauling. We must build him up, tear away his anonymity. In prestige he should equal the coach, and his wage ought to match that of the top-salaried player.

With the right attention from sports editors, the cheerleader would command a complete following in short order. A story would break that he was flunking Advanced Aerobatics 17 and barely holding a C—in Creative Tumbling: would he be lost to Wingding that Saturday? What about his throat — strep, as the

boys at the cigar store are hinting, or just hoarseness? The pre-game tension would be electric. And quite beyond trimmings of this sort, anyone who can persuade people to chant words like *whiskum-biskum* (Penn State) ought to be worth writing about anyhow.

After graduation, a good rooter-king, suitably publicized, could look ahead to a career of cheerleading at professional games of all kinds. Think what a rooter-king could do to visiting pitchers.

College sports have long since attained the stature of a full-blown profession, like real estate or dowsing or optometry. It remains for cheerleading to take its rightful place beside them.

CHARLES W. MORTON

QUIRKS

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

F.P.A. divides his time between the pool table of The Players and his home in Connecticut, with occasional forays into the lecture circuits.

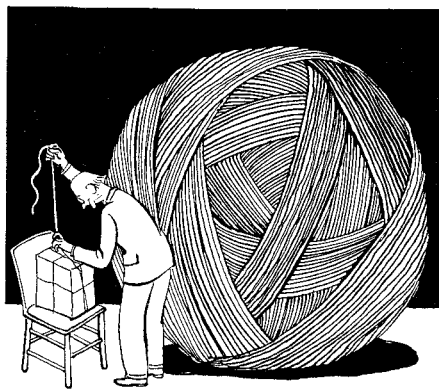
IN Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* occurs "Penny Wise, Pound Foolish." And in Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* he says — and this is really the subject of what my idolaters call *Your Little Article* — "Chill penury oppress'd their noble age, And froze the genial current of the soul." These persons — the *Article* ones — are the same ones who say to anybody who may have written a poem that is fewer than twenty-eight lines, "Your little Doggerel."

This is the true story of the heroes and the heroines who have confided to me some of their prodigalities and penuries.

Take me, who never questioned any of my four children's expensive traits, like clothes and books, and private schools and colleges. I am a conspicuous turner-out of electric lights, on which I might save 16 cents a year. Incidentally, candor forces the admission that those schools and colleges paid off, for two of my boys are now self-supporting.

Take my wife, a comparatively easy job. She is a return-postcard saver. When we get a return postcard, she uses it, scratches out the return ad-

dress, and sends it to someone else. This saves, she says, about \$1.50 a year. She is a great one to save dresses, have them cleaned at the Eagle place in Hartford, and first thing I know, I get a Bill Rendered, \$59.50. "What is this for?" I ask gently. "I had your bathrobe cleaned, and some dresses." Over each of



many boxes from the same place, when opened, she says, "Why I ever had that old dress cleaned, I do not know." So she either hives it away or sends it abroad, costing also a tidy sum for postage.

A friend of mine lives in the New York nineties. He is seventy-three. For years when a package has come to the house, he has carefully untied it instead of cutting it, and has saved countless miles of more string than anybody can possibly use. Yet he thinks nothing of taking a cab six

days a week, going either to Gramercy Park or the Salmagundi Club, at 47 Fifth Avenue.

I know a prodigal hostess. There is usually a guest or two. They are always importuned to stay a week, though they may have come there for a day or two. She, and the cook, set a marvelous and expensive table. It must cost at least \$10 a day for each guest. They are asked to stay a week or more because she hates to spend money for sheets and pillow cases to be laundered for another guest.

I know a man who always hangs back and lets the other man pay the subway fare, but will let a friend have \$500 with no hope of getting it back. I know another man who would take you to dinner, and who is careless about money. Yet, no matter what the fare is, hungry or not, he will not leave anything on the plate. "Often I don't like it," he confessed, "but I hate to see food wasted."

A friend of mine, John McNulty, has a closet full of fine shoes. I never have been there when he hasn't been shining them and polishing them, instead of going next door and having them done. This I can understand, for he thinks so much of his footgear that he won't trust them to an ordinary bootblack. What am I talking about? I do the same thing myself.

To this day, I won't eat bread. As a boy, if I didn't eat bread, I wasn't

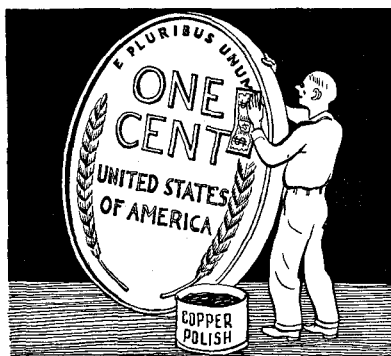
allowed to have meat and potatoes, or a dessert. So I ate bread, and said that if I ever had anything to say, I'd never eat bread. This bread famine has been going on for more than forty years.

There is another penury that I — and many others — loathe. We get letters, almost form letters, saying the English teacher has assigned her, or him, to write an article about you. And will you please write a thousand words or so about how you get your inspiration, when you do your best work, and anything else about yourself. You are supposed to write the piece for nothing, of course. In the rare times when postage is furnished, I quote Dr. Samuel Johnson, who said, "No one but a blockhead ever wrote except for money."

I know a motion picture star who makes untold money a year, who came east from Hollywood with a great hole in his coat. A soft touch for anybody, "I hate to buy a new coat," he said. I know a really wealthy man who telephones his spinster sister, from New York to California, but has one of those three-minute egg glass timepieces in the telephone booth so that he won't talk more than three minutes.

Again my wife: she doesn't have to make a dateline, such as I have had to on newspapers and on the radio; yet she writes her letters on the train, loathing to waste that hour reading or looking at the Connecticut countryside. I tell her something or other, some big news. "How do you know that?" she asks. "I read it in your paper," I reply. "Do you think that all I have to do is read the paper every day?" But she wastes time, according to me, telephoning for hours.

There are many of us who would



rather buy a new type machine than change the ribbon on a good machine. After all, we say, ribbons don't grow on trees.



HOMEMADE VITAMIN PILLS

by JOHN WHITE

JOHN WHITE is a former Boston and Washington newspaperman now working in the State Department. He served as navigator in U.S. Marine Corps planes throughout the Pacific war, and is the author of "The Navigator," which appeared in *Accent on Living* in October, 1944.

I DIDN'T start making my own vitamin pills because I distrusted the big companies. I read in a book on "medical self-help" that a man is a fool to buy vitamins from the drugstore. The book said you could make your own, just as good and much cheaper.

I asked old Doc, at our corner drugstore, please to order me everything I would need to mix my own vitamin pills. He was surprised. He said, What in the world are you up to? I told him. He said an analytical balance would cost about \$100. So I called the Bureau of Standards and they told me, unofficially, of a junk shop. There I got a beautiful set of hand scales and some gram weights for \$3.50.

Doc procured a pestle and mortar, a little funnel, a spoon, and small quantities of iron gluconate, liver extract, thiamin, riboflavin, niacin, pyridoxine, brewer's yeast, and ascorbic acid. He thought little of my project but was curious. He reminded me that I would need capsules, and gave me a hundred.

That night I set up shop.

I put all the chemicals in a row, placed according to size of bottle. I got out the scales and prepared to measure. I found that the recipe in the medical self-help book was all in ounces. My weights were in grams. It was quite some time before I found, in the back of a dictionary, that one gram equals 0.03527 U.S. avoirdupois ounces. It was even later when I had

translated the recipe into grams. went to bed.

The next day I thought that before I began taking these energy vitamins I should give myself a "before" test. I tried to devise one, jumped up and down off a chair twenty times and took my pulse. It was 88. Ordinarily it is 72. I corrected myself. "Slightly bald plump — overcautious driver — poor memory," I noted.

With a gratifying feeling of getting back to nature, of "doing something with your hands," I weighed out the various little dabs of chemicals and poured them into the mortar. Then I made a delicately pinkish-orange mess. I stirred with the pestle, turning a clockwise rotation. (I am left-handed.) That stirring was a very good sensation — as if one were spinning the web of destiny, like the Greek Fates.

I then poured the mixture onto a big piece of paper and began to encase it. This proved more difficult. So difficult, in fact, that I began to entertain notions of leaving the powder free and taking it mingled with butter as a sandwich spread, or dissolved in grape juice, or even frozen into popsicles. Finally, however, I learned to stab the big end of the capsule into the heap of powder and then run the little end up onto it, rather than shove them at each other repeatedly until they were full. After that things went faster. At last it was all capsuled. I had 10 capsules full of energy-giving vitamin-B complex. I swallowed three of them. And every day thereafter for a month I took three more. (After a month, the medical self-help book said, you get up on a "plateau" of energy and don't need so many vitamins to keep you up there.)

I do believe they helped. My hair didn't come back and my memory grew no better and my pulse still went up to about 88 if I jumped off that chair. But I didn't feel so sleepy all the time, I had a better appetite and more enthusiasm. Under the influence of these vitamins, indeed, I bethought me of a method of cataloguing fingerprints, I mastered the art of writing my name on grains of rice (a friend had been badgering me for years to try that), and I figured out a way of seeing who is at the door without becoming visible yourself — I got a periscope from war surplus and stuck it out of the kitchen window.

I even went into the vitamin business. I told my friends of my enterprise, and how good it made me feel and how much money I saved, and there were enough several of them wanted me to make them some vitamin pills. This I did.

I calculated the cost — not counting original outlay for plant — and because I was fortunate enough (after the first batch) to be able to get my raw ingredients wholesale from a veterinarian, I found that one of my capsules cost me 2.373 cents. At the drugstore the same kind cost \$3.45 for a bottle of 84 capsules, or 4.107 cents per capsule. I therefore charged halfway between what they cost me and the drugstore price. (Occasionally a chain drugstore cuts rates and sells vitamins as cheaply as I make them. No matter — such sales are eating.)

My customers were pleased. Especially when I got onto the trick of using red capsules — they looked much



more professional and they cost no more.

Then it was suggested I might poison somebody.

So I wrote to Merck, Eli Lilly, and E. R. Squibb, the companies from which I got my ingredients, and asked if there were any possibilities that any of the ingredients, singly or in combination, might "cause harm" if used in overlarge doses. I explained what I was doing.

Lilly replied that "Lilly literature is written in a medical textbook style and is therefore restricted to members of the medical and closely allied professions." Merck never answered. But Squibb reassured me. They said what I was doing was "exceedingly complex" but mentioned no dangers. They gave me a list of books to read.

It was then suggested by a friend that my modest business was illegal. "Violation of Pure Food and Drug Act. . . ."

I devoted an entire morning to the telephone.

I called Pure Food and Drugs. (In Washington you can find anything you want if you just look long enough under "Federal Government" in the telephone book.)

A voice said, Nothing under the law prevents the buying and mixing of chemicals, but if sold, such mixtures must meet laws of labeling and composition as stated on labels. Furthermore, added the voice, the law authorizes inspectors to visit your plant. Where is your plant?

I said, Oh no no it wasn't my plant, I was calling for a friend, and anyway it wasn't important. The voice grew more interested, and said my friend had better check with Narcotics.

I called Narcotics.

Voice: Call the Corporation Counsel.

I did.

Voice: You tell that man who wants to make vitamins to come on down to narcotics squad and learn what vitamins are.

I called Narcotics again.

Voice: . . . derivatives of opium or coca leaves — any drugs made by synthesizing to resemble them . . . morphine, heroin, cocaine, codeine. . . .

I gave up trying to straighten that out and called the Board of Pharmacy.

Voice: This is the wrong source of information.

I called the Commission on License. By this time I was adept at stating the hypothetical case of the friend who was curious, just curious.

Voice: Good night! Call Narcotics!

I called the District Marshal.

Voice: Call other authorities. We don't handle that at all.

I called the District Attorney.

Voice: Spike — take three

Yes? Oh. I don't know. Call the Corporation Counsel.

At last I called Pure Food and



Drugs again. A woman answered this time, took a great interest in the case of my friend who was just curious. The woman was curious too. How does your friend think he is going to make any money? she asked me.

I said indeed I didn't know.

She said once they had a similar case of a man who tried to sell homemade toothpaste. It was all right, but it cost him more time and trouble and money than regular store-bought brands.

I thought, and it occurred to me I was in the same fix.

I have given up making vitamin pills for my friends. I still make them for myself, when the mood comes over me — it is a good feeling, that grinding of the pestle in the mortar. I swallow one once in a while. But not regularly.

I feel fine. Still slightly bald, plump, overcautious as a driver, with a poor memory. Still sleepy.

A couple of back fillings dropped out of my left-side teeth the other day. But the dentist said it was probably not due to vitamins. You just bite too hard, he said.

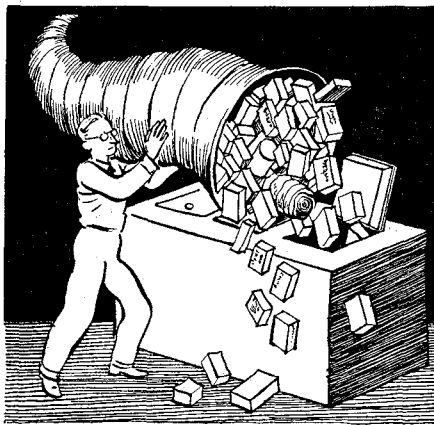
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FOOD FOR THAW

by HANNAH SMITH

HANNAH SMITH, who was brought up in the Middle West, now lives in Arcadia, California. She is the author of an amusing autobiography, *For Heaven's Sake* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

SOMETIMES now I wake up in the middle of the night trembling slightly all over after a dream in which I am trying to tunnel my way through an icy, impervious wall of cobblestones, each pebble of which is roughly the size and shape of a Frozefresh Green Baby Lima Bean.

I never have to rush this nightmare over to my neighborhood psychiatrist, because I can interpret it all too easily myself — this and my other dream: the nocturnal horror in which I find myself buried under a thundering avalanche of hard, flat red bricks, each with the approximate over-all dimensions of a Zero Club Jim Dandy Chip Beefsteak.

But even though I understand and accept the stark significance of these oft-recurring dreams, I usually find it difficult to go back to sleep. I lie there staring broodingly at my husband's serene, night-shadowed profile, listening to the Stratoliner hum of the ten-foot freezer on the back porch and wondering when someone is going to turn us in for food hoarding.

It is hard to realize that my present nervous state, these dreams, the long convulsive shudders whenever I see a frozen food ad, all began innocently enough with a chance remark I made one day to my husband while I was trying to extricate a forty-pound watermelon from our elderly four-foot refrigerator.

The remark is unimportant to this account except for the fact that it brought forth from my husband the suggestion that has made such a dras-

tic change in our eating and living habits, to say nothing of the effect it has had on our lifelong savings.

"Why," he asked casually, "don't we buy a freezer?"

I cradled the cold green form of the melon against my midriff and gleamed across it with the tender, loving warmth of any woman to any husband who suggests buying anything.

"Why don't we?" I agreed eagerly. "Get your hat."

My mind, on the instant, had fled like a homecoming starling to a recent full-page four-color magazine ad I'd seen, captioned "Are You Chained to a Can Opener? Shackled to a Soup Kettle? Be Free — with a Freezer!" The illustration depicted a carefree sixteen-year-old mother of four coming in from a hard day at golf to lift a complete dinner for six out of the glossy white cubicle in her utility room while beyond, through an open door, her happy family waited smilingly around the dinner table. (Not until much later did I realize that nowhere in the illustration was there so much as a glimpse of the Little Daisy Home Blow Torch that must have been the lady golfer's chief item of kitchen equipment.)

My husband had read an ad, too. "Turkey dinner for twenty in ten minutes," he murmured dreamily as we backed out of the garage. "About a six-foot freezer would be nice, don't you think?"

The appliance salesman was sure we'd never be satisfied with anything less than his ten-foot model. And while, at least in regard to my husband, the salesman was only too right, it was in this decision that lay our downfall.

Perhaps it was because my husband had always prided himself on being a Good Provider. Perhaps it was because he, like Nature, abhorred a vacuum. In any case, from the day the long white box was first installed in our service porch, a great change came over the man I thought I knew so well.

The half dozen boxes of frozen peas, four individual chicken pies, and package of heat-and-eat rolls he started with did, I admitted, look diminutive and distant in the freezer's frigid fastnesses. I may even have cheered him on when he went back to the market a second and a third time that first afternoon, each trip coming back laden with glaciated groceries.

It was only after the third or fourth day that the first uneasy inkling of

what lay ahead reached me. Aghas I watched as my food budget money for months to come disappeared with snowflake speed and silence into the yawning, insatiable cavern by the back door. Still there were vast arctic stretches untenanted by frozen rocod or dehydrated orange juice, and still a look of stubborn purpose lingered on my husband's face.

No farm housewife ever stowed away canned peaches in her cellar, no squirrel ever cached nuts in a hollow tree, and no government official ever shoveled gold bars into Fort Knox with more earnest endeavor than this. Finally, just when I was beginning to wonder if we'd have to put a second mortgage on the house or sell our last two government bonds, the freezer filled up.

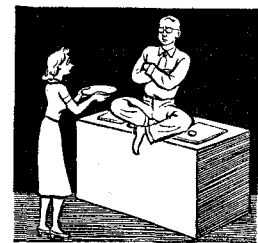
Summoned to look, I stood awe-struck and silent beside my helpmeet breathing the frosty air, gazing into our polar pantry.

"Gives you a good feeling, doesn't it?" he asked in tones of simple earthy happiness.

"Lovely," I said. "I guess I'll try some of the frozen strawberries for dinner tonight."

I jumped back just in time to keep the lid from slamming on my fingers. He was staring down at me in unbelieving horror. "You — you were going to use some of this?" he asked obviously keeping his voice steady with an effort. "Why, I only just now got it filled!"

We're pretty lucky, I guess, to have that can of soup and those shredded wheat biscuits up in the cupboard.

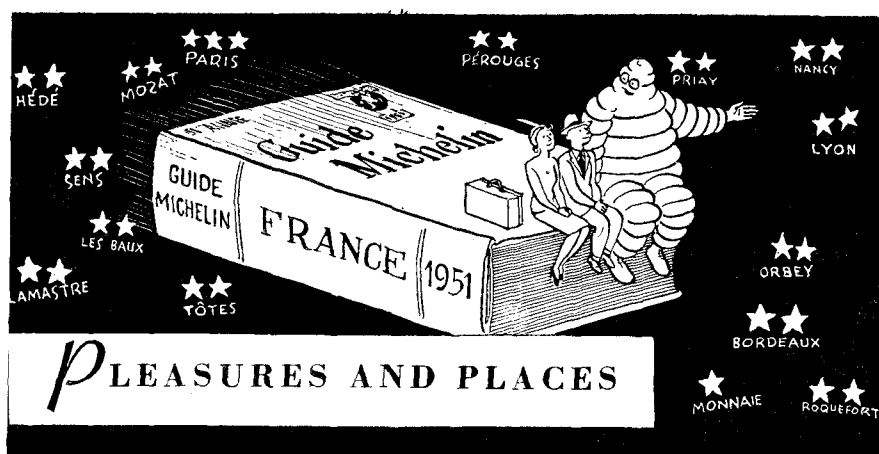


HOLY BAPTISM OF MARGARET

by ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

Is this child unregenerate —
Too young to handle toys?
What is this *worldly*, O my God?
Which one of all Thy joys?

For I shall say another prayer
Than this Thy priest employs:
May she have many a pretty hat;
May she be fond of boys.



TRAVEL BY THE STARS

SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

Artist, traveler, and author, SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN is among the most knowledgeable authorities on French cooking. His *Clementine in the Kitchen* is a useful handbook and uncommonly pleasant reading.

ONE evening in the summer of 1950, during an epicurean pilgrimage through the French provinces, we found ourselves ensconced in the cushioned comfort of the Capucin Gourmand, the best restaurant in Nancy. We were sniffing the gentle bouquet of pinkish local wine and waiting for our *quiche lorraine* to cool off a little when three robust Frenchmen, well in their sixties, were ushered to a table across the way.

Two of them were urbane gentlemen, trim, meticulously tailored, at ease with the world. The third was an imposing six-footer, adorned with a magnificent white beard and the given name of Philibert. Each wore a discreet red rosette in his buttonhole, a pot of color which had its effect upon the deference of the headwaiter. One of them carried a red handbook, the *Guide Michelin*. Its presence affected the maître d'hôtel even more. His solicitude was charming. His three guests studied the purple-lettered *arte du jour* with deliberation and obvious relish. Each scanned the wine card carefully and cross-examined the headwaiter about regional specialties before arriving at a final selection. Then each sat back happily to enjoy his *apéritif* — a cool glass of white port.

From our discreet distance we watched them with fascination, for we had rarely seen three Frenchmen having such a thoroughly good time. They clearly were old friends, and

talked incessantly, in low, animated voices. Whether they had sidetracked their wives for this pleasant occasion was problematical but likely, we decided. They had ordered a simple dinner — leek soup, *truite au bleu*, breasts of chicken in a truffle-scented sauce, a few leaves of lettuce, cheese and black coffee. Between them they shared a long-necked bottle of Alsatian wine and a red Burgundy. (We couldn't quite read the labels.) Then, after sniffing an old brandy, they paid their bill and strolled happily into the darkness to admire the illuminated Louis XV façades on the Place Stanislas.

Two days later we were having our coffee and croissants on the breakfast terrace of the Hotel Beausite in the remote village of Orbey, high in the Alsatian hills, when, to our enchantment, the same massive epicure with the white beard came down the stairs and took a table adjoining us. His companions, bright-eyed, freshly shaven, and pointed up with Eau de Cologne, soon joined him. During their perfunctory breakfast (and a French breakfast is rarely anything else) the conversation was focused on a single subject — what should be their next *étape gastronomique*? Out came the red guidebook from an expensive pigskin bag. The three sybarites hovered intently over page 24, which deals with *Les Bonnes Tables*, and studied a map which was spotted with names of gustatory significance.

Should they stop at the Paradis des Loups at Giromagny, or should they push on to the Lac d'Annecy, which is bejeweled with a garland of double-starred restaurants? Would Le Père Bise do so well by them at his plush and plate-glass palace by the lake in Talloires that they would be incapacitated for a dinner "chez Point" at Vienne the following day?

It was clear that these were en-

lightened travelers, "two-star gourmets," who concentrate on the *Guide Michelin's* doubly recommended restaurants — those which appear in heavy type. The trio finally decided to forgo the Wolves' Paradise in favor of Le Père Bise, but also voted to fast for a day in Annecy before confronting the formidable splendors of Monsieur Point's Restaurant de la Pyramide in Vienne, the loftiest temple of French gastronomy.

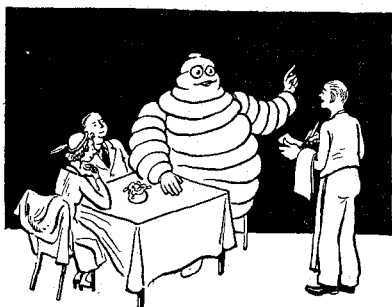
The great decision being made, the white-bearded Philibert contentedly closed his guidebook and led the way to his dignified pre-war Panhard. Two-starred Orbey had rewarded them with an incomparable *poulet au Riesling*; Talloires awaited them with that unique lake fish, *omble chevalier à la crème*, and beyond that lay the seductions of heavy-typed shrines in Lyon, not to mention the vision of La Pyramide! We could sense the restrained gleam of anticipation in their eyes as they drove away.

The idea of planning a trip in France with fine fare as its keystone, and the Michelin Guide as its gospel, has been followed by a certain number of discriminating travelers for years. Before the last war there were a dozen or more *three-star* restaurants, but up to this year a double star has been the ultimate distinction. It invariably brings a stream of food-conscious motorists to the door of the honored hostelry. They come with eagerness, for they know that the Michelin editors are genuinely impartial and painstakingly deliberate about bestowing a star. That little symbol, so casually set in type by some compositor, often means success or failure to a restaurant.

This year, for the first time in over a decade, the lofty honor of three stars has been revived and bestowed upon seven citadels of gastronomy. In Paris, the distinction goes to Lapérouse, the Tour d'Argent, and the Café de Paris. In the provinces it falls upon our old friends, Le Père Bise in Talloires and Monsieur Point's fabulous Pyramide in Vienne. La Mère Brazier, perhaps the most acclaimed of the culinary matrons of Lyon, receives the triple accolade for her hilltop restaurant at Col de la Luère, west of the silk metropolis. Finally the honor goes to the Hotel Côte-d'Or in Saulieu, a traditional stopover for epicurean motorists making the two-day Paris-Riviera run.

A gastronomic itinerary based on the stars is an exciting one, full of sur-

prises and mild adventure. It leads you to unexpected, out-of-the-way places — perhaps a sleepy country town near the Swiss border (Priay), a hillside village in Alsace (Orbey, already familiar), or a radiant terrace



overlooking the Mediterranean (St. Raphaël). It leads to extraordinary old buildings — a timbered house in a half-forgotten hill town (Péruges) or an isolated Provençal manor house in the melancholy hills of Camargue (Les Baux).

It permits you to become acquainted with some striking individuals — a diminutive chef who has retired to a Normandy village after half a century of cooking in famous hotels (Monsieur Richard at Tôtes), or a plump lady who is the culinary legend of all Brittany (Madame Mélanie Rouat at Riec-sur-Belon), or a versatile musician-chef who makes his own musical instruments and plays them for his guests and, when fortune smiles, cajoles one of his pet hens into laying an egg directly in his frying pan. (This is “Monsieur Sam” of the Coq Hardi at Monnaie, a little town in the Touraine. You may have seen him in the newsreels. He only has *one* star, though.) Few of the starred selections are quite so informal. Two stars will lead to the most *mondain* of settings as well, from the Ritz in Paris to the glittering private dining salons of the Casino in Monte Carlo.

After visiting most of the double-starred luminaries last year (and encountering only one mild disappointment) we look back upon certain ones with particular affection. Some of them are rather obvious — Drouant in Paris, the Chapon Fin in Bordeaux, Le Molière in Lyon, and the Réserve at Beaulieu-sur-Mer. But there are other favorites, isolated in the provinces, which are genuine adventures. Here are thumbnail sketches of a few of them: —

Hédé (Brittany), *Hostellerie du Vieux Moulin*. — This is an inviting and spotless hostelry facing the Rennes-St. Malo road. The aesthetic

motorist instinctively applies the brakes at the sight of its hospitable stone façade. In some intangible manner he is positive that a gifted cook must preside in the kitchen. The *Guide Michelin* found this out long ago, and for years has been recommending the inspired cooking of Monsieur Pierre. We found it to be an idyllic spot.

Lamastre (Languedoc), *Hôtel du Midi*. — This little hotel calls for a 25-mile detour from the highway along the Rhone valley, but it is worth the effort. Well-posted travelers have gone that far out of their way for decades, just to enjoy the superlative cuisine initiated by Monsieur Barattero and now maintained by his gracious widow. The hotel is modest in appearance, and its sheltered terrace resembles hundreds of others. But nothing in the region even approaches Madame Barattero's finer dishes, particularly a sublime crayfish concoction called *pain d'écrevisses sauce cardinal*. Madame Barattero was invited this year to take her kitchen staff to Paris and to officiate during the annual regional cooking week at Maxim's. Following this triumph she was presented with a diploma by the president of the Club des Cent, the most lofty of gourmet societies.

Mozat (Auvergne), *Le Pailleret*. — The Michelin scouts traveled far afield to unearth this unsuspected source of fine cooking, located about a mile from Riom. It doesn't resemble a hotel at all. It seems more like an unpretentious château with charming guest rooms, a pleasant garden, and an extraordinarily good cook. Don't worry here about your French if it falters, for Monsieur and Madame Faure, the owners of Le Pailleret, have spent many years in the United States. They have realized their dream, which was to return some day to France and to establish a noble restaurant.

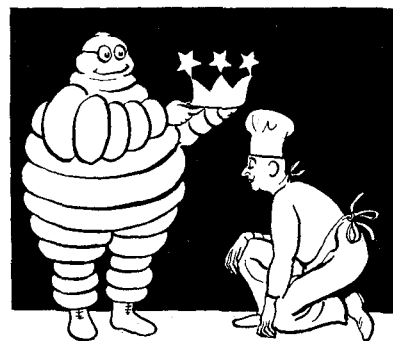
Péruges (Bresse), *Ostellerie du Vieux Péruges*. — Just off the highway running northeast from Lyon is that comparative rarity in France, a semi-abandoned hill town. Its sleepy public square is surrounded by medieval structures, one of which is the overhanging, half-timbered hostelry of old Péruges. The interior is furnished with handsome old Bressan pieces. All of this atmosphere, and heavenly food too, await the hill-climber. If this tempting inn had existed in Brillat-Savarin's time, the great man would surely have been a

loyal patron, for his native town Belley is not far away.

Priay (Bresse), *Hôtel Bourgeois*. — About a quarter of a century ago, the Grand Palais in Paris, an unsung little person from the village of Priay was solemnly kissed on both cheeks by the Minister of Agriculture and awarded the distinction of being “*La Meilleure Cuisinière de France*.” That evening she cooked the dinner for the President of the Republic and his guests and received an ovation destined for few cooks in this world. She was Madame Bourgeois, whose simple *Hôtel Bourgeois* still upholds her tradition. Priay has become a classic stop, particularly for Swiss travelers en route to Paris. There isn't an ounce of pretense about the place, but it would be interesting to know how many hundreds of ounces of pure butter go into the cooking daily.

Roquefort-sur-Soulzon (Guyenne), *Grand Hôtel*. — A visit to this hillside town in the Aveyron provides a delicious experience for the hungry visitor — first a guided tour through the Roquefort cheese caves and then an unforgettable luncheon at this quiet hotel whose dull exterior gives no hint of the culinary splendors within. There is but one menu, priced at about three dollars, and it is original, well balanced, and abundant. We talked of the *feuilleté Roquefortais* and the ensuing trout, woodcock, cheese, and chocolate soufflé for weeks afterward.

Sens (Burgundy), *Hôtel de Paris de la Poste*. — There are many good overnight stops along the highway leading to the Azure Coast, but few are as pleasant as this one, located some seventy miles south of Paris. Here again is something intangible. The atmosphere is cordial, the room are well furnished, the service is alert, and the sight of a quartet of

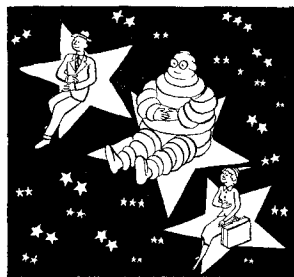


plump Bressan chickens sputtering on a spit before the fire is soul-warming. But there is something else, a hidden tranquillity, which makes this

elay post an unclouded joy. Besides, ne of the noblest of French cathedrals is barely a stone's throw away. Monsieur Sandré can be as proud of his chefs as of his wine cellar, a statement which turns out to be a decided compliment to both.

Tôtes (Normandy), *Hôtel du Cygne*. — This is one of the most memorable of the two-star stops, largely because of Monsieur Claudius Richard, the imminutive *patron-chef*, who receives his guests in a magnificent seventeenth-century kitchen, filled with old china, pottery, and copper pots. This rich hostelry north of Rouen has served as a crossroads tavern since 611, but it has reached its peak only recently, under the bright star of Monsieur Richard. This gifted *maître-uisinier* has retired to this spot after almost half a century of experience in Paris and London. For a time he also ran his own restaurant on lower Fifth Avenue in New York. Now he enjoys the simple life, often working as little as twelve hours a day.

Probably no two people would make



the same selections from the *Guide Michelin's* Milky Way but we hope our beguiling octet will demonstrate the virtue of cookery as the basis of an itinerary. How about your figure? That's easy. Limit yourself to one meal a day.

FAME

by HENRY P. BOYNTON

THE name of him who authored what, I used to know but have forgot;
And puzzled hours I devote
To thinking what it was he wrote.
If cogitation could reclaim
His highly celebrated name,
The title of his famous book
Would find a hook in memory's nook.

Must both this author and his work
In Stygian murk be doomed to lurk?
I deem it basest of affronts
That both of them desert at once.

ACCENT ON LIVING



by JOHN M. CONLY

Records are becoming safer to buy. This month yielded few off-center or bubbly disks and very little treble screech or tape vibrato. Worst current fault: lack of good text with operas, songs, and choral works.

Bach: Easter Oratorio (Felix Prohaska conducting Vienna Akademie Choir and chamber orchestra; Vanguard-Bach Guild: 12" LP). Heretofore unrecorded and seldom sung (for lack of a usable edition), this is big, joyous, dramatic; one of Bach's topmost choral works. Performance and recording: fine.

Beethoven: Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," in E-flat Major (Fritz Busch conducting Austrian Symphony Orchestra; Remington: 12" LP). A cut-rate version but, thanks to the late Dr. Busch, one of the two best "Eroicas" on LP. Caution: noisy surfaces.

Berlioz: L'Enfance du Christ (André Cluytens conducting Paris Opéra soloists, Raymond St. Paul chorus, Conservatoire orchestra; Vox: two 12" LPs in album; no text). Tender, whimsical, melodic, this chamber oratorio is a real spellbinder. Well recorded.

Chopin: Sonata No. 3 in B Minor (Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Columbia: 10" LP). Solid performance; really rare, ripe, rich piano tone.

Mozart: Concerti for Two Pianos and Orchestra in E Flat and F Major (Paul Badura-Skoda and Reine Gianoli, pianos; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). Pure essence of delight, all the way through. Buy it.

Mozart: The Magic Flute; The Marriage of Figaro; Don Giovanni (abridged operas). The burning question: which is better, the RCA Victor reprints (on LP and 45s) of the classic Busch-Glyndebourne and Beecham-Berlin versions, or the all-new LP competition? As regards *Figaro*, this column votes for the new,

competent, superbly recorded Columbia (von Karajan conducting top Viennese talent) over either the Victor-Busch or a workmanlike Cetra-Soria set. With the *Magic Flute*, it's a toss-up between Beecham's verve and Karajan-Columbia's high fidelity. In *Don Giovanni*, Busch beats the Haydn Society's Vienna version all hollow. Each set consists of three 12" LPs or equivalent Victor 45s.

Respighi: Botticelli Triptych and **Locatelli: Concerto da Camera** (Franz Litschauer conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Vienna Chamber Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). The three Respighi musical pictures (*Birth of Venus*; *Adoration of the Magi*; *Spring*) are among the year's best high-fidelity recordings — and artistically winsome, too.

Schubert: Octet in F Major (Konzerthaus Quartet, plus horn, clarinet, bassoon, and double bass; Westminster: 12" LP). One of the year's truly great records; noble, exquisite, profoundly moving music, played with real inspiration and stunningly recorded.

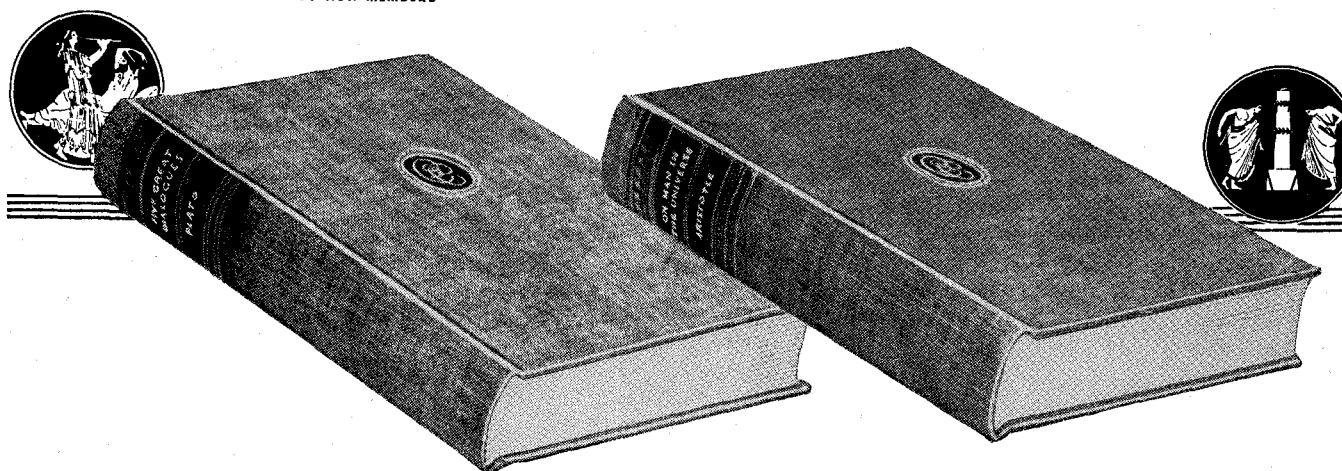
Tschaikowsky: Souvenir de Florence (Vienna State Opera string orchestra, Henry Swoboda conducting; Westminster: 12" LP). Last and probably best of Tschaikowsky's chamber works, this tuneful work has been strangely neglected.

Wolf, Hugo: Der Corregidor (Karl Erb, Kurt Böhme, Margarete Teschemacher, other soloists, Saxon State Opera chorus and Dresden State Opera orchestra, Karl Elmen-dorff conducting; Urania: three 12" LPs in album with libretto). This has nothing to do with MacArthur; *Corregidor* means "magistrate," and the opera (very reminiscent of *Rosenkavalier*) has the same village-intrigue plot as the *Three-Cornered Hat* ballet, and some fine tunes. Recording: good.

Spanish Piano Music (George Copeland, piano; M-G-M: 10" LP). Copeland plays Albeniz, Nin, Granados, as expertly as he plays Maggie Teyte's Debussy accompaniments. Some of it's downright magical. Good recording, too.

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